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LONDON:

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SCENE—Chicago. Mr. PUNCH seated, like MARCUS, not however amidst Carthaginian ruins, but amidst the colossal, though incomplete, evidences of “the grand style, the perfect proportions, and the magnificent dimensions of the buildings of the World’s Columbian Exposition.” To him enters a Majestic Presence, bearing an Eagle, falcon like, on her fist.

Mr. Punch (rising and saluting). Hail, COLUMBIA!

Toby (greeting the Bird of Freedom). Bow-wow-wow!

Eagle (affably). Squ-a-a-kkk!!!

Columbia (with an Olympian air, and a slight accent). Tha-a-anks, and welcome, Stranger! When I say “Stranger,” I don’t mean that you *are* one. But it is a delicate compliment to a Britisher to adopt, in some small measure, the quaint diction with which his wandering wags credit me. I ought to have said “air” instead of “are,” and to have already dropped in an “I reckon” or two. But I’m sure your politeness will hold me excused of that!

Mr. Punch. Madam, there is no need to carry the conventionalities of international caricature into the courtesies of international intercourse.

Columbia. Well said, Mr. PUNCH! Shake! And be seated. [They sit, whilst AQUILA hops down to hob-nob with TOBY.

Mr. Punch (admiringly). COLUMBIA, you look particularly fit and high-toned to-day. Like—how shall I put it?—well, like an extremely up-to-date Juno, out for an airing with the Bird of Jove.

Columbia. Comparisons are—fragrant, from *your* truthful lips. Never mind me, however, just now. What do you think of my Big Show—as far as it goes?

Mr. Punch. That, unfinished as is its condition, it bears the promise and potency of lacking all Creation—in the exhibiting line. Even that colossal conglomeration in the Champs de Mars was scarcely a circumstance to what I see around me here. England had the credit of starting the game, France trumped her last card, but Chicago “clears the board.”

Columbia. Now then, AQUILA, leave TOBY’s tail alone! A fine fowl, Mr. PUNCH, but rather fond of unschief.

Mr. Punch. Just a touch of the magpie strain, eh? I fancy I’ve noticed it before—once or twice. TOBY won’t mind. He knows Birds o’ Freedom are apt to take liberties.

Columbia (smiling). Mr. PUNCH—you do beat all—out of sight!

“Who is it dares say that our naytional eagle
Wun’t much longer be classed with the birds thet air regal?”

I ought to resent your sly suggestion! But, like TOBY, I’m good-tempered, and sha’n’t.

Mr. Punch. Madam, you disarm me! The Bird’s a beauty, and I’m a brute. [Pats AQUILA’s proud crest paternally.

Columbia. Stars and Stripes! He doesn't peck you!!

Mr. Punch. He knows I love him—and his Mistress. Let the jays of Journalism chatter, the finches of Fashion flutter, and the kites and crows of Party claw and scuffle,—LEO and AQUILA are not "in that crowd."

Columbia. That's so, and don't you forget it!

Mr. Punch. I won't—even when JIM BLAINE blusters, M'KINLEY crows, HARRISON eggs on Canada to revolt, high tariffs threaten our interests, or long quarantines our comfort.

Columbia. Nor I when emigration agents dump down your human refuse on my shores, or your callow cocky KIPLINGS mock my institutions, and run a-muck at my manners, till I'm tempted to say with "HOSEA BIGLOW"—

"Of all the sarse that I can call to mind,
England *doos* mak the most onpleasant kind."

Mr. Punch (smiling). Quits! Well, COLUMBIA, I'm infinitely interested in your imminent Exhibition—I beg pardon, Exposition! I trust the other (theoretically) imminent things, such as the threatened Strikes, Epidemics, Preposterous Prices, and other public nuisances, will *not* interfere with its complete prosperity, or hinder its achieving the pyramidal success I most heartily wish it.

Columbia. Thanks! I'm not *quite* sure, Mr. PUNCH, that LOWELL's nobly hospitable words, so often quoted, apply now *quite* as forcibly as once they did:—

"An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child o' ADAM's kin"

Humph! You see HOMER WILBUR, A.M. "didn't know everythin' down in"—Jaalam! And my dear, high-souled JAMES RUSSELL perhaps lived just long enough to suspect that the policy of the ring-fence *might* have to super-eede that of the "free latch-string," after all. But *you*'ll be welcome, Mr. PUNCH, you and your Young Men, if you can manage to run them across to Chicago, as you did to the Champs de Mars.

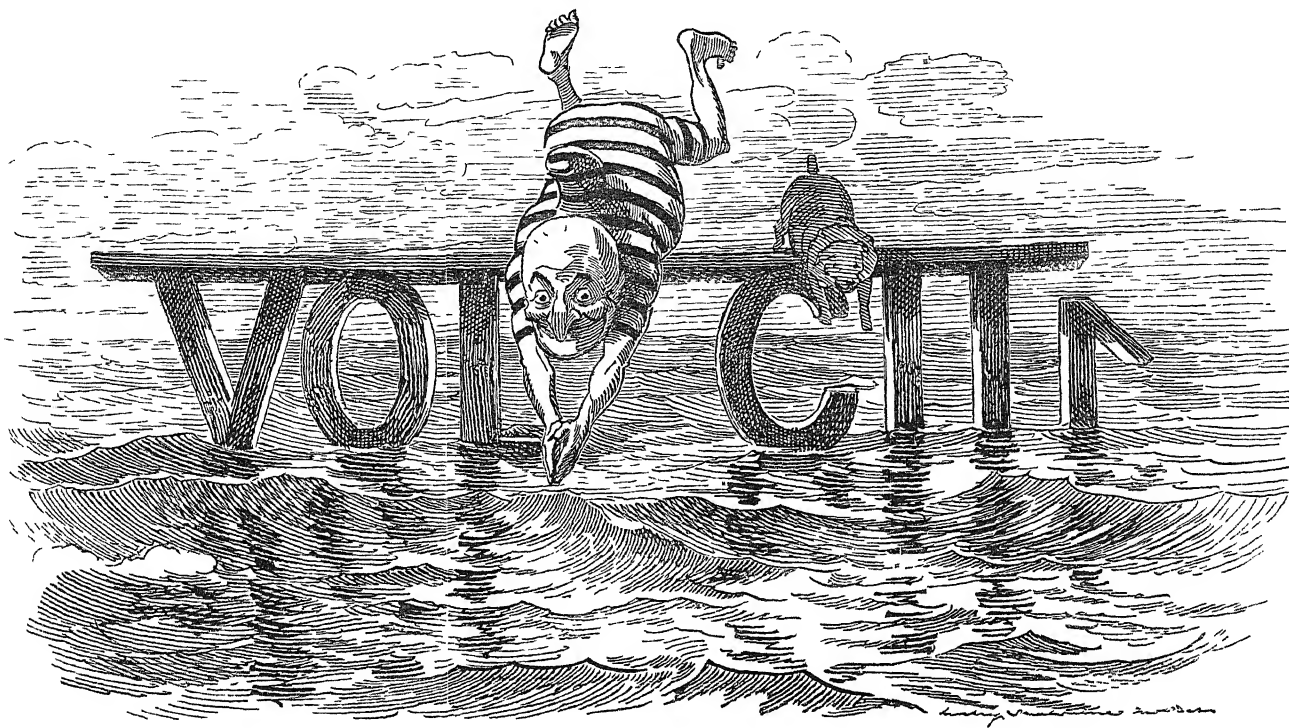
Mr. Punch. Ah! It's a far cry from Fleet Street to Lake Michigan, Madam. But I'll tell them what you say. One of them—a "dear clever boy," bearing a famous name that is well bekknown to you—has lately paid you a flying visit, and is about to tell the world, with pen and pencil, what he thinks of you.

Columbia (sighing). Ah! They all do it! MAX O'RELL, FURNESS, KIPLING, it's all the same. They're awfully anxious I should see myself as others see me—in a few weeks. But somehow, Mr. PUNCH, dear BRITANNIA and I do not always quite recognise ourselves in the perhaps slightly distorting mirrors held up to Nature by caricaturists on either side the herring-pond.

Mr. Punch. Well, COLUMBIA, humour, like poetry, does not always bear translation—or transatlanticisation. Britishers and Yankces are much given to mutually contemning each other's comicalities. Much that strikes as smart or laughable on one side the Atlantic, may seem coarse or dull on t'other. You see we don't fully understand each other's politics, especially in their personal details, and there are local fashions in fun as in other things. Still, one touch of genuine free humour—like one touch of Nature—*should* make the whole world kin, much more you and me, who are nature's kindred already. 'Tis in the hope, my dear COLUMBIA, that you may find in its pages a few such touches of Nature—as I am sure you will find no intentional touches of *ill-nature*, to you-wards particularly—'tis in that hope, and with heartiest wishes for the complete success of your colossal Columbian, COLUMBUS-glorifying, Chicago-booming, Civilisation-comprehending, World-astounding Wonder of a Show, that I venture to present you with my

One Hundred and Third Volume!!!





SIMPLE AS A "B" "C."

DEAR EX-CHANCELLOR WITH A PAST,—I AM sorry to have to address you, especially as to you I owe my promotion. But matters are coming to a crisis, and the Fatherland is suffering from your indiscretions. You are making a great mistake—you are, indeed.

Now, I ask you, what would you do under the following circumstances? Supposing you were in my position, what would you do if your predecessor held you up to ridicule, spoilt all your favourite diplomatic plans, insulted your employer, and made himself generally disagreeable all round? You must know, my good Prince, that you are sowing dissension in every direction. You are embroiling us with Russia, and running the chance of a war with France. Moreover, you are breaking the very laws you made for the solitary purpose of meeting the case you have raised yourself! So now, with every kindly recollection of the past, tell me why I don't arrest you, why I don't put you into prison, why I don't break your power once and for ever?

Yours truly, VON C—.

Reply to the above.

DEAR CHANCELLOR, WITHOUT A FUTURE,—I will answer you why you do not arrest me? The simple reason is that you, my dear friend, are not BISMARCK. And I am, yours truly,
VON B—.

A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "ONE WHO LIVES AND LEARNS," wishes to know what is the meaning of the expression, "The Minute Gun at Sea?" We will tell him. "A Minute Gun" is, of course, a very small one. When it goes wrong, it is "at sea." No extra charge for this gun.

MEM.—You can't expect much from the Speakers at a Convention, where the Speeches must be Conventional.

"HAPPY THOUGHT!"—MR. JOHN THOMAS'S Grand Harp Concert.

A WILDE IDEA.
OR, MORE INJUSTICE TO IRELAND!

THE licence for the production of his French Play of *Salomé*, accepted by SARAH B., having been refused by the Saxon Licensor of Plays, The

O'SCAR, dreams of becoming a French Citizen, but doesn't quite "see himself," at the beginning of his career, as a conscript in the French Army, and so, to adapt the Gilbertian lines, probably—

"In spite of great temptation
To French na-tu-ra-li-sa-tion,
He'll remain an Irishman!"

MY PUGGY!

[A Correspondent writes to the *Standard* in praise of pugs, as the most useful household dogs to prevent burglaries.]

Who bears, despite a wrinkled skin,
A heart that's soft and warm within,
And hates a visitor like sin?—
My puggy!

Who has a little temper of
His own, and sports a winter cough,
And thinks himself a mighty toff?—
My puggy!

Whose voice, disturbing midnight rest,
Do wily house-breakers detest,
And move to some less guarded nest?—
My puggy's!

Who does not, like a stupid cat,
'Gainst burglars' boots rub himself flat,
Soliciting a felon's pat?—
My puggy!

And when the burglar's body's half
Inside the sash, with doggish laugh,
Who masticates his nearest calf?—
My puggy!

Who owns a phiz (which I could hug),
That's called by stupid boys an ug-
ly sulky unattractive "mug"?—
My puggy!

OUR old friend, MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, has been sightseeing in the country. Being asked whether she had seen the Midgatts, she said, "Don't mention 'em, my dear! I've seen 'em, and felt 'em—thousands of 'em—they very nearly closed my eyes up."

THROUGH EVER-GREEN GLASSES.



["On the side of those poor men who constitute the Irish nation, with their few and disparaged leaders, we have found a consideration, a calmness, and a liberality of view, a disposition to interpret everything in the best sense, and to make every concession that could possibly bring harmony about."—*Mr. Gladstone in Edinburgh.*]

AIR—"The Wearing of the Green."

Ever-Green Statesman sings:—

OCH, Erin dear, and did ye hear the cry that's going round?
The Home-Rule plant they would forbid to grow on Irish ground.
I had my doubts at one time, but more clearly I have seen
Since I took—in shamrock spectacles—to Wearing of the Green.

Chorus.

I'm Ever-Green myself, ye know, so take me by the hand,
And tell me how Ould Oireland is, and how our chances stand.
'Tis the most disthressful country, dear, that ever yet was seen;
But I'm sworn to right ye, darlint, now I'm Wearing of the Green!

With unsurpassed frivolity and cruelty, 'tis said,
That you, Mavourneen, wish to set your heel on Ulster's head.
If *you*, who under Orange foot so long time have been trod,
Would trample down your tyrants old, it would be passing odd.

Chorus.—I'm Ever-Green myself, ye know, &c.

When the law can stop your friends, my dear, from growing as
they grow,
When the Tories stop my "flowing tide" from flowing as 'twill
Then I will change the colour, dear, that in my specs is seen,
But until that day, please Heaven, I'll stick to Wearing of the
Green.

Chorus.

I am Ever-Green myself as is your own dear Emerald Land,
And that is why the Green Isle's case I've learned to understand.
'Tis the most disthressful country, yours, that ever yet was seen;
But I'll right ye. Twig my glasses, dear! I'm Wearing of the
Green!

THE LAST TRAIN.

It will fade from mortal vision,
So the fashion-plates ordain;
Worthy subject of derision,
Not the mail, but female,
train!

It has goaded men to matter
Words unhappily profane,
Trailed in ball-room or in
gutter, [train.
Whether cheap or first-class
Far and wide, on floor and
paving, [swain;
Spread the dress to catch the
Sometimes long—in distance
waving;
Sometimes wide—a "broad-
gauge train."

It has dragged a long existence
Through the dust, the mud,
the rain,
Great is feminine persistence,
She would never lose the
train.

Booby - traps were beaten
hollow,
Hapless man stepped back in
vain, [follow
Knowing what a trip would
If he only caught the train!
Oh, the anguish that it gave us,
Quite unnecessary pain!
WORTH, not WESTINGHOUSE,
will save us,
And at last will stop the train!

Mrs. R., hearing her Nephew
say that he had been discussing
some "Two-year-old Stakes"
with a friend, observed that
she was afraid they must have
been dreadfully tough, adding,
after consideration, "Perhaps
they were frozen meat."



AN EXCITING TIME.

POOR JONES IS CONVINCED THAT HIS WORST FEARS ARE AT LAST REALISED, AND HE IS LEFT ALONE
WITH A DANGEROUS LUNATIC!! (IT WAS ONLY LITTLE WOBBLER RUNNING ANXIOUSLY OVER THE POINTS
OF HIS COMING SPEECH TO THE ELECTORS OF PLUMWELL-ON-TYME!!)

THE CANDIDATE'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

(In Answer to a Sweep asking for a F.O. Clerkship.)

MY DEAR MR. —,

NOTHING would give me greater pleasure than to secure for
your interesting son a Clerkship in the Foreign Office. The fact that
he has a distaste for the profession to which you belong would be no
disqualification. I agree with you that chimney-sweeping is better
than diplomacy. However, if he won't help you it can't be helped.
I am exceptionally busy just now, but please repeat the purport of
your letter after the Election. Who knows I may not be in a better
position then than now to assist you, Yours sincerely,

SOPHT SAWDER.

(In Answer to a Letter about meeting a Duchess.)

MY DEAR MADAM,

Yes, I have the honour of the Duchess's acquaintance.
As you say, Her Grace's "at homes" are charming, but of course they
are not equal to her dinners. I shall be only too pleased if I can
bring about a meeting with the Duchess.

I am exceptionally busy just now, but please repeat the purport
of your letter after the Election. Who knows I may not be in a
better position then than now to assist you.

Yours sincerely,

SOPHT SAWDER.

(In Answer to all Letters generally.)

MY DEAR —,

Of course I shall be only too delighted to help you in any
way in my power. You may always command me—only too pleased,
only too overjoyed. But the fact is, I am just now exceptionally
busy. Please repeat the purport of your letter after the Election.
Who knows I may not be in a better position then than now to
assist you. Yours sincerely,

SOPHT SAWDER.

(Common Form Reply to Answers to the above.)

MR. SOPHT SAWDER, M.P., presents his compliments to —, and
begs to say that he has no recollection of having promised anything.
Mr. S. S. regrets to say that he has no time for an interview.

PRICKLE-ME-UPS.

SIR,—I am delighted to observe that some Constant Contributors
(to other papers, not yours, Sir) are making dietetic experiments on
Nettles. Perhaps you would allow me to mention that Groundsel
Salad is a delicious dish, when you get used to it, and that a *Purée*
of Chickweed rarely fails to create delighted astonishment at a
crowded dinner-table. Bramble Pie is another excellent recipe
straight from Dame Nature's Cookery Book. With great care, it is
possible to cook Thistles in such a way as to make them taste just
like Artichokes. My family often has these and similar delicacies at
their mid-day meal, when I am away in the City.

Yours truly, LOVER OF ECONOMY.

SIR,—I saw that letter about eating Nettles. Of course it's all
rot (if you will excuse the expression), but I thought it would be
fun to try the nettle diet on my Uncle JAMES, who never gives me a
tip when I go to visit him, although my Mother says he's as rich as
Creesers, though I don't know who they are. So I got one or two
good stinging ones (I knew they were stingers, because I tried them
on Cook first) and cut off little bits and put them in Uncle JAMES's
sandwiches, which he always has for lunch. It was awful larks to
watch him eat them. I thought he'd have a fit. Then I said good-
bye, and I haven't been near him since. But I got Cook to take him
in a dock-leaf from me, and I hope he ate it after the sandwiches.
I thought it might do him good. I'm going to try nettle sandwiches
on a boy I know at school, who's a beast. I expect it will give him
nettle-rash. No more now from Yours respectfully, TOMMY.

SIR,—I frequently recommend patients suffering from advanced
atrophy to try Nettle Broth. I must say that I am myself nettled,
when they reply that they prefer the advanced atrophy. A good
counter-irritant in cases of blood-poisoning is a stout holly leaf, *eaten*
raw. In serious cases of collapse, if a patient can be got to consume
a cactus or a prickly pear, the stimulative effect is really surprising.
In the absence of these products of the vegetable kingdom, a hedge-
stake, taken directly after a meal, will do equally well.

Yours professionally,

SOLUBLE SALT, F.R.C.P.

AT THE WILD WEST.

(A Sketch at Earl's Court.)

The Orator's Opening Discourse (as heard in the back rows). Ladies and Gentlemen, I desire to draw your attention to an important fact. It will be my pleasure to introduce to you. . . ("The real American popcorn, equally famous in Paris and London, tuppence each packet!" from Vendor in gangway). . . history and life of the . . . ("Buffalo Bull Puzzle, one penny!" from another vendor behind). . . impress one fact upon your minds; this is not . . . (roar and rattle of passing train). . . in the ordinary or common acceptance of. . . ("Puff-puff-puff!" from engine shunting trucks). . . Many unthinking persons have said. . . (Piercing and prolonged scream from same engine.) This is not so. On the contrary. . . (Metallic bangs from trucks.) Men and animals are. . . ("Programmes! Opera-glasses on hire!") . . . purely the creatures of.

[Remainder of remarks hopelessly lost amidst the clank of coupling chains, whistles, snorts and puffs from shunting engine.]

An Old Lady in Audience. He has such a beautiful clear voice, we ought to hear every word. If I were Buffalo BILL, I should positively insist on the trains keeping quiet while the Orator was speaking!

Orator (during the Grand Processional Review). A Troop of Arapahoe Indians!

[Band strikes up; a party of painted Indians gallop into Arena, uttering little puppy-like barks.]

An Artistic Lady (shuddering). Look at that creature with a raw pink body, and a pea-green face—it's too frightful, and such crude yellows! I wish they could be taught to paint themselves some decent colour!

Her Sister. Really, dear, as far as decency is concerned, I don't exactly see what difference the mere colour would make.

Her Husband. That isn't quite what EMILY meant. She'd like to enamel 'em all in Art shades and drape Liberty scarves round 'em, like terra-cotta drainpipes or wicker-chairs—eh, EMILY?

Emily (loftily). Oh, my dear HENRY, I wasn't speaking to you. I know what a contempt you have for all that makes a home beautiful!

Henry. Meaning Indians? My love, I respect them and admire them—at a distance; but, plain or coloured, I cannot admit that they would be decorative as furniture—even in your drawing-room!

Orator. A party of Women of the Ogallalla Tribe!

[Three mounted Indian ladies in blankets—walk their horses slowly round the Arena, crooning "Aye-eia-ha-ya-hee-hiya!" with every sign of enjoying their own performance.]

A Poetical Lady. What strange wild singing it is, JOHN! There's something so creepy about it, somehow.

John (a prosaic but frivolous person). There is, indeed. It explains one thing I never quite understood before, though.

The Poetical Lady. I thought it would impress you—but what does it explain?

John. The reason why the buffalo in those parts has so entirely died out.

A Rigid Matron (during the Emigrant Train Scene). I don't care to see a girl ride in that bold way myself. I'm sure it must be so unsexing for them. And what is she about now, with that man? They're actually having a duel with knives—on horseback too! not at all a nice thing for any young girl to do. There! she's pulled out a pistol and shot him—and galloped off as if nothing had happened! I have always heard that American girls were allowed a good deal of liberty—but I'd really no idea they went as far as this! I should be sorry indeed to see any girl of mine (here she glances instructively at three dumpy and dough-faced Daughters) acting in that forward and most unfeminine manner. (Reassuringly.) But I'm very sure there's no fear of that, is there, dears?

[The Daughters repudiate with gratifying unanimity any desire to shoot gentlemen on horseback.]

A Bloodthirsty Boy (as the hostile Indians attack the train). Will the Indians scalp anybody, Uncle?

His Uncle. No my boy, they don't let 'em get near enough for that, you see!

The Boy (disappointed). They'd a splendid chance of scalping the Orator that time—and not one of them even saw it!

Orator. Captain JACK BUREZ, of the United States Army, will now give you an example of his phenomenal Lightning Drill.

[The Captain takes up his position with an air of fierce resolution, and proceeds to do wonderful things with a rifle and fixed bayonet, which he treats with a familiarity bordering on contempt.]

A Lady (to a Military Friend—as the Captain twirls the rifle rapidly round his neck). Have you ever seen anyone drill like that before?

The M. F. Saw CINQUEVALLI do something very like it at the Empire. But he had a cannon-ball as well.

The Lady. Look at him now—he's making the gun revolve upside down with the bayonet on the palm of his hand! Could you do that?

The M. F. Not without drilling a hole in myself.

The Lady. It really is wonderful that he shouldn't feel the point, isn't it now?

The M. F. Well, I don't see much point in it myself—but so long as it amuses him, I dare say it's all right.

[The Captain discharges the gun in the air and retires at the double, feeling that his country's safety is secure for the present. JOHNNY BAKER, the young American Marksman, appears and exhibits his skill in shooting upside down.]

The Rigid Matron. He missed one that time—he's not quite such a good shot as the girl was.

One of the Daughters. Oh, but, Mother, you forget! Miss ANNIE OAKLEY didn't stand on her—

The R. M. (in an awful voice). I am perfectly aware of that, EUPHEMIA; so pray don't make such unnecessary remarks!

[EUPHEMIA subsides in confusion.]

An Unsophisticated Spectator (as

"I am perfectly aware of that, Euphemia!"

Master BAKER, after rubbing his forehead, discovers a brickbat under the mat where his head had been). Now, how very odd! He found a brick in exactly the same place when I was here before! Someone must have a grudge against him, poor boy! But he ought to look before he stands on his head, next time!

Mr. Timmerman (carelessly, to his wife, as the Deadwood Coach is introduced). It would be rather fun to have a ride in the Coach—new experience and all that.

Mrs. T. (who doesn't intend him to go). Oh, do be careful then.

Mr. T. (feeling quite the Daredevil). Pooh, my dear, what is there to be careful about?

Mrs. T. It does look such a ramshackle old thing—it might break down. Accidents do happen so quickly.

Mr. T. (reflecting that they certainly do). Oh, if it wasn't perfectly safe, they wouldn't—

Mrs. T. Well, promise me if you go on the box to hold on tight round the corners, then!

Mr. T. (who doesn't see much to hold on by). I shan't go on the box—I shall go inside.

Mrs. T. There mayn't be room. There are several people waiting to go already. You'll have to make haste to get a seat at all. I shall be miserable till I see you safe back again!

Mr. T. (who is not sure he doesn't share her feelings). Oh well, if you feel like that about it, I won't—

Mrs. T. Oh, yes, do, I want you to go—it will be so exciting for you to see real Indians yelling and shooting all round.



Mr. T. (thinking that it may be more exciting than pleasant). Might bring on one of my headaches, and there'll be such a smell of gunpowder too. I hardly think, after all, it's worth while.

Mrs. T. If you feel in the least nervous about it. (Mr. T. denies this indignantly.) Then go at once—you may never have the chance again; only don't stay talking about it—go!

Mr. T. (pulling himself together). Very well, if you really wish it. ... Confound it! Most annoying, really! *(Sits down relieved.)* They've started! It's all your fault, if you hadn't kept me here talking!

Mrs. T. (humbly). I am so sorry—but there's another performance in the evening; we might dine here, and then you could easily go on the Coach afterwards if you're so anxious to!

Mr. T. And sit through the show twice in one day? No, good as it is, I really—and I've some letters I must write after dinner, too.

(Mrs. T. smiles to herself discreetly, satisfied with having gained her point.)

UNOPPOSED ELECTION.

On Saturday last, being the first day permissible under the statute, the nomination of a Knight to serve in Parliament for the Shire of Barks, was held in the county town. The proceedings were marked by a pleasing unanimity, and an outburst of popular enthusiasm which seriously tried the resources of the local police. There was only one candidate—TOBY once more M.P. The nomination paper was signed by *Mr. Punch*, Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord SALISBURY, and most of the Crowned Heads of Europe.

The Sheriff inquired if it were desired to nominate any other Gentleman. *(A Voice—"I should think not!")* There being no other response, the Sheriff declared the Hon. Gentleman duly elected, and said he would like to be permitted to forego his fees, if indeed any were due.

In response to loud calls from the assembled crowd, *Mr. Punch* said he had great pleasure in recommending his young friend to the suffrages of this important constituency. *(Cheers.)* He called him young, for though he had been on his *(Mr. Punch's)* establishment for over fifty years, he was very little altered. There were some people who never grew old *(A Voice—"Bully for you, Mr. Punch!")* and amongst them he might include his faithful follower, whom they had just unanimously re-elected Member for Barks. He trusted that in the future, his young friend would pursue the course honourably followed by him in the past. *(Hear! Hear!)* This was the fourth Parliament to which he had been elected, and he trusted it would not be the last. *(Cheers.)* He might perhaps allude to a rumour current in the ordinary channels of information, which seemed to point to their friend's transference to another place. He had the authority of TOBY, M.P., to say that, as far as his freedom



THE IMPORTANCE OF EXTERNALS.

"BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEND FOR DR. MASHER, AUNT JANE? HE'S THE CLEVEREST DOCTOR IN THE WHOLE COUNTY!"
"OH, MY DEAR, I COULDN'T! HE DRESSES SO IRRIGIOUSLY!"

to retain their confidence and to serve them and posterity to the utmost extent of his power and opportunity. *(Disturbance at the rear of the hall; cries of "Put him out!" "Sit on 'is 'ead!")* *Mr. Punch* begged they would do no such thing. It would be sure to give way under pressure. *(Laughter.)* In conclusion, he begged to thank them for the honour they had done his friend, and he might add, themselves.

There were loud cries for TOBY, M.P., but the Hon. Member begged to be excused from making a speech on this occasion. For one reason he shrank from coming into competition in the lists of platform-speaking with his revered friend and Leader. Another thing was, he was really so overcome by the honour just done him, that he could not trust himself to speak. He would write—as soon as the new Parliament met.

After the customary votes of thanks had been carried by acclamation, the new Member was hoisted shoulder-high by the enthusiastic mob, and carried off to his country residence, The Kennel, Barks, where he will remain during the Recess.

Votes and the Man!

"ONE Man, one Vote!" A fine, fair-sounding plan! Would we could also get "One Vote, one Man!" Then we might also reach, "One Vote, one value." But, England, you have never found, nor shall you, Alas! (despite the democracy's promoter) That real manhood always marks the voter; Or fearing neither knave's device, nor "rough" rage, We'd trust the State to a true Manhood Suffrage!

FROM TAPLOW.

First 'Arry. I'll tell you a good name for a Riverside Inn—"The 'Av-a-launch."

Second 'Arry. I'll tell you a better—"The 'Ave-a-lunch." Come along!



of action is concerned—and *Mr. Punch* thanked Heaven this is still free England—*(loud cheers)*—that prognostication would never be realised. The highest honour ever done to his friend, was the selection of him by the men of Barks to represent them in the Commons House of Parliament. *(Renewed cheering.)* His fullest pleasure was



WHITE LIES.

Frisky Spinner. "HOW MANY DANCES ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME TO-NIGHT, CAPTAIN WYCHAM?"

Captain Wycham. "OH, I'M SO SORRY, BUT THERE'S NOT ENOUGH MEN, YOU KNOW, AND I'VE JUST BEEN TOLD OFF BY MRS. MASHAM TO DANCE WITH THE GIRLS WHO—A—WHO ARE NOT LIKELY TO GET PARTNERS!"

[Asks the Girl just behind him for three Waltzes and a Polka.]

"CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS."

(A Song of the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's)

AIR—"Killaloe."

CLOSED! The long wild whillaloe
That oft smacked of "Killaloe."
The contagious wrath of Buskin and of
Sock

Hath abated for awhile,
And no more the Emerald Isle
On the stage and in the green-room seems
to shock.

The curtain is rung down,
The comedian and the clown,
With the sombre putter-on of tragic airs,
Are gone, with all the cast,
And the Theatre, at last,
Is "Closed for Alterations and Repairs."

They may cheer for GLADSTONE hearty,
For BALFOUR or MCCARTHY,
This, that, or t'other party,
As it pleases them to do.
They may howl like Mænads crazy,
For policies dark and hazy;
New stars ere long
The stage may throng,
To play in pieces new.

The managerial soul
Though relieved, upon the whole,
From the six years' run, and all its stir
and strain;
Feels anxiety, no doubt,
As to "stars" which may go out,
And others that may probably remain.
He has run a popular play,
Which the Treasury says will pay,

Despite of gallery hisses, grounding blares;
But there's care upon his face,
'Tis a most expensive place,
And 'tis "Closed for Alterations and
Repairs."

They may cheer, &c.

No doubt there has been fun,
But the piece has had its run,
And now from stage and playbill dis-
appears.

Now east, west, north, and south,
The quidnuncs are giving mouth.
Till the Manager would gladly close his
ears.

Two companies, neither loth,
Seek his suffrages, and both
Have a *répertoire* that half attracts, half
scares.

He's aware it will need *nous*
To make choice. Meanwhile the House,
Is "Closed for Alterations and Repairs."

They may cheer, &c.

Much money must be spent
Ere the public is content.
Says the Manager, "By Jingo, I'm per-
plexed.

Shall I keep on SALISBURY,
Or engage old W. G.,
And what's the piece that I shall put on
next?

Well, no more need be said,
Till July has fully sped,
And August brings the Autumn Season's
cares,
Then we'll learn the cast and play—
'Tis sufficient for to-day
That we've "Closed for Alterations and
Repairs."

They may cheer the Old Man hearty,
Brave BALFOUR, mild MCCARTHY,
This, that, or t'other party,
As it pleases 'em to do.
Their noise half drives me crazy,
The future's rather hazy,
But interest strong,
I trust, ere long,
Will crowd my House anew!"

OH, SAUNDERSON, MY COLONEL!

AIR—"John Anderson, my Jo"

OH, SAUNDERSON, my Colonel,
You're stout and eloquent,
But boding as the raven.
Knock ninety-nine per cent.
From your Cassandra prophecies,
As bogeyish as eternal,
And you'll be nearer to the truth,
Brave SAUNDERSON, my Colonel!

Oh, SAUNDERSON, my Colonel,
Could you but pull together,
Orange and Green, a truce were seen
To bigotry and blether.
'Tis *they* that keep the Emerald Isle
In pother so infernal.
Drop hate and fear, try love and trust,
Brave SAUNDERSON, my Colonel!

OBVIOUS.—The *Daily News* reports the mysterious disappearance from the Government Saw Mills at Portsmouth, of 2,570 feet of deal. "No one can say," it is added, "what became of the wood." Why, it walked off of course, with so many feet the temptation was irresistible.



“CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS.”

MR. PUNCH. “CHANGE OF ACTORS AND PROGRAMME, EH, MR. BULL?”

MR. JOHN BULL (*Manager and Proprietor*). “CAN'T TELL YET, MR. PUNCH,—DON'T OPEN TILL AUGUST!”



"SED REVOCARE GRADUM."

Beauty (with cool candour). "OH YES, INDEED, I FREQUENTLY MAKE BETS; BUT I AM SO UNLUCKY!"
Sporting Youth (trying to be sympathetic). "REALLY! BUT I SUPPOSE YOU NEVER HAVE MUCH ON
—THAT IS—I MEAN—"
[Collapse.]

OTHERWISE ENGAGED!

(A Sentimental Fragment from Henley.)

AND so they sat in the boat and looked into one another's eyes, and found much to read in them. They ignored the presence of the houseboats, and scarcely remembered that there were such things as launches propelled by steam or electricity. And they turned deaf ears to the niggers, and did not want their fortunes told by dirty females of a gipsy type.

"This is very pleasant," said EDWIN.

"Isn't it?" replied ANGELINA; "and it's such a good place for seeing all the events."

"Admirable!" and they talked of other things; and the time sped on, and the dark shadows grew, and still they talked, and talked, and talked.

At length the lanterns on the river began to glow, and Henley put on its best appearance, and broke out violently into fireworks. It was then Mrs. GRUNDY spied them out. She had been on the look out for scandal all day long, but could find none. This seemed a pleasant and promising case.

"So you are here!" she exclaimed. "Why, we thought you must have gone long ago! And what do you say of the meeting?"

"A most perfect success," said he.

"And the company?"

"Could not be more charming," was her reply.

"And what did you think of the racing?" Then they looked at one another and smiled. They spoke together, and observed:—

"Oh, we did not think of the racing!"

And Mrs. GRUNDY was not altogether satisfied.

MEM. BY "ONE WHO MARRIED IN HASTE."—"The real 'Battle of Life' begins with a short engagement."

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *The Look-out, Sheepdoor, Kent.*

My rest at the seaside has done me such a world of good that I feel more lazy than ever! But I fear I am in danger of a relapse into excitement, owing to a letter I received a few days ago from an old military friend of mine, General ELECTION, in which he asks me to lend my invaluable assistance in "canvassing" for his nephew, the Hon. CHARLIE HULLOTHERE, who is standing for Sheepdoor.—Ah, how little did I think that my reference to "canvas" shoes in my last letter would be so prophetic! The General is very gallant, and fully appreciates the usefulness of women in canvassing; and, in order to be quite "up to date," I have ordered in a large supply of gingerbread-nuts and oyster-shells, which I observe (see daily papers) are distributed as marks of respect among Candidates and their wives!

Having also heard that a Brass Band is indispensable (the more brass it is, the better), I have made friendly overtures (musical, of course) to the Sheepdoor Purveyors of Brassharmony, with the flattering result that they now conclude every performance with my specially composed "*Election War Cry*"—the refrain of which is most effective when given by a chorus of trained Constituents!—

HullLo-there!

HullLo-there!

He's the man for us;

We respect him!

We'll elect him!

And we might do wuss!!

In fact, our Candidate is very popular, and is sure to "romp in an easy winner"—which is another puzzling racing expression, as, although I've seen plenty of horses indulge in a game of romps before the start (notably, *L'Abbé Morin*, in the "City"), they seem to have had more than enough of it before the finish!

I hear from Newmarket, that I missed an extremely pleasant week's racing—and although my selection for the Stud Produce Stakes was rather wide of the mark, I fairly hit the bullseye—(what

a painful operation this must be for the bull)—in my one "*Song from the Birdcage*," which I warbled in the ear of a racing friend whom I met down here; it was *à propos* of the July Stakes and ran thus:—

The night was dark when "*Portland Bill*" escaped by Chesil Beach! And hope beat high within his heart, that he the goal might reach! For "*Milford*" Haven lies in sight!—one effort and he's there! But see!—At last—he's caught!—he's passed!—just by the Judge's Chair!

Which really remarkable prophecy was fully borne out by the race, in fact, so close a description might almost have been written *after the race*—a great compliment to my powers of divination!

Next week takes us to Bibury and Stockbridge, and if this hot weather continues, the motto of the Club should be, "*Dum vivo Bibere*"—or, freely translated—"*Half the soda, please!*" The race to which I propose to give my attention is the Alington Plate, and as I am nothing if not thorough, you will see that my tip is influenced by my being at the Seaside? Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

ALINGTON PLATE SELECTION.

THE storm was raging through the | And pitied any luckless wight
I tossed upon my pillow, [night, | Who tossed upon the "*Billow*!"

A SLIGHT MUDDLE.—"I hear," said Mrs. R., "that the Cassocks are performing at the Buffalo Bill place—though not knowing the gentleman personally, I would prefer calling him BUFFALO WILLIAM or WILLIAM BUFFELLOW, which would be a less outlandish name—and I confess I was astonished, as I always thought that Cassocks were Clergymen, or had something to do with the Clergy. I suppose I had connected them with Hassocks, which are always in Church, and were, I believe, invented by Mr. Hassock, or Squire Hassock, who made all his money by keeping a gate on the old Brighton Coach Road. The station is still called Hassock's Gate, in his memory. HER MAJESTY had all the Cassocks sent down to her at Windsor. They must have been quite worn out by the end of the day."



ELECTION FEVER. A CANDIDATE'S DREAM.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Lohengrin. House full to hear Brother JOHN and Madame MELBA. "Please, Sir, Mr. JOHNNIE DE RISKY ain't here," blurts out the pale and trembling call-boy.

Sir AUGUSTUS calm, impassible. Crisis. If no one turned up, he would act the part himself, and, it being Wagnerian music, the orchestra would play what of the part had to be played. At that moment lounged in Monsieur VAN DYCK, just to see how things were going on without him. "I'm a little hoarse to-night," quoth VAN DYCK, pleasantly. "Nonsense!" cries Sir DRURIOLANUS, cheerily, "a 'Van' can never be a little hoarse." Much merriment. "DYCK, my boy," continues Sir D., "you've come in the very nick of time—quite a Devil's Dyke, you are,"—the accomplished vocalist was in ecstasies at his Manager's joke,—and you shall distinguish yourself to-night as *Lohengrin*!" Oh, what a surprise! No sooner said than done. Armour for one ordered immediately. ISAAC of York Street goes to work, and—presto!—VAN DYCK is "ready in case." "Now," asks DRURIOLANUS, "what are we waiting for?"

"Please, Sir, Madame MELBA isn't here!"

"MELBA not here to play *Elsa*!" exclaims Sir DRURIOLANUS, immediately adding, with that wit which is always, like the British Tar, "Ready, aye ready!"—"then we must get somebody Else Sir!" and scarcely had the words escaped his lips, than Madame NORDICA, who happened to be passing by, sang out in an extempore recitative, "*Me voici!*" "*Bravissima!*" cried Sir DRURIOLANUS. "Saved! Saved!" General dance of joy.

So the Curtain was rung up, and the Opera, with Madame NORDICA (*vice MELBA*) as *Elsa*, and VAN DYCK (*vice Little JOHNNIE THE RISKY*) as *Lohengrin*, made a big success. House crowded. All's well that ends as well as this.

Tuesday with Mozart.—What a good starting idea for a Comic Opera would be the notion of making those two types of knaves, *Leporello* and *Figaro*, meet as counter-plotters. Monsieur MAUREL suggests a step in this direction, when one night he impersonates the gay Spanish Don, and on another he appears as the roguish Italian barber, no longer an intriguing bachelor but a jealous bridegroom. Merry Melodious MOZART! Old-fashioned he may be, like not a few of the best melodies and the best stories. Elegant Countess is Madame EMMA EAMES. Can she possibly ever have been *Rosina*, *Dr. Bartolo's* tricky ward! What a change matrimony makes in some folks! Old *Dr. Bartolo* bears not much resemblance to the other *Dr. Bartolo*, and *Don Basilio*, a kind of Ecclesiastical lawyer, is quite a rollicking wag as compared with the *Basilio* of the Barber of Seville. Nothing could be better than the *Susanna* of Mlle. TELEKI, or sweeter than the duet, heartily encored, between her and the Countess. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ is a magnificent representative of the gloomily-jealous Count, who,



Cherubino takes the Chair at a small Meeting. A De Risky situation.

having once been the gayest of the gay, still retains something of his old sly-boots character in private. He is always going wrong, and always being in the wrong when found out: a Count quite at a discount, for whom there will perhaps be no rest until he is "par." with a family. Needless to say, the part was well acted and sung by Brother NED, whom a gentleman near me, who "knew all about it," mistook for his brother JOHN, and criticised accordingly. As *Cherubino*, Mlle. SIGRID ARNOLDSON is a delightfully boyish scapegrace, giving us just that *souçon* of natural awkwardness which a spoilt sunny Southern lad of sixteen, brought up in such mixed society as is represented by Count Almaviva's household, would occasionally show when more

than usually "spoony." Mlle. ARNOLDSON sings MOZART pure and simple, without interpolating cadenzas, roulades, flourishes, or exercises of musical fireworks, and the audience rewarded her artistically simple rendering of "*Joi che sapete*" with an *encore*, which was as hearty as it was well-deserved. Capital House. Parliamentary musicians conspicuous by their absence. Ex-M.P.'s represented in a body by Sir HENRY EDWARDS the ever-green.

It was reported in the House—the Opera House—that Sir DRURIOLANUS was standing; but for what Constituency, was not mentioned. The rumour was justified by his appearing at the Stall entrance, where he stood for some time, but as he finely observed, "I am not in search of a seat—in Parliament. No! Let who will make the people's laws, give me the bringing out for them of their Operas and Pantomimes." So saying, he bowed gracefully to nobody in particular (who happened to be talking to him), and, with a refreshing wave of the hand, Sir DRURIOLANUS was wafted away into the offing, and "lost to sight," while still "to memory dear."

Trumpet Note in advance.—The *Trumpeter of Sakkingen* is announced as "in active preparation." Needless to say more, as, of course, he blows his own trumpet for himself. The question is, will it be a big trump in the hand of Sir DRURIOLANUS?

Saturday.—*Elaine* changed her mind, and wouldn't come out to-night.



Sir Druriolanus, M.P. (assessor) for Covent Garden.

NEW RENDERING OF "CONSULE PLANCHETTE"—"CONSULE PLANCHETTE."—If "Planchette" can give such accurate information as it appears to have done at Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM's supper-party, and elsewhere, as recounted in the *Daily Telegraph*, why is it not at once put into general requisition? Why is there any Parliamentary debating? Why not use Why run any chance of but simply "ask Planchette by the way, if this were



everyone is to win, who is to lose? Thus Planchette would put an end to nearly all speculation. Planchette would inaugurate a new era of complete and unqualified success. No doubt Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM consulted Planchette before producing *The Fringe of Society*, and in consequence being amply rewarded for placing his trust in Planchette. Failure would be impossible except to the obstinate few who should persistently refuse to pin their faith on the utterances of "Planchette." But, suppose after doing enough to establish her reputation, "Planchette," being feminine and therefore "*varium et mutabile semper*," should suddenly deceive her followers, as did *Zamiel's* seventh charmed bullet (which ought always to have been kept up *Caspar's* sleeve—but *Caspar* was an idiot), and the Weird but Larky Sisters who captivated *Macbeth*? "Trust her not, she's fooling thee, Beware! Beware!" and Planchette, the little plank, will make more of her followers "plank down" than pick up gold and silver.

"Dearest Chuck!"—*Shakspeare.*

"Mr. G." (to the Ardent Female Supporter, henceforth to be historically known as "The Gingerbread-nut-Chucker"):

'Twas all very well to dissemble your love,
But why chuck the nut in my eye?

[Mr. G. is aware that the Divine WILLIAMS has spoken of ginger as "hot in the mouth," but Mr. G. says "he got it uncommonly hot in the eye."]

"THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL."—Lord RANDOLPH in again for South Paddington. The First to arrive.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Brilliant Elector (at the Polling Station). "IT'S A STOUTISH KOIND OF A MAN, WITH A BALD 'EAD, AS AN WISHES TO VOIE FOR, BUT AR 'M BLESSED IF AR KNOW 'IS NAAME!!"

TO THE FIRST BATHING-MACHINE.

(After Wordsworth.)

O BLANK new-comer! I have seen,
I see thee with a start,
So gentle-looking a Machine,
Infernal one thou art!

When first the sun feels rather hot,
Or even rather warm,
From some dim, hibernating spot
Rolls forth thy clumsy form.

Perhaps thou babblest to the sea
Of sunshine and of flowers;
Thou bringest but a thought to me
Of such bad quarter hours.

I, grasping tightly, pale with fear,
Thy very narrow bench,
Thou, bounding on in wild career,
All shake, and jolt, and wrench.

Till comes an unexpected stop;
My forehead hits the door,
And I, with cataclysmic flop,
Lie on thy sandy floor.

Then, dressed in Nature's simplest style,
I, blushing, venture out;
And find the sea is still a mile
Away, or thereabout.

Blithe little children on the sand
Laugh out with childish glee;
Their nurses, sitting near at hand,
All giggling, stare at me.

Unnerved, unwashed, I rush again
Within thy tranquil shade,
And wait until the rising main
Shall banish child and maid.

Thy doors I dare not open now,
Thy windows give no view;
'Tis late; I will not bathe, I vow.
I dress myself anew.

Set wide the door. All round is sea!
"Hold tight, Sir!" voices call,
And in the water, jerked from thee,
I tumble, clothes and all!

O blessed thing! this earth we pace
Thy haunt should never be,
A quite unmentionable place
That is fit home for thee!

STUDIES IN THE NEW POETRY.

No. III.

IT is with the greatest possible pleasure that Mr. Punch presents to his readers the following example of the New Poetry. It is taken from a collection entitled "*Rhymes of the Ropes*." These Rhymes are intended to illustrate the everyday life of the British prize-fighter, his simple joys, his manly sorrows, his conversational excellences, and his indomitable pluck. The author has never been a prize-fighter himself, but he claims for these Rhymes the merit of absolute truth in every detail. In any case it is quite certain that every critic who reviews the volume will say of it, that no previous book has ever presented to us, with such complete fidelity, the British prize-fighter as he lives and moves, and has his being—not the gaudy, over-dressed and over-jewelled creature whom the imagination of the public pictures as haunting the giddy palaces of pleasure, and adored by the fairest of the fair, but the rough, uncouth, simple creature to whom we Britons owe our reputation for pluck and stamina. How the critic knows this, never having been a prize-fighter himself, and never having associated with them, is a question which it might be difficult to answer. But, nevertheless, the critic will guarantee the "*Rhymes of the Ropes*."

If some of Mr. Punch's readers, while recognising the force and go of the lines,

shall think them *tant soit peu* coarse and brutal, the fault must not be ascribed to Mr. Punch, but to the brilliant young author. Moreover, Mr. Punch begs leave to say, that squeamishness of that kind is becoming more and more absurd every day under the influence of the New Poetry and its professors. Here then is—

KNOCKED OUT.

BY MR. R*D**RD K*PL*NG.

Oh it's bully when I land 'em with a counter
on the jaw,
When the ruby's all a drippin' and the conks
are red and raw;
And it's bully when I've downed 'em, and
the lords are standin' booze,
Them lords with shiny shirt-fronts, and their
patent-leather shoes.
But you'd best look jolly meek
When you're up afore the beak,
For they hustle you, and bustle you, and treat
you like a dog.
And its 'Olloway for you
For a month or may be two,
Where the Widow keeps a mansion and pur-
vides you with your prog.

It was 'ero 'ere and 'ero there, I might 'ave
been a King,
For to 'ear 'em 'ip 'urrying as I stepped into
the ring,
When I faced the Tipton Slasher, me and 'im
in four-ounce gloves,
Just to make us look as 'armless as a pair o'
bloomin' doves.
Then I bruises 'im and batters,
And 'e cuts my lips to tatters,
And I gives 'im 'alf a dozen where 'is peepers
ought to be.

And 'e flattens out my nose
With a brace of bally blows,
Which I 'ardly 'ad expected from a pug as
couldn't see.

Next round the Slasher's groggy, 'e 'angs 'i
'ands and gropes
(I'd knocked him orf 'is legs at last) a-feelin'
for the ropes.

And, lor, 'e looked so cheerful with 'is face a
mask of red.

That I bust myself with laughin' when I
bashed 'im on the 'ead.

Then they counted up to ten,
But 'e couldn't rise again;

'E gasped a bit, and puffed a bit, and laid
there in a 'eap.

And I copped a thousand pounds
For a fight of seven rounds.

Which was all the time it took me for to put
my man to sleep.

Ah, the soft uns call it brutal; there's Mr.
H. P. COBB,

And 'is talk, which isn't pretty, about ruffians
(meanin' us).

I'd like to tap 'is claret when 'e's up and on
the job,

And send 'im 'ome a 'owlin' to 'is mammy or
'is nuss.

But I'd rather take the chuck
For a show of British pluck,

And do my month in chockee, and eat my
skilly free;

And I'll leave the curs to snivel
With their 'Ouse o' Commons drivell.

Which may suit a pack of jaw-pots, but, by
gosh, it don't suit me.

"WHAT I suffer from, at this time of year,
when I go into the country," says Mrs. R.,
"is 'Flybites.'" She pronounced it as a
word of three syllables, and then added, "I
rather think the learned way of spelling it is
'Phlybites.'"

**CORIOLANUS.**

'I WOULD HE HAD CONTINUED TO HIS COUNTRY
AS HE BEGAN, AND NOT UNKNIT, HIMSELF,
THE NOBLE KNOT HE MADE.'—*Coriolanus*, Act. IV., Scene 2.



HENGENIOUS IDEA.

Early Visitor. "WHY, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING, MATHILDE,—TURNING YOUR BOUDOIR INTO A POULTRY YARD?"

Mathilde. "WELL, MY DEAR, AS IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO RELY ON GETTING NEW-LAID EGGS IN TOWN, I HAVE HAD MY PET COCHIN-CHINA UP FROM THE COUNTRY, AND SHE IS THOROUGHLY TO BE TRUSTED!"

CORIOLANUS.

"I would he had continu'd to his country
As he begun, and not unknit, himself,
The noble knot he made."

Coriolanus, Act IV., Scene 2.

"His Majesty discriminates between the Prince Bismarck of former times, and of to-day, and is anxious that his Government should avoid everything which might tend to diminish, in the eyes of the German nation, the familiar figure of its greatest Statesman."—*Instructions to Imperial German Representatives abroad:—*

CAN this be he who "At the Gates"*

Of Janus' Temple stood of old,
Protective, vigilant, and bold,
As one who calmly dares—and waits?

"So fancy limns him, who'll not cease
To watch o'er what his brain upbuilt,"

Punch sang. And now he lifts the hilt,
Warlike, against a Patriot Peace.

Calm warden then, challenger now.

The tower he reared would he attack,
Because—they have not called him back
Like CINCINNATUS from the plough?

"The wounds that he doth bear for Rome,"
Should speak wide-lipped against the
change.

The new *Coriolanus!* Strange,
So great a past to *this* should come!

The imperious Roman, banished, bared
Against Rome's walls a traitor blade.
But *you*—revenge is scarce your trade,
Hero, in faction's mazes snared.

* See Cartoon "At the Gates," p. 151, vol. 85, year 1883.

The shirt of Nessus poisoned not,
Nor angered Hercules as you
Seem angered, poisoned. Yet you knew
On ARNIM's shield to bare the blot.

What should it say, Count HARRY's ghost,
Could it beside your couch appear,
And whisper in his foeman's ear?
Share you not that which shamed him most?

You flaunt the Press against the Throne?
You bare State secrets to the crowd?

You who against the Mob were loud,
With mockery MARCIUS well might own?

It doth not fit a splendid past.
The Sentinel in arms arrayed
Against the Citadel, a shade
Of gloom o'er glory's sheen will cast.

The illustrious name of BISMARCK blot
With no such treason as could dim
The Roman's glory, nor, like him,
Yourself unknit *your* "noble knot"!

THAT DUTCHMAN OOMS.

AIR—"The Admiral's Broom."

[J. J. K. Ooms, an amateur sculler from Amsterdam, won easily the "Diamond Sculls" at Henley this year, beating V. NICKALS, and others of our crack oars.]

OH, OOMS was a champion brave and bold,
The Dutchman's pride was he;
And he cried, "I can row on the Thames, I
As well as the Zuyder Zee, [know,
As well as the Zuyder Zee!"
And as his boat he set afloat,
And looked o'er the Henley tide,

He saw all England taking note,
And he trimmed his sculls and cried:—(*Bis.*)

"I'll win those 'Sculls!' " said he,
"The 'Diamond Sculls' for me!
That the world may know, wherever I go
Thames yields to the Zuyder Zee!" (*Bis.*)

Cried JOHN BULL, "Here! You Dutchman
To-day you must row with me; [queer.

For while I ride Thames' silver tide,
I'll be second to none," said he;

"I'll be second to none," said he.
So they blazed away at that Dutchman gay,

Stout NICKALS, brave BOYN, and all—
But the Dutchman's ship our best did whip,

And BULL cried to his merry men all, (*bis*)
"We're whipped, boys, for once," said he,

"It's a whip that's a lick to me."
Right well OOMS pulls, and the 'Diamond

Are gone to the Zuyder Zee! [Sculls'
VAN TROMP with his broom made free,
But this OOMS has "swept" Hen-ley.

Here's his health! But oh! those Sculls,
you know,

Must come back from the Zuyder Zee."

SOME COMFORT.—Harrow beat Eton at Lords' last week. The Etonians have some consolation in the fact of the Head-Master of Harrow being an Etonian. Without doing violence to their feelings, they can simply pronounce the Head-Master's name, and say, "Well done, Harrow!"

NEW READING OF AN OLD GREEK PROVERB
(by a disappointed Author, whose *Work* has
been recently cut up in the Press).—"Κριται
ἀεὶ ψεῦδοι." I.e., "Critics are always liars."



UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

Gladstonian Dentist (to Tory Patient). "I HAVE THE MOST PROFOUND ADMIRATION—MOUTH A LITTLE MORE OPEN, THANKS—FOR THAT GREAT MAN, GLADSTONE,—AND IT WAS ONLY LAST WEEK—&c. &c. &c."

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

The Bobolink, Henley.

THE Election at Sheepsdoor being regarded as a "moral" for our Candidate—(what a delightful change from the *im-moral* way in which elections *used* to be conducted!)—I felt it was safe for me to wing my flight to fresh scenes and pastures new!—not that I wanted any "new pastures," having been a *grass-widow* for some time;—but having had enough of the "rolling billow"—(by the way, the rolling "Billow" at Stockbridge didn't roll fast enough)—I yearned for the silvery smoothness of Father Thames, so started for Henley with my faithful *Eulalie*—(I really must change her name, it sounds like a Swiss jodel); but, oh! my goodness!—talk about *billows*—the Channel passage is a fool to what we found at Henley! Waves mountain high!—(This of course is an exaggeration, but I've read it so often in sea-novels, that I've almost come to believe it possible—it would be nearer the truth, as dear Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would pronounce it, I fancy—waves "mounting high.") I had to sit all day on the roof of the *Bobolink*, with a life-belt or *something* round my waist!—and



having made the acquaintance of a sweet youth who could swim, I implored him not to leave me!—and he didn't—the whole day long. Ah! he was *very* nice!—I need not tell you I didn't notice the racing *much*, but I did take an interest in *two* of the contests; viz.—(I don't know what "viz." means—but I do know I am using it correctly)—The Diamond Sculls, and The Ladies' Challenge. The Diamonds were walked off, or rowed off to Holland—(great place, I'm told, for diamonds)—by Mr. K. Ooms (who evidently "kooms" of an athletic stock), amid the generous cheers of our defeated Englishmen! The other—and naturally, from its title, the most

ON THE FLY-LEAF OF AN OLD BOOK.

It's long been loose; at last it's quite
Come out—the very thing to write
My laundry list on. Think what might
Have been upon it!

Some lines by GOLDSMITH, neatly planned,
A verse by BYRON, mighty grand,
Or even, penned by SHAKESPEARE'S hand,
A song or sonnet;

DA VINCI might have made a sketch,
Or REMBRANDT drawn a head to etch,
Or TURNER dashed some tints 'twould fetch
A thousand guineas.

Here might have been some notes, compiled
By IBSEN, MAELERLINCK, or WILDE,
On how some writers have beguiled
Some simple minnies;

Some words on Cooks, by RANDOLPH C.,
Or Greek Home Rule, by Grand Old G.,
Some Irish notes by A. J. B.,

A cheque from DU LON.
How useless now to think what might
Have been, for I have blacked the white!
It is not even fit to write
A washing-bill on!

CHURCH AND BOOTH. —The Archbishop of CANTERBURY was recently a guest at the Munching House on the occasion of an Undenominational Banquet. His Grace, in a post-prandial speech, observed that the Salvation Army came "fluting" among us, but he thought that the Army's success would be as "fleeing" as it was "fluting." Neat this for his Grace-after-dinner. This was a nice after-dinner way of giving "caviare to the General." No "laughter" appears to have followed, so the *caviare* was not generally taken.

LITERARY NOSE AND QUILL.—First volume of *Tacitus* translated into English by A. W. QUILL. Judging from a review in the *Times* of this instalment, it is the work of neither a soft nor hard Quill, but a medium Quill. With such a suggestive name, this author will show himself a Goose Quill if he does not at once turn his attention to the History of PENN.

important event—was competed for by two boat-loads from Cambridge University—*Crews*, I believe, they call them, but I always thought it was a sign of contempt to allude to any party of people as "a crew." However that may be, I was informed that "First Trinity had carried off the Ladies!" (just as if they were a pack of Sabine women), and I suppose it was true; though, in counting up the Ladies in sight, I only missed one—and she, I found, had fallen into the river, and been gallantly rescued by a spectator, who, I presume, was determined to have *his* share, in spite of the First Trinity Men!

Back to town, after all was over on Thursday, to find everybody wild with "election fever." A large group surrounding the "tape" at the Club (I belong to the "Amazon," of course), and ordering lemon squashes when a seat was lost, and whiskey and seltzer when the reverse was the case! Oh, this Election! Thank goodness, I'm off to Newmarket, to spend the week with Sir NEWMAN and Lady GATESHEAD, with a distinct feeling of relief at getting back to business after this fortnight of exciting relaxation!

Next week's racing furnishes quite a lengthy *menu*, with several attractive *entrées*, and some good "made-up-overnight" dishes; in fact, a programme which appeals strongly to every racy palate. I do not propose to work my way through the entire *menu* (not being an Alderman), and will only hint at a few of the side-dishes, which may be worth attention reserving my great effort for the "*plat de résistance*" at Sandown; so, at Newmarket—try just a mouthful of July Handicap à la Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S "Selected;" should it choke you, have a pat on the "Bach" when attacking the Beaufort Stakes; and to wind up with dessert, worthy of a CHESTERFIELD, take a "Meddler." If this conglomeration of good things is not too much for you, travel back to town in time for the great race of the week; but, if upset, don't blame, Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

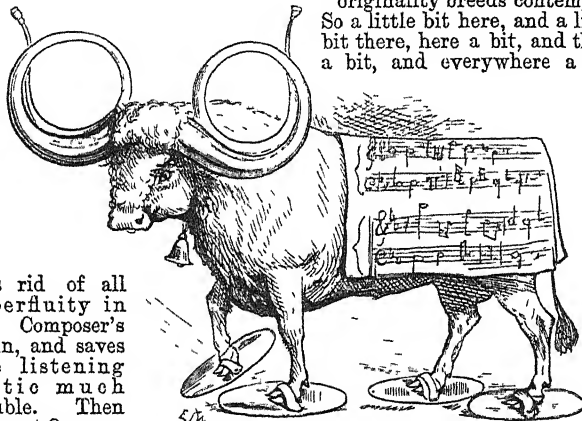
"ECLIPSE STAKES SELECTION."

With *Gouverneur*, *Orme*, and such giants to run,
It needs the cool calm of a PLATO
To fix on the horse that will "capture the bun!"
But I think it will be "*Orvioto*."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—*Première of Elaine.* BEMBERG Composer, LÉON-JEHIN Conductor, and Sir DRURIOLANUS Producer. Full House, determined to give New Opera a fair hearing, and sit it out. Don't get a new Opera every day. Congratulations to BEMBERG in a general way. "In a first Opera" (if this be his first), to quote the Composer of the recent De-La-ra-Boom Buddha, who was complacently listening to the other Composer's new Opera,

"originality breeds contempt." So a little bit here, and a little bit there, here a bit, and there a bit, and everywhere a bit,



gets rid of all superfluity in the Composer's brain, and saves the listening critic much trouble. Then his next Opera—

Ah!—that ought to be all genuinely new and original Sparkling BEMBERG Cabinet. "*Elaine*,"

observed a lady critic, "is graceful and airy"—which, in the lady's presence, the present listener was not prepared to deny.

Contented must have been Composer BEMBERG with such a cast as was made and provided for him by Sir DRURIOLANUS. MELBA, as the "Lily Maid of Astolat," charming, with a charming song, "*L'Amour est pur*." The audience was in an encoring humour, but, thank goodness, only a few encores were taken, and the others left, otherwise none of us would have been home till sunrise. In the swan-like dying scene the Composer wrings our heart-strings with his harp-strings, reminding everyone forcibly that, as *Mr. Guppy* observed, "There are chords!" Wagnerian, sometimes, is our BEMBERG, with his horns and brass. Fine chorus at beginning of Act II.—the Tournament Act—which shows, as a foolish person observed, "a Rummy lot at Camelot." At end of Third Act MELBA and JEAN DE RESZKÉ (who must have joined the Salvation Army, as he was, apparently, "saving himself" all the evening) were enthusiastically called. Engaged in curtseying her thanks, MELBA didn't notice—as, how should she?—property steps behind her, on which, at about her tenth curtsey, she suddenly sat down about two seconds before she could possibly realise that there was any chance of sitting down. But JEAN LAUNCELOT DE RESZKÉ was there, and rescued her! Good Knight! JEAN DE RESCUE! Then EDWARD, as *Hermite*, own brother to *Friar Laurence*, excellent. But so were they all, and the Opera will well repay several re-hearings.

Thursday.—*Aida.* Generally considered rather a heavy Opera by VERDI. "But to-night," says WAGSTAFF, "the Verdi-let quite t'other way." MAUREL excellent as *Amonasro*, and MAGGIE MACINTYRE looked, acted, and sang Maggie-nificently. Uncommonly good was GIULIA RAVOGLI as *Amneris*, *Aida's* rival for the love of the small-sized *Radamès Dimitresco*, or *Dimi-nutive-Tresco* (comparatively speaking), to whom EDWARD DE RESZKÉ, being quite a *Ned* and shoulders taller, might spare some of his superfluous inches.

EDWARD uncommonly good as *Ramfis*, which name, considering the peculiar make-up, might be appropriately changed to *Rum Phiz*, and nobody be any the worse. BEVIGNANI conducted himself and the orchestra admirably; M. PLANÇON, in English Plain Song, did all well that as *Il Re* he had to do, looking every inch a *Re*, and not a bit *Il*. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER was *Una Sacerdotissa*, but she would be anything and do everything well. Signor RINALDINI was *Un Messagiero*. His costume might have been more effective had Sir AUGUSTUS brought him up to date as a Messenger Boy for the Telephonic-sol-fa Company. This can be amended. House good.

Friday.—Covent Garden, *Elaine* expected, but didn't appear. JOHN THE RISKY, the *Launcelot* of the Opera, unwell. "Not *Launcelot*, but another!" cried Sir DRURIOLANUS, only there wasn't another. So *Carmen* was played. "Not this *Elaine*," continued Sir AUGUSTUS, "but *Drur-e-lane*." So away! to hear the Trumpeter of the German Band. This *Trumpeter* might be played as a trump in a small house, but 'tis trumpery for Drury Lane. One phrase of an old music-hall ditty, the words of which were, "She walked forward,

I followed on, tra la la!" constantly recur. Who originated it? Unwonted excitement of going to two Operas told on shattered frame, so staggered to Maiden Lane, which, on account of its being the home for oysters, crabs, and lobsters, should be renamed Mer-maiden Lane. Behold! good Dr. BAYLIS "within the Rules" making up his evening prescriptions. "*Quis supperabit?*" asked the learned Dr. B. "*Ego*," replied I, like JAMES, knowing the language. And "*supper-a-bit*," it was. "*84 wachterum unum pintum frigidum sunendum cum '92 chickeno*," &c. "My benizon on thee!" said CRITICUS REDIVIVUS. "Dr. BAYLIS, I bay-liss thee!" with the accent on the "*liss*." So home. After all the chops and changes of this operative life, I am with "chicken and champagne" content. *Finis coronat opus.*

MORE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ALCOHOLIC QUESTION.

(A few remarks on Dr. Robson Roostem's Article in New Review.)

1. Inebriates should be shut up in Alcoholloway Prison.
2. "*Food-accessory*" is a very pretty name for drink. Henceforth let the butler go round as "the merry toast goes round." Let butlers and footmen, in dining-rooms and places where they have various liquors, be instructed to inquire of each and every guest "What food-accessory will you take, Sir?"

3. "*The use of Alcohol dates from very early times*." But it is not recommended by the faculty as a good thing to be taken at 7 A.M., or at any time in the morning immediately on awaking.

As to when any one has had enough "alcohol," the old test first put forward many years ago by *Mr. Punch*, still holds good. If you can say "British Constitution" distinctly, and without effort, so that it shall not be all in one composite word sounding like "Bri'sh-conshushun," then, perhaps, you may go up-stairs (if you can) and join the ladies.

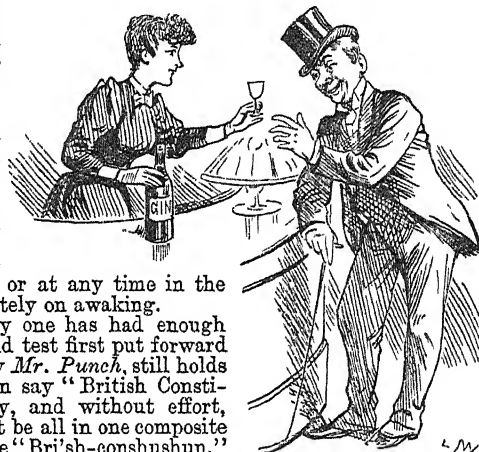
4. "*The liver is very prone to become affected*." The question is, first, Is "an evil liver" or "a good liver" here intended? But, apart from this, any affectation in a liver, good or bad, is objectionable. It must be taken for granted, in a serious discussion on the subject, that "a slave to his liver" is a synonym for "a livery servant." The one objection to a livery servant lies in this very fact; for a slave to liver is rarely in a good humour, and is generally sulky, lazy, and disobliging.

5. "*Wine comes in, rubs off the acerbities, and brings all down to the same level of good humour*." The end of such a happy party is, of course, all under the table, smiling, but speechless.

Smiling, but beautiful they lay,
A gleam was in their half-closed eye,
But still they murmured with a sigh,
Hic-shelsher-wa'.

Dr. ROBERTS, as quoted by his confrère, ROBSON ROOSTEM PASHA, appears to be a very sensible person. Dr. ROBERTS—he is not Dr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, we believe—recommends the liqueur to be judiciously taken at meal-times. And, by the way, as the knowledge of when to cry, "Hold, enough!" is most useful, here is another test of sobriety in this very word "judicious," which some, after a couple of glasses (or more) of fine old cognac, will pronounce as though 'twere spelt "seducious," and some will swear it ought to be "judsidious." When nobody can pronounce "judicious" correctly, the arbiter *bi-bendi*, if himself absolutely sober as a judge ought to be,—a man quite "above-board," i.e., not yet under it,—such a one may pronounce that the guests have had quite enough. It is a pity that so excellent a writer on temperance should have the singular disadvantage of a plural name. If, after dinner, a worthy convivialist observed, "I see ROBERTS," would not the question naturally be, "How many of 'em?" The Doctor can omit the "s," and, as perhaps he is already a little singular in his carefully-advanced theories, why should he not de-pluralise his surname? Do the Doctors R. R. and R. differ on this? Then we must decide. In the meantime, to show our approval of this particular article of Dr. ROBSON ROOSTEM PASHA's faith, we, as a jovial company, drink his health, and then depart for our annual Alcoholiday trip.

LAWN TENNIS INTELLIGENCE.—BADDELEY has taken the cake.





THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

(*Lucy Festus At Home—2 A.M.*)

Hostess. "ONLY JUST COME SIR GEORGE? HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME SO LATE!"

OUT OF IT!

(*The Lay of the Non-Elected.*)

Then a warm-faced functionary read the "Declaration"—when
A sort of sinking sickness took SMITH in the abdomen;
And he smiled a sickly sort of smile, and stalked out at the door,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more!

Bret Harte adapted.

PNEUGH! His poll was taken early (it was *not* on Saturday),
And he lost by seven hundred, and is out of the fierce fray;
And whether he rejoices, or internally repines,
May be clear to the wisecracks who can "read between the lines."

It was hot, too, while it lasted, and of epidemic ill,
The Election Fever "takes the cake." 'Tis true it seldom kills,
But for far and wide contagion, and for agony acute,
Its supremacy is certain as its sway is absolute.

And he had it very badly. He looks convalescent now,
But the frenzy of the meeting brought the crimson to his brow,
And his thorax is still husky with his eloquent appeal
To the mustered working-men at the hour of mid-day meal.

How they swarmed about his waggon! How their oily fustian filled
The summer air with fragrance that his fine olfactories thrilled!
How very loud their shouts were, and how very rude their jeers,
And how very strong the *bouquet* of clay pipes and bitter beers!

His arguments amused them, and his peroration fine,
About "standing for old England stoutly all along the line,"
Would have surely proved impressive, but for some sardonic ass,
Who produced an anti-climax with the shouted comment "Gas!"

Then the mob broke up in laughter, to return to pipe and can,
And—plumped for his opponent pretty nearly to a man;
For of all ungrateful cynics, and of all impervious clowns,
Commend me (says our wanderer), to the workmen of our towns.

Well, *experientia docet*. That confounded "local Club"
(Blend of Institute and Chapel with a savour of the pub.)

Where the pallid-faced cheesemongers, and the clammy-handed snobs,
Swarmed around to "patronise" him, was the toughest of tough
jobs.

Its rooms were wondrous stuffy and its members scarce "good
form,"

For they mostly dropped their aitches, and they always looked so
warm.

Why political enthusiasts so run to noise and heat,
And crude manners, and bad grammar, is a *crux* that's hard to beat.

But he bore it,—yes, he bore it; he shook heaps of 'orny 'ands,
Heard the shindy of their shoutings, and the braying of their
bands;

Stood their "heckling," which was trying, and their praises, which
were worse,

All the claims upon his time, and taste, his patience, and his
Then they "chucked" him by three figures! Well, he's "out of
it," thanks be!

And he "offs it by the Special" to the river or the sea.

He heard the "Declaration," and the rival Party's roar,
And—"the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

"Latest Results! Helections!!" Oh, confound the boy! Get
out!

Let the winners sum their winnings, let their blatant backers shout.
What have I to do with pollings? Cease, cacophonous urchin,
cease!

I am going to read *The Wrecker*, and possess my soul in peace!"

"D. G." AND MRS. R.—*Mr. Punch* begs to congratulate the *Daily Graphic* on the electioneering ladder showing every day the position of the Parties. Very "Happy Thought." His ancient friend, Mrs. R. M., in speaking of this journal, observed, that "*Daily Graphic* was not by any means a new name, and the paper ought to have been purely theatrical, as the person after whom it is evidently called was the celebrated actor, you know, my dear, in the last century, whom Dr. JOHNSON used to call 'Little Daily Graphic.'"



OUT OF IT!

("And the subsequent Proceedings interested him no more.")

NEWSPAPER-BOY. "'ERE Y'ARE, SIR! LATEST RESULTS O' THE POLL, SIR!"
REJECTED CANDIDATE (*growls*). "OH! GO TO THE DEUCE!"



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

Lady Godiva. "NOW PROMISE ME, YOU DEAR GOOD MAN, PROMISE ME YOU'LL VOTE FOR LORD JAMES, AND I'LL—I'LL DIV YOU A TISS'"

THE END OF HENLEY.

(Fragment from a Historical Sketch yet to be written.)

It was shortly after the middle of July, 1892, that the Great Representative of the British Race stood upon the Victoria Embankment, watching the river-steamers as they passed to and fro. There were few persons about, for the General Election was over, and civilised London was out of Town. Some of civilised London had gone abroad, some were in Scotland, some by the Sea. So the Great Representative expected to see no one.



"*Mr. Punch, I believe!*" said some one, approaching the Great Representative. The speaker was a person who wore a garb peculiarly suitable to the autumnal sultriness of the weather. He had about a couple of yards of calico, and one good coating of serviceable paint. The Great Representative

bowed his head, and by a gesture, invited further explanation.

"I am connected with the literary world, and am a Colonist. I am known, or used to be known (for I am getting a trifle out of date), as Lord MACAULAY'S New-Zealander."

Again the Great Representative bowed. He knew his visitor, and bade him welcome. Then he asked him the cause of his visit.

"Well, I really don't know," replied the New-Zealander, with a short laugh. "I am afraid I must have been hoaxed. I was told that England was absolutely ruined, and was looking for a comfortable seat amongst the remains of London Bridge."

"You see you are slightly premature," returned the Great Representative, pointing towards a more or less majestic pile in the offing. "There was some talk of rebuilding the structure some short while ago, but a viaduct near the Tower was considered preferable. When

it is opened, there will be Knighthoods for the Sheriffs, and a Baronetcy for the Lord MAYOR."

"And yet," pondered the New-Zealander, "I was certainly informed by wire, that the glory of Britain had vanished for ever."

"Very likely an Election cry," observed *Mr. Punch*. "In the midst of a contested polling, both sides think the success of their rivals must be followed by immediate disaster. But somehow or other, things settle down afterwards, and nothing comes of it. Which-ever side wins, the old flag floats in the wind as gaily and as prosperously as ever."

"And yet I was certainly told that the sun of England had set never to rise again," persisted the Aboriginal, who seemed to be of an obstinate turn of mind. "Now I remember—the cause was something to do with Diamonds and Henley. Stay, the bright brains of the nation had disappeared. I recollect, the Diamond Sculls of the nation (once so great) had passed to foreigners."

"Ah, now I take your meaning," said the National Representative, with a smile, "and you must have heard of the result of the race for the Diamond Sculls at Henley."

"That must be it," acquiesced the New-Zealander. "I had forgotten to take into account possible errors in transmission. But tell me, has there been a national defeat?"

"Well, yes," admitted *Mr. Punch*, with a sigh—"we did not come out altogether satisfactorily. Even the second man was a Frenchman—albeit, his name was suggestive of dear old Scotland."

"And do you mean to say," said the New-Zealander, "that the best scullers of England were beaten by a boating-man from the Seine?"

"It is too true, and the Frenchman himself succumbed to a Dutchman—yes, we confess it, and with shame."

"I don't see why you should," returned the other, changing his tone to one of greater satisfaction. "As a New-Zealander, I observe nothing degrading in the superiority of Old Holland." And considering the prowess of VAN TROMP in the past, there was perhaps nothing so strange in the triumph of OOMS in the present.

"TO PAY OR NOT TO PAY, THAT IS THE BISLEYNESS."

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the receipts of the National Rifle Association have fallen off, and that there is a proposal to make the Bisley Meeting this year rather more attractive than its predecessors. The Camp is to be open, and there are to be Concerts and other distractions. But is this enough? Once confess that Rifle-shooting is not the sole business of the gathering, and the way is cleared for more amusing items. All that is wanted to convert a semi-failure into a triumphant success, is a Manager who could combine entertainment with instruction, thus:—

6 A.M.—Gun-fire. The Camp awakes, and, to the music of the band, gets up. Reserved seats in band-enclosure, sixpence extra.

7 A.M.—Balloon Ascent. Firing at the sun with revolvers by trained aeronauts. Seats in parachutes, five shillings a-piece.

8 A.M.—Early performance of BUFFALO BILL before his departure for Earl's Court. Prices as usual.

9 A.M.—Sham Fight, augmented by Menagerie from Travelling Circus. Cards to visit the stables, half-a-crown.

10 A.M.—Representation of Siege Scene from Venice in London, under the title of "The Bridge of Sighs within measuring distance of Woking Cemetery." Season tickets, half-a-guinea.

11 A.M.—Performance of the Battle of Waterloo by veterans, late of Astley's Theatre. Families and schools half-price.

12 NOON.—Visit of Royalty, and Presentation of Purses. No Purse accepted containing less than two pounds ten.

1 P.M.—Grand Luncheon, with speeches by the leading Military Authorities, followed by a Smoking Concert. One-and-sixpence.

2 P.M.—Variety Show, including several of the best Lion Comiques, and the astounding performances of the Bounding Brothers of Bohemia. Stalls, ten shillings. Soldiers in uniform admitted at a considerable reduction.

3 P.M.—Cricket Match between the famous Clown Eleven *versus* the Ladies' Sixteen. Grand Stand, three-and-six.

4 P.M.—Comic Carnival, entitled, "Rollicksome Riflemen, or the Vicissitudes of the Volunteers." Reserved Seats, ninepence.

There, my dear Sir, I think I have written enough. If there was any time to spare, the shooting programme might still be carried out; but business is business, and only by the means I have indicated (in my opinion) can Bisley be made to pay. Trusting that my suggestion may be accepted in the spirit in which it is off red, I remain,

Yours truly, DIVIDEND BEFORE DEFENCE.

The Money Grubberies, the Twenty of Shillingsworth-in-the-Pound.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THEMIS.

(A Sketch in the New Law Courts in anticipation of the very next "Cause Célèbre" that may have the good fortune to enlist the sympathies of the British Public.)

SCENE—A Corridor outside the Courts appropriated to the Common Law Division of the High Court of Justice. At each of the doors of the Court where the Great Trial of Arkass v. Arkass and Ambo—which abounds in "scandalous revelations in High Life"—is proceeding, a group of would-be auditors has collected, waiting with the patience of respectable Peris for a chance of admission to the forensic Paradise within. The Paradise, at present, is full to overflowing, and the doors are guarded by a couple of particularly stern and stolid attendants. Each Peri is trying to wear out the endurance of the rest, and to propitiate the doorkeepers by exemplary behaviour.

A Meek Man (to Doorkeeper, after standing in hopeful silence for three-quarters of an hour). I suppose there 'll be a chance of getting in presently, eh?

The Doorkeeper (placidity). None whatever, Sir.

The M. M. But they 'll be rising for luncheon in an hour or so, and some will be coming out then, surely?

Doorkeeper. Not many; them as are in stays in, mostly.

The M. M. (with a sudden recollection that he is acquainted with one of the Counsel engaged in the case). Couldn't you take in my card to Mr. TANFIELD? I'm sure he'll do anything he could for me.

[The rest regard him with extreme disfavour, as one guilty of unsportsmanlike behaviour.]

Doorkeeper. It won't be no use—there ain't room in there as it is for a billiard-cue—leastwise (conscientiously), a stoutish one—but I'll get it taken in for you, if you like.

[He opens the door a very little, and passes the card to an attendant within.]

Junior Members of the Junior Bar (in very clean white wigs, with hauteur). Thought you had orders to let Counsel in before the general public? There ought to be some rule about that, if there isn't.

Doorkeeper. So we do, Sir; but if this gentleman's a friend of Mr. TANFIELD'S, and he asks me to admit him, why you see—

The Junior Junior (witheringly). The convenience of mere Members of the Bar must give way, naturally!

[The inside Attendant returns with card, which the Doorkeeper unlocks the door to receive, and then shuts it to with a sharp click, like a wild-beast-tamer.]

Doorkeeper. (to the M. M., after perusing card by the dim light). I told you it wouldn't be no use, Sir. "Please wait," it says.

[General movement of virtuous satisfaction at this well-merited rebuke.]

The M. M. (wishing he had not put his trust in TANFIELD). I—I have waited—but it don't matter. (Addressing First White Wig, from a timid social impulse). The—er—Plaintiff made some remarkable admissions in the box yesterday—his cross-examination seemed pretty severe.

First White Wig (after a stare at his audacity). Cross-examination not unfrequently is. (To the other W. W.) See that extraordinary decision of old JUBBER'S in *Buling v. Bulgin*? Of course they 'll appeal!

[The couple converse in highly technical terms for some minutes. The M. M. (at the next pause). It struck me that Colonel ARKASS rather contradicted himself on one or two points.]

Second W. W. Very likely. (To First W. W.) What do you do when you're before one of these confounded Common Law

Judges, and see he's looking up a point of Equity in a text-book during your argument? Do you wait for him?

First W. W. (with all the decision of a Counsel who was called the Term before last). Wait for him? No—go on talking about anything you like, till he's ready to listen to you again. That's what I always do!

An Important Stranger (bustling up to Doorkeepers). Here, I say, let me in, will you?

Doorkeeper. You a Witness in this case, Sir?

The Imp. S. (after a tell-tale pause). Er—yes—in a sort of way, y'know.

Doorkeeper. Then your entrance is down below, Sir, in the Central 'All—you'll see it written up there.

The I. S. Haw—well, I'm not *exactly* a witness, but I'm interested in the case, y'know.

Doorkeeper. So are all these Gentlemen, Sir—but they can't get in.

The I. S. No—but look here. I know the criminals—'tleast I don't mean to call 'em that, y'know—hope they're all innocent, I'm sure. I like 'em all; danced with 'em, and all that, lots of times.

Doorkeeper. Ah, well, you see they ain't dancin' to-day, Sir. (The I. S. bustles away; there is a stir within; the portion of the crowd in Court that is visible through the glass-doors heaves convulsively, and presently produces a stout

and struggling Q.C.). Make way there! Stand aside, Gentlemen, please. Counsel coming out!

[Q.C. comes out, puffing, followed by his Clerk and a Client. First W. W. (as the chasm in the crowd closes again). Now you can let us in!]

Doorkeeper. (stolidly). Not yet, Sir. (To other Doorkeeper.) I see that party agen last night—you know—him as was here making all that shindy day afore yesterday. I went and 'ad a drink with 'im.

Second Doorkeeper. (interested). Ah, and 'ow was he?

First Doorkeeper. Oh, same as usual—boozed. Told me he'd come up from Glasgow for a week's spree—and he seems to be *aring* it, too. Going 'ome Saturday, so he sez.

Second Doorkeeper. (grimly). He 'll be lucky if he gets there Saturday fortnight!



"No—but look here. I know the Criminals



LES.
ETL," SIDES AV THE ATLANTIC AT THE SAME TOIME!"

ful in-

"WHAT A DAY OI 'M HAVIN'! BEGS^d

Murmurs (from the lucky Peris who can just see the witness-box through the glass panel). Who's that in the box? That's Colonel ARKASS—finishing his cross-examination... Doesn't seem to be enjoying himself... See how he's tugging at his moustache... Got a nasty one just then, I expect... I'd as soon believe 'im as I would 'er—now... She ain't been in the box yet... No, but she's a reg'lar bad lot, from what was said in the opening speech. They won't change my opinion of 'er, whichever way the case goes! Well, I 'aven't followed it closely myself... Oh, no more have I—but still I've made up my mind long ago about it, (&c., &c.)

The I. S. (suddenly returning, indignant). I say, they're letting in all sorts of people—barristers, and so on—at that other door!

Doork. Can't 'elp that, Sir; this ain't the other door—you should speak to them about it!

The I. S. (nervily). Well, I have—and they told me to come here!

[General snigger, amidst which he departs in disgust.]

A Small Office-Boy (with a strip of paper, tied with red tape). Kin I see Sir HARRID ALLABYE a moment?

Doork. Sir ALFRED ain't in this Court—he's engaged in another case.

The O. B. 'Is Clurk 'll do—it's 'ighly important—you better let me in, I tell yer!

Doork. Send in a message for yer, at that 'll do. *(The O. B. says it doesn't signify, and bolts.)* Young Artful! thinks he'll sneak in, and spend his dinner-hour there—but he don't!

The M. M. (who has been examining his card under a gas-light). I say, I've just found out that it wasn't "Please wait" that Mr. TANFIELD wrote on my card—it's "Please Admit!"

[A general titter of incredulity. First W. W. (to Second W. W.).] Ingenious—but a trifle transparent that, eh?

The M. M. (roused). Do you mean to suggest that I—

First W. W. Oh, not at all—I was speaking to my friend here.



OLD TIMES REVIVED.

Portrait of Candidate making his Third Speech on same day.

But you really must allow that, if any preference is shown at all, it should be given equitably, and of right—to Members of the Bar!

(Chorus from the other Peris.) Yes, they've stood here nearly as long as you have. You must wait your turn, like the rest of us! No preferences 'ere! We've got as much right to go in as you... If Mr. TANFIELD wants you admitted over our heads, let him come and let you in himself! If any one goes in first, it ought to be Barristers! (&c., &c.)

Doork. (impartially). Well, it ain't o' much consequence, Gentleman, for I can't let none of you in at present!

[The M. M. simmers with suppressed rage; wonders if it is worth while to mention that he happens to be a Barrister himself, and wishes to enter for the serious and legitimate purpose of collecting material for an Essay he is contributing on "The Abuse of Cross-Examination" to the "Nineteenth Century." On reflection, he thinks he had better not.]

Doork. (as the crowd in Court is again convulsed). Clear the way there! Court rising—Counsel coming out! Ah, this is Mr. TANFIELD.

The Peris (White Wigs and all). Now we shall see!

[They regard the M. M. with anticipatory triumph.]

Mr. Tanfield (passing out, and recognising the M. M.). Why, my dear MITTON, won't they let you in? Here, come along with me!

[He passes his arm through the M. M.'s, walks with him to the other door, murmurs a request for his admission, and the next moment the M. M. is safe in the haven of his desire.]

The other Peris (looking after him enviously). Well, of all the brazen impudence!

[They are swept aside by the current of emerging Counsel, Spectators, &c., and re-assemble, to find the doors as pitilessly closed against them as ever. The White Wigs threaten to write to the "Law Times" on the subject, and are regarded with admiration by the rest as Champions of Popular Rights.]

RACINE, WITH THE CHILL OFF.

BAFFLED by official prudery in the production of his poetic episode from Holy Writ, yet resolved that the names of SARAH and OSCAR shall be bracketted together on the muster-roll of genius, Mr. WILDE has undertaken to re-write RACINE'S *Phèdre* for that distinguished actress. In his version the smoothly-chaste and insipidly-correct verses which our grandmothers learnt to recite, and our grandfathers pretended to admire on the lips of the classic RACHEL, will give place to the school of BAUDELAIRE and VALLES. We have been fortunate in obtaining an échantillon of this great work.



On his Hobby.

ACTE I., SCENE 3. *Phèdre, Cénone*

Phèdre. Je me meurs d'ennuie. Mon événement, et vite! *[Aimez HIPPOLYTE!]*

Cénone. Madame, je devine votre mal. Vous *Phèdre.* HIPPOLYTE! Imbécile, ce que

j'aime est le vice,

La rime sans raison, l'audace, l'immondice,

L'horrible, l'écœureux, le sens-dessus-dessous,

La fanfaronnade, la réclame, le sang, et la boue;

La bave fétide des bouches empoisonnées;

L'horreur, le meurtre, et le "ta-ra-boum-de-ay!"

Crois-tu que pour HIPPOLYTE j'ai le moindre estime?

Du tout! C'est mon beau fils, et l'aimer est un crime,

C'est un fat odieux, (CÉNONE. Homme je le déteste, Mais comme fils de mon mari l'aimer c'est l'in—

Cénone. Que veut dire Madame?

Peste!

Phèdre. L'inconnu l'inconvenable.*

Tu me coupe la parole d'une façon exécrable—

Le vice, CÉNONE, sais-tu ce que c'est que le vice?

Que la rose n'est pas rose avant qu'elle pourrisse?

Esprit terre-à-terre, âme bornée d'épicier,

Non, tu ne les connais pas, les délices du fumier.

Tu ne sais pas trouver tes étoiles dans l'égout,

Tes ivresses dans la fange, ton amour dans la boue.

Cénone. Madame radote. C'est Vénus à sa proie attachée.

Phèdre. Vénus fin de siècle, qui se nomme Astarté,

Diabliesse gigantesque, aux boyaux d'airain,

Trou rouge où l'on jette des monceaux d'êtres humains.

Grille de fer où la chair fume, les cheveux pétillent,

Choses claires qui noircissent, sombres choses qui brillent,

Choses qu'on aime le plus pour ce qu'elles n'existent pas,

Choses basses qui s'élèvent, hautes choses qu'on mettent bas,

Paradis de paradoxes—

This brief sample of Mr. WILDE'S muse may be less erudite than the play tabooed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, and may show a bolder disregard of the stringent laws which govern French versification; but it is assuredly in harmony with the spirit of the age, and goes far to bring RACINE up to date.

* The fact that this word is not to be found in the dictionary must be set down as the fault of the language rather than of the poet. If "convenable," why not "inconvenable"?



TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

"AND WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO SPEAK ENGLISH SO WELL?"

"FROM LADY JENKINSON'S CHILDREN, MADAME. I CAME OVER FROM SWITZERLAND TO TEACH THEM FRENCH AND GERMAN!"

"AND DID THEY LEARN FRENCH AND GERMAN?"

"NO, MADAME, NOT A WORD!"

FROM DAY TO DAY.

(A Study in Political Journalism, from some of the Morning Papers.)

No. I.

TO-DAY, the first pollings of the General Election take place, and the electors will be called upon to decide one of the most momentous issues that have ever been submitted to the judgment of the country. For ourselves, we cannot doubt for a moment as to what the verdict will be. It is impossible that a policy of empty promises, backed by mere misrepresentation, should prevail against a glorious record of administrative, legislative, and financial success. Careful calculations have convinced us that those who now hold the reins of office will return to power with a largely increased majority, to continue their beneficent work. The country recognises by this time that anything short of that would mean disaster to the commonwealth. Even with a small majority, the forces of disorder would be able to work untold mischief. Such a result, however, is not within the bounds of possibility, seeing that the Election will be fought purely and simply on the Irish question, which has been placed fully before the electorate in all its bearings. Our organisation is perfect, and our triumph assured.

No. II. (Three Days Later.)

WE are constrained to admit that, so far, the result of the Elections has not come up to the confident anticipations of our Party. Seats have been lost that ought to have been retained. On the other hand, we have failed to win seats that we had a right to count upon as certainties. It is not easy to apportion the responsibility for failure. Over-confidence and a consequent want of energy may have had something to do with it; but the chief reason is to be found in the disgracefully defective organisation of the Party. The story is an old one. We have ourselves deemed it our duty to lay this

TO A SUMMER FLOWER.

OH, lovely flower sent from afar,
Like sunlight to this world of ours,
What art thou but a golden star,
A priceless gem amongst the flowers?

Alas, all earthly things must die,
Thou, too, fair yellow flower must fade,
Thou wilt not charm an Artist's eye,
Upon the breast of some fair maid!

Ah, no, thine is a nobler fate,
Unlike the lily or the rose,
Thou passest to a higher state
When in sad death thy petals close:

For then thine outward form, grown pale
Is changed to what, at first scarce seen,
Is still thyself, so fair, so frail,
A little fruit of tender green!

When quite matured, how very choice
Thy juicy flavour; who can then
Sing all thy worth with mortal voice,
Or write thy praise with mortal pen.

There, take it gently from the ground,
O costermonger, to thy barrow,
And shout, with loud discordant sound,
The praise of Vegetable Marrow!

ROE, BLOATER'S-ROE.

FAINTLY it wakes at the even chime,
The appetite long past its prime.
The supper-room at the Club looks dim.
What shall I "peck" for an epicure's whim?
Roe, Bloater's Roe! That's the brief repast
To tickle the palate, to break the fast!

They may prate of the pleasures of "early purl,"
Of the frizzled rasher's seductive curl,
But, when I fear I can munch no more,
When the thought of banquets becomes a bore,
Roe, Bloater's Roe, upon toast they cast,
And nausea's fled, and repletion's past!

Yes Bloater's Roe—upon toast. Ah, boon!
That stayeth satiety, late or soon.
Best of *bonnes bouches*, that all seasons fits!
The tenderest tickler of all tit-bits!
Roe, Bloater's Roe! O *chef*, grill fast,
And prepare my palate its pet repast!

ONE FORM OF A "SHELLEY MEMORIAL."—Awful indigestion the morning after a Lobster Supper.

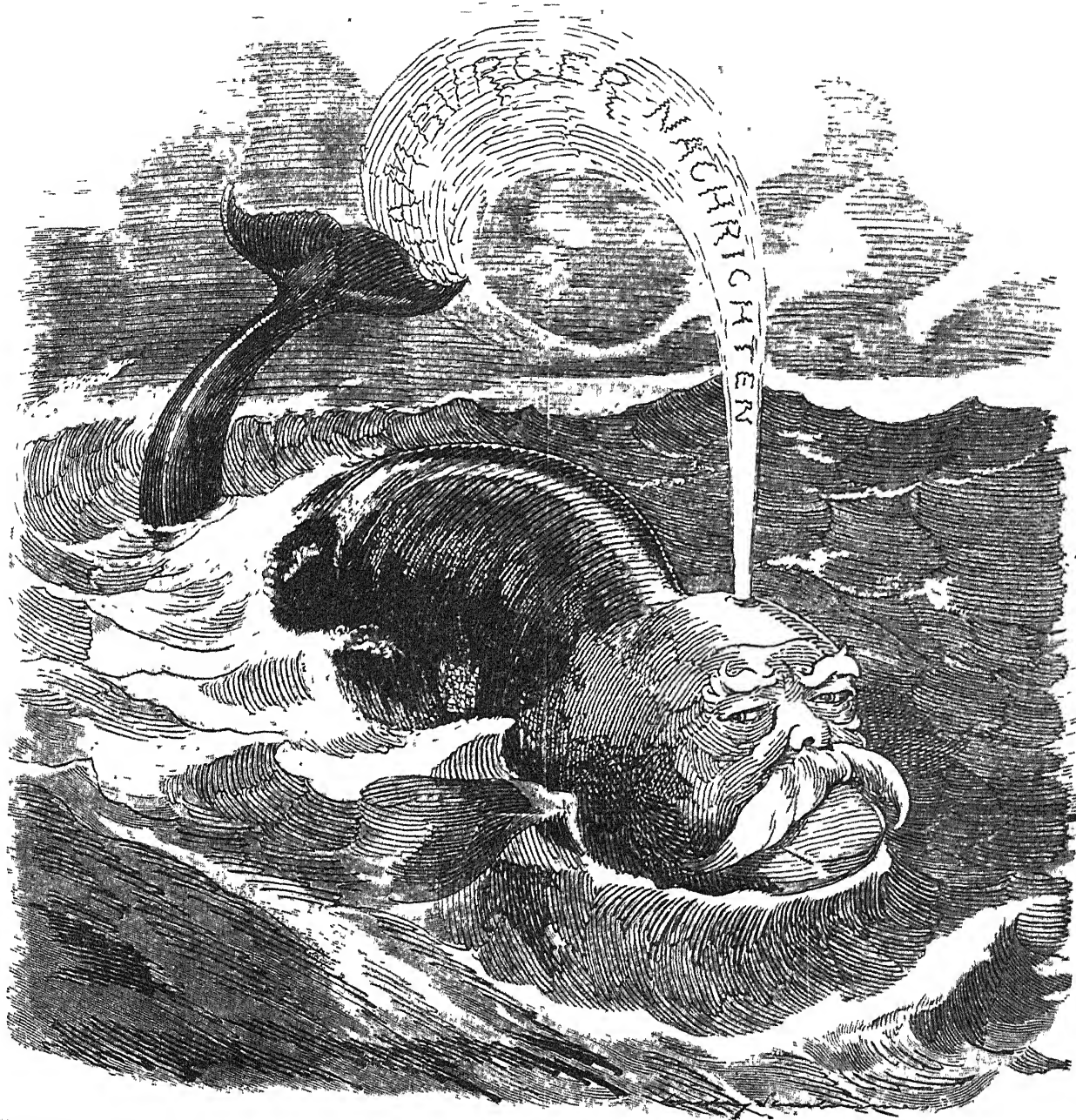
aspect of the case before the Leaders of the Party, but our repeated warnings have been unheeded, and the necessary consequences have followed. Our opponents, however, have not much to congratulate themselves upon. The Irish question has been kept studiously in the back-ground, and the results, so far as they have gone, only prove conclusively that there is no diminution whatever in the dislike with which the majority of the electorate regard the proposals of the party of disorder. We are far from saying that even now we shall lose the Election. Everything may yet be retrieved. But, even should the result be numerically favourable to the Opposition, they will be powerless for mischief with the small majority which is all they are likely to get.

No. III. (A Week Later.)

THE Elections are now nearing an end, and it is possible to summarise the results. It is not surprising that our opponents should be reduced to the lowest depths of despair. They counted with the utmost certainty on a majority of two hundred. But, as matters stand, it is out of the question that their preponderance should exceed fifty. Where are now the confident boastings with which they inaugurated the campaign? They have confused the judgment of the electors with every kind of side-issue. Misrepresentations have been sown broadcast, and have, in too many instances, succeeded. But the great heart of the country is still sound. Votes must be weighed as well as counted, and it is safe to assume that, with a paltry and heterogeneous majority of merely fifty, the advocates of revolution will be reduced to impotence, even if they can succeed in forming a Government at all. The result is one on which our Party may well congratulate themselves. They have worked hard, and the solid fruit of their efforts is now within their reach. We may safely say that the Irish policy of our opponents has received its death-blow.

"THERE HE BLOWS!"

(The German Emperor has gone Whaling in the North Seas.)



"THERE he blows! There he goes!" Like a Titan in throes,
With his wallopping tail, and his wave-churning nose,
The spouting Cetacean Colossus!
Eh? Harpoon that Monster! The thought makes one pale,
With one thundering thwack of that thumping big tail,
To the skies in small splinters he'd toss us!

Rolling in foaming wild billows, ice-laden
He goes, like the "boisterous sea" (*vide* HADYN!)
"Upheaved from the deep," swift, tremendous,
Leviathan sports on the far-foaming wave.
If he runs athwart us, what power shall save,
From the doom to which promptly he'd send us?

His "soundings," or "diggings," are many and deep;
But would that his "three-hundred fathoms" he'd keep,
Below in the ocean's cold quiet.
But no, not at all; he's not *that* sort of whale!
He must breathe, he must blow, he must roar, till the gale
Is charged with the sound of his riot.

Leviathan loves the wild turmoil of strife,
And lashing the billows to him is true life;
Behold how he buffets and scourges them!
Chase him? The Captain (though also a Kaiser),
Might think that his course to avoid him were wiser,
Until sheer necessity urges them.

And yet whales *are* beaten—by narwhals and men,
And other mere pigmies. 'Tis said, now and then,
E'en sword-fish can compass their ruin,
By stabbing together—in *Cassius's* way
With *Cæsar*. Leviathan, dead, is a prey
To dog-fish, and sea-birds, or Bruin.

There he blows! There he goes! Would an amateur Whaler,
Like WILHELM, that fine blend of Statesman and Sailor,
Incline to the chase and the capture
Of such a huge, wandering, wallopping whale,
To whom "Troubling the waters" with blow-holes and tail
Seems a source of such riotous rapture?

DUST AND HASHES.

SIR,—When I first took my present house, I was advised to get a Sanitary Dust-bin, instead of the old brick one which existed in my back-yard. One of the blessings predicted for my Sanitary Dust-bin, was, that it was "easily removable." I find this to be the case. It has already been removed by some area-sneak, and as I have got rid of the old brick dust-bin, the Vestry threaten to prosecute me for creating a nuisance, because my dust is now placed in a corner under my front steps. What am I to do?—AGGRIEVED HOUSEHOLDER.

SIR,—I find that the law recently passed against tips to Dustmen is quite unknown—at all events, to the Dustmen themselves. My servants, I find, go on freely bribing these functionaries, to remove bones and vegetable refuse. Their rate of tipping, as far as I can make out, is about a halfpenny per bone. If I were now to enforce the law and forbid tips, I foresee that the Dust-carts would have pressing business elsewhere, and would visit me about once a month. Then would follow a *régime* of "big, big, D.s"—in the window—which would be intolerable. I prefer tipping to typhoid.

Yours long suffering, VICTIM OF THE VESTRIES.

SIR,—The Vestry is quite right to insist on every house burning up its own odds and ends. The true domestic motto is—"Every kitchen its own crematorium." I do this habitually, out of public spirit. It is true that a sickening odour permeates the house for an hour or two of every day, created by the combustion of dinner remnants; also that most of my family suffer from bad sore throats, which they attribute to this cause. What of that? The truly good Citizen will prefer to poison himself rather than his neighbours. A CLEERENWELL CATO.

SIR,—I recently purchased *Dodger's Digest of Dustbin Law*, and recommend it to the perusal of every householder. In the case of *The Vestry of Shoreditch v. Grimes*, Lord Justice STUSH remarks—"The Vestry complains that the Defendant's bin was improperly covered; that, in fact, it was not under coverture. To this the Defendant replies that his bin was void *ab initio*, as there was nothing in it. Then the question arises whether the Defendant's Cook was justified in tipping the Dustman into the empty bin, considering that the Legislature has distinctly forbidden tips of all kinds to Dustmen. I am of opinion that the Cook was the Defendant's agent, and that the rule of *qui facit per alium facit per se* applies here. The Cook's proceeding was undoubtedly tortious; it was not a criminal action, though it certainly cannot be called a civil one. I agree with my brother CHIPPY that the *ratio decidendi* must be, whether the Dustman, in coming to clean out an empty dust-bin, had a *malus animus* or no. On all these points I hold that judgment must be for the Vestry." Your readers will see the importance of such clear *obiter dicta*. Yours, AMATEUR LAWYER.



PROOF POSITIVE.

"I CAN'T THINK HOW THAT IMPRESSION GOT ABOUT, LADY GWENDOLINE. I SPEND HALF MY TIME IN CONTRADICTING IT. OUR NEW MEMBER IS BY NO MEANS A SMALL MAN. I'VE BEEN ON THE PLATFORM WITH HIM OFTEN, AND HE STANDS FULLY AS TALL AS I DO!"

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Soon on Piccadilly's pavement solitude once more will reign;
Soon the Park will be a desert, for the Season's on the wane;
In Belgravia's lordly mansions nearly all the blinds are down,
For "the Family is gone, Sir,"—not a soul is left in Town.



South to Switzerland they hurry, to explore each snowy fell;
North to Scotland's moors and forests, where the grouse and red-deer dwell;
Carlsbad, Homburg, Trouville, Norway, soon their jaded eyes will view;
For Society is speeding "to fresh woods and pastures new."

Everyone is gone or going,—everyone, that is, one knows,—
And the "Great Elections" Season fast is drawing to its close.
Never surely was a poorer; such dull dinners, so few balls,

Such an Epsom, such an Ascot, or so many empty stalls.

Gone the Season, with its dances, with its concerts and its fêtes,
With its weddings and divorces, with its dinners and debates;
Gone are all its vapid pleasures, all its easy charities,
Gone its causes célèbres and scandals, gone its tears and tragedies.

Weary legislators envy still more weary *chaperons*;—
Much they know the truth who deem them of Society the drones;—
All the maidens are *ennuyées*, vow they "can't do any more,"
All the gilded youth are yawning—everything's a horrid bore.

Hearken then, ye youths and maidens, favoured Children of the West,

East and South and North are children, who are hungering for rest.
They have never seen the country, never heard the streamlet flow:
London pavements, London darkness, London squalor,—these they know.

Not for them to range the moorland, or to climb the mountain-side;
They must linger on in London, till the grave their sorrows hide.
From year's end to dreary year's end they must pace the noisy street.

Do you hear the ceaseless echo of their weary, weary feet?

Just one day without your wine, Sir! Madam, just one ribbon less,
And one wearied child in London from afar your name will bless.
Think, ere now you seek your boredom in fresh pleasure-draughts to drown,
Three or four benighted Millions still are left behind in Town!

GENERAL OPINION ON APPOINTMENT OF NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF INLAND REVENUE.—"MILNER'S Safe."

CANVASSERS AND CANVASSED.

(An Electioneering Reminiscence.)

SCENE—A narrow South London Street of two-storeyed houses, with a Rag-and-Bone Shop at one end and a Public House at the other. Time, about four o'clock on a warm Saturday afternoon. Enter Mr. CARLTON-JERMYN, a middle-aged gentleman, in faultless get-up, who, in a moment of weakness, has undertaken to canvass the district for his friend, the Conservative Candidate.

Mr. C.-J. (to himself, as he regards his surroundings with dismay, and tries to arrange his canvassing-cards). I suppose this is Little Anna Maria Street? I didn't understand at the Committee Rooms that it was quite such a—however, I must do my best for dear old TILNEY. Who's the first man I must see and "use my best endeavours to persuade him into promising his vote?" Ah, Mr. J. SPLURGE, No. 1. (He picks his way delicately along, attempting to make out the numbers on the doors, which are all thrown back; female residents watch him from doorsteps and windows with amused interest.) No. 5; No. 3; the next is No. 1. (It is; but the entrance is blocked by a small infant with a very dirty face, who is slung in a baby-chair between the door-posts.) Very embarrassing, really! Can't ask such a child as this if Mr. SPLURGE is at home! I'll knock. (Strikes for the knocker across the child, who, misinterpreting his intentions, sets up a howl.) My good child, I assure you... for Heaven's sake, don't!... I wonder whether I ought to kiss it—some fellows would!

Female Voice (from side-window). You leave that pore child alone, will yer—or I'll come out and tork to you, d'y'ear?

Mr. C.-J. (to himself). That's Mrs. SPLURGE! I think, perhaps, I'd better not wait. (With an inspiration.) I'll leave a card. (Drops one of his visiting-cards in the child's lap—to its exceeding terror—and retreats.) I'm afraid I haven't produced a very favourable impression, so far. I'll try No. 2, across the street. (He approaches a doorstep upon which two stout and dishevelled Women are seated.) Er—I beg your pardon, but could you kindly inform me if Mr.—er—(consulting card)—GUFFIN is at home?

First Woman (with sarcasm). Now do yer think he's nothink else to do but set indoors in a arm-cheer all day?

Mr. C.-J. I—I thought—I hoped—that, it being Saturday, I might be—er—fortunate enough—have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. GUFFIN?

[Both Women are convulsed with uncontrollable mirth.

Second Woman (on recovering—calling down the passage). 'Ere, Mrs. GUFFIN, yer wanted. 'Ere's a gentleman come to see yer!

Mrs. Guffin (appearing from the basement, and standing at the further end of the passage). Well, what does he want?

Mr. C.-J. (raising his hat, and sending his voice down the passage to her). I ventured to call, Mrs. GUFFIN, in the hope of finding your husband at home, and ascertaining his—er—political sympathies, in view of the Election.

Mrs. Guffin. Oh, it's about the voting, is it? Are you for a Conservatory?

Mr. C.-J. For a—? Oh, to be sure, yes. I came to ask Mr. GUFFIN to support Sir TILNEY BRUTON, the Conservative Candidate. Perhaps if I called again, I might—?

Mrs. Guffin (in a matter-of-fact tone). I don't expect my 'usband 'ome till late, and then he'll be drunk.

Mr. C.-J. Just so. But I trust, Mrs. GUFFIN, your husband feels the importance of maintaining the Union—?

Mrs. Guffin. He did belong, I know, but I think his branch broke up, or somethink.

Mr. C.-J. (puzzled). Ah, but I mean in—er—politics—I hope he is opposed to granting Home Rule to Ireland?

Mrs. G. He don't tell me nothing about his politics, but I've eard him say he was Radikil.



"I wonder whether I ought to kiss it—some fellows would!"

Mr. C.-J. (diplomatically, as Mrs. G. slowly edges towards the door). Might I suggest, Mrs. GUFFIN, that you should use the—er—influence which every woman possesses, to—er—induce your husband—(here he suddenly becomes aware that Mrs. GUFFIN has a very pronounced black eye); but perhaps I ought not to ask you.

Mrs. G. Well, my opinion is—if you want someone to tork over my 'usband to your side, you'd better come and do it yourself; because I ain't goin' to. So there! [She retires to the basement again.]

First Dish. W. If you toffs can't do nothink better than come 'ere makin' mischief between a man and his wife, you'd better stop at 'ome, that you 'ad!

Mr. C.-J. (to himself). Upon my word, I believe she's right! But I never noticed the poor woman's eye before. I wish I could find one of the men in, and have a talk with him—much more satisfactory! (Knocks at No. 4.) Is Mr. BULCHER at home?

Mr. B. (lurching out of a room on the ground-floor). Qui' c'rect, Guv'nor—thash me!

Mr. C.-J. I wanted to see you, Mr. BULCHER, to ask if we may count upon your support for the Conservative Candidate at the Election. I need hardly point out to you the—er—vital importance of—

Mr. B. (slouching against the passage-wall, opposite Mr. C.-J.). 'Old on, Guv'nor, lemme ashk you this question, 'fore we go any furrer. Wharriwanter 'ear from you is—'Ow 'm I goin' git little bit o' good out o' these 'lections for myshell? You unnerstand me? What good Conservative gov'men' ever done er workin' man—d'y'ar shue? Why, may-er not in all their born daysh! You take that shtraight from me.

Mr. C.-J. But surely—er—it was a Conservative Government that gave you Free Education?

Mr. B. (knowingly). No, it wasn't, Guv'nor. There yer wrong, d'y'ar see? It wash er Radicals give us Free Education. And whatch Free Education er me? Wouldn't say 'Thank yer 'frall Free Education in er wide world!

Mr. C.-J. (recognising that he must strike a stronger chord). Well, at all events you will admit that, during the last six years, you have been—er—peaceful and prosperous?

Mr. B. (heerily). I've been peashful and proshperous ever sinsh I was born. No, look 'ere, Guv'nor, I'm torken to you 'bout wharri unnerstand, d'y'ar see? Jes' you lishen er wharri'm goin' tell you. (Here he punctuates his remarks by poking Mr. C.-J.'s ribs with a clay pipe.) Workin' man's gettin' more and more 'telligent every day—he 'sh qui' capable lookin' after his own interests. What he wantsh is, One Man One Vote, Redoosed Hours o' Labour, 'Ome Rule for London, an' the 'ontrol of the Liquor Traffic! What did Misher GRADSHOTT say? Educated and 'telligent clashes alwaysh wrong—mashes always ri'! An'

Mr. C.-J. But—er—don't you see, my friend, that, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, the more intelligent and educated you are, the more you're wrong?

Mr. B. Nothing of—er—kind. Don't you make any mishtake. I ain't wrong. I gommy 'pinions—my p'litical 'pinions, and the prinshples I go 'pon are—Down with—er—Tories!

Mr. C.-J. In that case, Mr. BULCHER, I need not occupy your time any longer, so I'll say—

Mr. B. (buttonholing him). Don't you go 'way, Guv'nor, 'fore I've finished torkin. I've lishened all you gorrer say—now itsh my turn talk, and I tell you er Conservative Gov'men ish a downri'—&c., &c.

Mr. C.-J. (escaping, after ten minutes' incoherence). I'm afraid he was not quite in a condition to be argued with, but perhaps I shall do better with Mr. MOLESKIN, next door. (To a small boy in passage.) Mr. MOLESKIN in, my lad?

The Boy. Father—e's in. Go right up the stairs, and you'll find 'im.

[Mr. C.-J. flounders up the narrow stairs, and is met at the top by a very burly and surly mechanic.]

Mr. Moleskin. Now, then, what do you want 'ere? (Mr. C.-J. explains his object, in some confusion.) Oh, that's it, is it? And what right ha' you got comin' up my stairs as if they belonged to you? Jest you tell me that!

Mr. C.-J. (meekly). I'm really very sorry—but I was—er—shown up.

Mr. M. It's 'igh time you and the likes o' you were shown up, in my opinion. 'Ow would you like to 'ave me comin' bustin' up your stairs, eh?

Mr. C.-J. (thinking that he wouldn't like it at all). I 'assure you I quite feel that this is an unwarrantable intrusion on my part—I must ask you to accept my best apologies—but I should be very glad to know that we might count on your—er—support at such a national crisis.

Mr. M. I dessay yer would. But what I ask you is—where does the secrecy of the Ballot come in, if I'm to tell you which way I'm goin' to give my vote?

Mr. C.-J. (in distress). Pray believe that I should not dream of—er—forcing any confidence from you, or dictating to you in any way! I merely—

Mr. M. (mollified). Well, I don't mind tellin' yer this much:—I've made up my mind long ago, and, when the time comes, I shall vote to please myself and nobody else; and that's as much as you've got any right to know!

Mr. C.-J. (with a feeling that he would give much the same answer himself under similar circumstances). Then I'm afraid it would be of no use if I said any more?

Mr. M. Not a bit o' use! [He goes into his room again.

Mrs. Moleskin (coming out and addressing her son from landing). 'Ere, JIMMY, you come in orf o' that doorstep, and don't you go showin' any more folks up, or you don't know oo' you may let in next!

Mr. C.-J. (sadly, to himself, as he descends). I'd no idea canvassing was such exhausting work. I—I really think I've done enough for one afternoon! [Leaves Little Anna Maria Street—for ever'

"BEAR WITH US."—In the case reported in the papers last week of "an infuriated bear shot at Croydon," Inspector ORMONDE said that "when the ring had been removed from its lip, the animal was so much relieved that it immediately turned a somersault." A picture of this interesting incident should be at once painted and hung up in the Divorce Court. The husband, who has become quite a bear in consequence of his better half having rendered herself quite unbearable, would naturally turn head-over-heels with joy on getting quit of the ring. But alas! mark the end of the poor



"Bear with us!"

bear. He got more and more excited; he had to be locked up in a stable. Here the joy and novelty of the situation overcame him; his mighty brain gave way; he became mad as a hatter—(Alice in Wonderland might have asked, "Then why didn't they send for a hatter, who would have brought a chimney-pot, or some sort of a tile for his bear-head?")—and subsequently the veterinary Mr. THRALL (whose ancestral namesake had considerable experience in dealing with that learned bear, Dr. JOHNSON) procured a gun, and potted the bear. Awkward in his life, but grease-ful in his death.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

ANYTHING more dreary than racing during this week's weather at Newmarket can scarcely be imagined! I have often heard Lord ARTHUR declare he was "as dry as a limekiln," and always thought it an absurd expression; and now I know it is!—for anything more wet than the Limekilns at Newmarket this week I never saw!—it's a mystery to me how the poor horses and men avoid catching cold, cantering about there without galoshes—though, by the way, Mr. HAMMOND had one "Galoche" which, of course, was not much use!

Owing to the smallness (that's a good word) of the attendance, we were "pinched" a little in the prices, and of course the pinch came where one least expected it, which was somewhat disconcerting—but as most of the "good things" came off all right—(especially those we



EDUARDO AND EDWINI.

A JAPANESE JAPE BY OUR EVER-ON-THE-SPOT ARTIST "LIKA JOKO," REPRESENTING SIR EDWIN ARNOLD RECEIVING THE ORDER OF "THE FIRST DESCRIPTIVE LEADER" FROM H.I.M., DALI TELLI, THE MIKADO.

took with us from BENOIST and FORTNUM's)—it did not matter so much. Ladies of course were chiefly conspicuous by their absence, but my sweet friend Lady NEWMAN GATESHEAD was quite the Belle of the gathering, and attracted nearly as much attention as the Queen of Navarre, who naturally won her race in royal style!

My selection for the Chesterfield Stakes, Meddler, was successful after a short struggle with the Duke of PORTLAND's Kumarnock to whom he had to give five pounds (I hope this does not mean that the noble owner is in want of money!); but I am told the latter was not "fit" and "will do better with time!" though I don't quite see how that can be, as surely "time" travels faster than Meddler, so that, unless they take time with him, the handicap will be difficult to frame! By the way, when the handicaps are framed, where do they hang them up? and is it one of the "perks" of the Handicapper to supply the frames?

Those who waited in the rain for the last race on Wednesday were rewarded with a splendid exhibition of horsemanship, given by WEBB on St. Angelo; who appears to be somewhat of a "handful" (St. Angelo I mean, not WEBB, who is very slight), and evinces a strong desire to run in any direction but the one desired of him! I think Mr. MILNER should have him trained on a zigzag method, when his natural wilfulness would cause him to run straight when racing! This is an excellent idea, and I have others equally good (applicable to all styles of horses), which I intend to suggest to different trainers on my next visit to Newmarket!

We were all relieved when the "curtain rang down" on Thursday—(this is not, at first sight, a racing expression, but is largely used by sporting writers, as demonstrating the diversified nature of their knowledge!), in time for us to catch the early special for Liverpool Street; which, special, might really, from the major portion of its patrons, have been thought to be starting for Jerusalem!

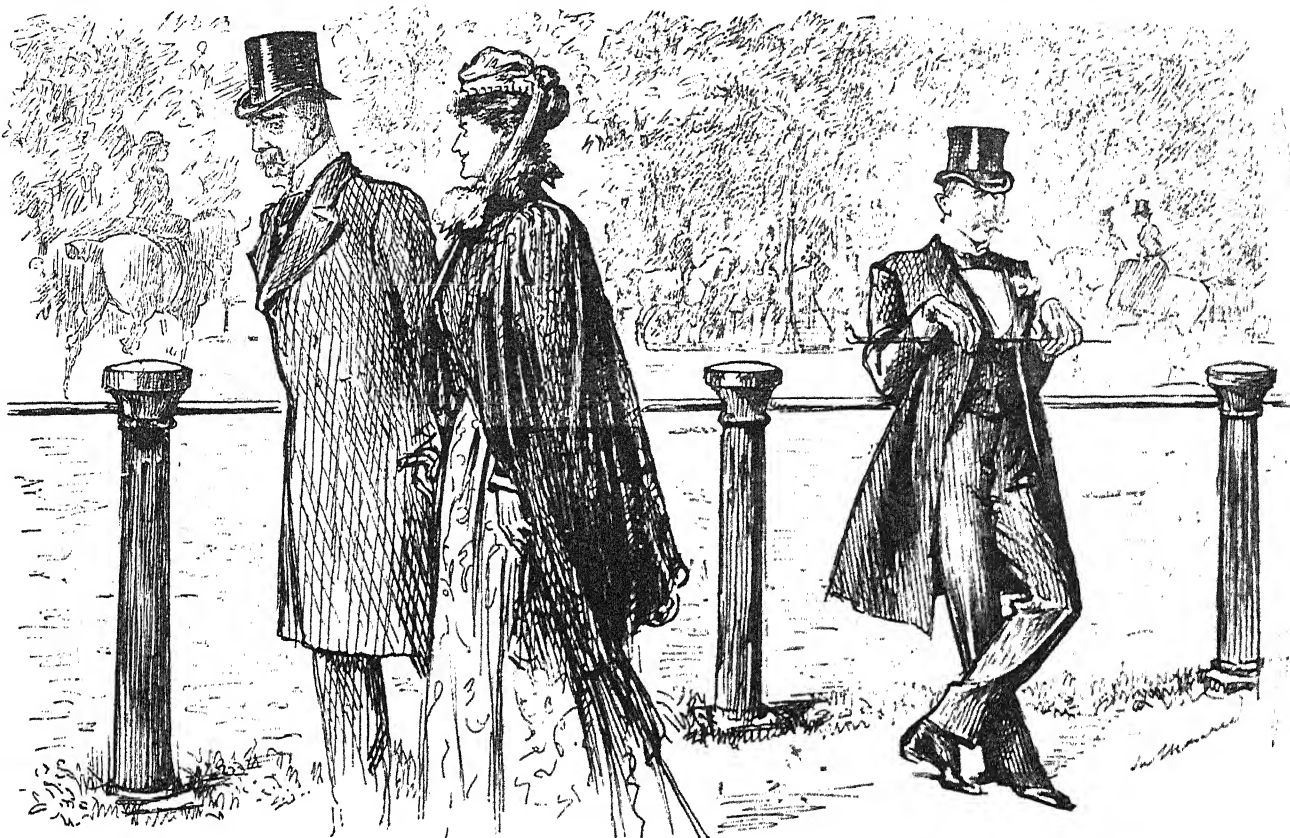
Friday was a glorious day for the Eclipse, which was only visible from the Observatory at Esher—the best account appears to have been given by Professor Orme, who recovered from his recent severe illness just in time to be present.

Just a word in conclusion on the big race of next week—a paradox—be "wide awake" and go "nap" on my tip, from information privately given to

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

LIVERPOOL CUP SELECTION.

SOME owners win, although their In temper be a "villen;" [gee, | As that is not the sort for me, I favour "Enniskillen."



EN PASSANT.

He. "THAT'S THAT ASS, BOUNDERSON, ISN'T IT? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DROWNED AS A PUPPY!"
 She. "THERE'S TIME ENOUGH YET, ISN'T THERE?"

THE POLITICAL JOHNNY GILPIN.

THE FINISH.

(Further-discovered Fragments of the Grand Old Ballad, giving the Sequel of the strange story begun in "Punch," No. 2660, July 2, p. 318.)

So fair and softly! JOHNNY cried,
 But JOHNNY cried in vain;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasped the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.

Away went GILPIN neck or nought,
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt when he set out
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till people thought, and JOHN half feared,
 That it might fly away.

Then might all gazers well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

Away went GILPIN—who but he?
 His fame soon spread around;
 "He carries weight! He rides a race!
 "He'll win it, we'll be bound!"

Then all through merry London Town,
 These gambols he did play;
 Until he came to rural parts,
 Where rustics lined the way.

There labourers shouted, women screamed,
 Up flew the felt-hats all;
 And every yokel yelled, "Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went GILPIN, out of breath,
 And fearing much a "spill";
 But knowing till his race was run
 His horse would not stand still.

His hat was gone, his W(h)ig also,
 His cloak he had to clutch.
 Could he hold on? A mile or two
 Would put it to the touch.

A church-bell clanging, scared his steed,
 Pigs dashed betwixt its feet;
 And on his own beloved North Road,
 JOHN almost lost his seat.

On the North Road, his sometime friends,
 Their sometime favourite spied,
 Well-nigh dismounted, wondering much,
 To see how he did ride.

"Ride straight, JOHN GILPIN—for the
 House!"

JOHN's Liberal Dame did cry.
 "The Party waits, and we feel tired."
 Said GILPIN—"So do I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined due North to stay;
 For why?—his stables at the House
 Were out Westminster way.

So like an arrow swift he flew
 Back southward through the throng,
 Who shouted loud, "He yet will win!"
 JOHN GILPIN's going strong!"

And now Town's traffic once again
 For horse and man made space,
 The drivers thinking, as before,
 That GILPIN rode a race.

And so he did—and won it, too,
 For he got first to Town;
 And, stiff and sore, at the House door,
 Bare winner, he got down.

Now let us sing, Long live the QUEEN,
 And GILPIN, long live he!
 And when he next doth ride due North,
 May we be there to see!

A GOOD STAYER. — From the *Times* of Tuesday, the 12th, we cull this:—

IN ANY CAPACITY OF TRUST.—Seven years in first-class Turkish Bath. Patience and perseverance. Good invalid attendant. Active and attentive.

"Seven years in a Turkish Bath!" As Mr. WILSON BARRETT would exclaim, "How long! How long!" What better example of patience and perseverance, which, as all know, are "good for the gout," could possibly be given? That after this long stay in the Turkish Bath, he should be "a good invalid attendant," goes without saying. And not only is he "attentive," which is a great point in an "attendant," but he is also active—and this after so long a stay in a Turkish Bath, of which, however, he does not mention the temperature.



THE POLITICAL JOHNNY GILPIN.

(THE FINISH.)

"SO LIKE AN ARROW SWIFT HE FLEW
BACK SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE THRONG,
WHO SHOUTED LOUD, 'HE YET WILL WIN!
JOHN GILPIN'S GOING STRONG!' * * *

"AND SO HE DID—AND WON IT, TOO,
FOR HE GOT FIRST TO TOWN;
AND, STIFF AND SORE, AT THE HOUSE DOOR,
BARE WINNER, HE GOT DOWN."



"COLOURABLE SHAKSPEARIAN IMITATION."

Othello, M.P. for Central Finsbury (saluting Sarum, Doge of Westminster). "HAPLY THAT I AM BLACK—"
[Doge shudders, but feels unable to withdraw.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—Crowded for WAGNER'S *Götterdämmerung*, "which," says the *Rev. Mr. Penley*, who "doesn't like London," "is such an awful name, that fond as I am of music, I really could not go and see it." As to WAGNER, well, "it's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust."

Herr ALVARY excellent as *Siegfried*; Herr WIEGAND powerful; ditto the wide-awake Herr KNAPP. Frau KLAFSKY, a beautiful and interesting *Brünnhilde*; and it is difficult to be personally interesting in a Wagnerian Opera, where *ensemble* is everything. Fraulein HEINK and BETTAQUE, equally good.

Herr MAHLER was "called," with the rest of the company, to receive his meed of praise for conducting. Opera perfectly put on Stage by Herr von DRURIOLANUS, and though the Season is coming to an end, yet the Opera is still "going strong."

NOTE AND QUERY BY MRS. R.—Our old friend wants to know from what Poet comes this quotation—

"A needless Salamander ends the line."

Mrs. R. thinks it's from POPE; but if so, she asks what Pope? as there are so many of 'em.

ORNAMENTAL STRUCTURE IN NEW NORFOLK.—A Triumphal Arch.

STUDIES IN THE NEW POETRY.

No. IV.

In offering this fourth example of the New Poetry to his readers, *Mr. Punch* wishes it to be distinctly understood, that he is in no way responsible, personally, for the curious mixture of divinities and semi-divinities who figure in it. It is one of the distinguishing marks of this particular sort of New Poetry to pile up a confusion of more or less mythological names in a series of swinging and resonant lines. In one line the reader may imagine himself to be embarked on the River Cocytus. In the next, he will be surprised to find himself in Eden. Blood, battle, bumptiousness, and an aggressive violence, are special characteristics of this style of writing. Some of the lines apparently mean nothing at all, others are calculated to make timid people tremble; and the effect of the whole is generally picturesque, lurid, and uncomfortable.

One of the great advantages of a poem like this, is that it may be used for all kinds of purposes. For example, if it was originally written as an invective against an opponent, it may afterwards, with the utmost ease, be made to serve as a threnody. Here then without further preface is:—

THE SUNDERED FLEA.

By MR. R*DY*RD K*PL*NG.

OUT on the path of the blazing ball that has hurtled a million years,
 Where the uttermost light glows red by night in the clash of the
 angry spheres, [young,
 Where never a tear-drop dims the eye, and sorrows are stifled
 And the Anglo-Indians snigger and sneer with the jest of a bitter
 tongue.

Where the tribesmen mock at the Bengalee and shiver their spears
 in vain,
 And officers steep their souls chin-deep in brandy and dry
 champagne; [Kipling seas,
 Where the Rudyard river runs, flecked with foam, far forth to the
 And the maker of man takes walks abroad with Pagan deities.

Where AZRAEL talks to the Graces Three, and the Muses Nine stand by,
 And ask Greek riddles of BUDDHA, who never makes reply,
 (Gentlemen all and ladies too as smart as a brand-new pin),
 And nobody wonders how on earth so mixed a lot got in—

Here in the track of a thunderbolt from the nethermost smithy
 hurled, [shattered world,
 With the groan of an ancient passion rent from the wreck of a

In the white-hot pincers of BAAL borne through cycles of agony,
 Lit by the Pit's red wrath there came the Soul of a Sundered Flea.

And all that company started back; first AZRAEL grimly smiled,
 The smile that an East-End Coster smiles, by a stout policeman riled;
 And BUDDHA made no remark at all, but nodded his heavy head,
 Like a boy who has eaten too much dessert, and wants to be put
 to bed.

And the Muses Nine, as they stood in line, they shuddered and turned
 to go.

"A joke's a joke, but I can't bear fleas," said CLIO to ERATO.
 And the Graces, the good Conservative Three, shrank back to a spot
 remote,
 And observed that they knew that this would come from letting the
 Masses vote.

Then AZRAEL spake—"On the Stygian lake I floated a half-sinned sin
 On the crest of a cross-grained stickleback, that is caught with a
 crooked pin;
 For a year and a day I watched it whirl, but never that sin could be
 One-half so base as your gruesome face, O Soul of a Sundered Flea!

"What ill have ye done? Speak up, speak up!—for this is no place,
 I trow,
 For the puling people on virtue fed. So speak, or prepare to go."
 But the Flea flew free from the pincers' grip, and uttered a single
 phrase—
 "I have lived on blood, as a gentleman should, and that is my claim
 to praise."

Then a shout of joy from the throng went forth; they built him a
 crystal throne,
 And there in his pride, with none beside, he rules and he reigns alone.
 And this is the tale which I here set down, as the story was told to
 me—
 In excellent Rudyard-Kipling verse—the tale of the Sundered Flea.

ANTICIPATORY NEWS (from *Our Own Court Tripping Newsmen*).
 —Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK, Bart, M.P., will be raised to the Peer-
 age with the title of Lord MORNINGPOST, of Penniwise, Seefar-
 shire, N.B.

AN Anti-lawn-tennis Lady considers that the argument against
 Croquet, as a game involving a bent back, and a narrowing of the
 chest, is merely "A very stoopit objection."



GUSHING HOSPITALITY. (Time 3 p.m.)

Hospitable Host. "HAVE C'GAR, OLD F'LLA?" Languid Visitor. "NO—THANKS!" H. H. "CIGARETTE THEN?"
 His Visitor. "NO—THANKS. NEVAR SMOKE 'MEJATELY AFTER BREAKFAST." H. H. "CAN'T REFUSE A TOOTHPICK, THEN, OLD F'LLA?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Royal Agricultural Society's Journal. A Society Journal of a peculiar character, of which this is the Third Series and Third Volume. It is noticeable for Lord CATHCART's appeal for the wild birds, which, as addressed to farmers and farm-labourers and armed ploughboys, may be summed up by an adaptation of the refrain of the remonstrance—so frequently urged by one of Lieutenant COLE's funny figures—"Can't you let the birds alone?" Then Mr. HARTING "On Vermin," which doesn't sound nice, though better than if the title were *vice versa*,—is most interesting, especially where he tells us that "shrews are harmless." If so, why did SHAKESPEARE give us "*The Taming of the Shrew*" as such a feat? Professor BROWN writes about disease in sheep, of which paper Lord ARTHUR WEEDON DE GROSSMITH would be absolutely correct in observing, "What rot!" And, by the way, *à propos* of WEEDON, the Baron has to congratulate the Brothers GROSSMITH on their *Diary of a Nobody*, republished from *Mr. Punch's* pages, but with considerable additions. The *Diary* is very funny, not a page of it but affords matter for a good laugh; and yet the story is not without a touch of pathos, as it is impossible not to pity the steady, prim, old-fashioned jog-trot NOBODY, whose son, but just one remove above a regular 'ARRY, treats him with such unfilial rudeness.

It has been complained that the late General Election has not been amusing, and has given birth to little fun. Let those who feel this most acutely read Mr. R. C. LEHMANN's *The "Billsbury Election (Leaves from the Diary of a Candidate)."* He will tell you how Mr. RICHARD B. PATTLE contested Billsbury in the Constitutional Interest; how he "battered up Billsbury like fun," was badgered by Billsbury, heckled by Billsbury, taxed, tithed and tormented by Billsbury, and eventually "chucked" by Billsbury, by the aggravatingly small majority of seventeen. Also how his Mother bore up like a Trojan, and said she was prouder of me than ever." Just so.

I hold it true whate'er befall, 'Tis better to have "run" and lost,
 I wrote so, to the *Morning Post*; Than never to have run at all.

"Modern Types" and "Among the Amateurs" are well known to the readers of *Punch*. But lovers of C. S. CALVERLEY—that is to say, all but a very few ill-conditioned critical creatures—and of neat

verse with a sting to it, should turn to p. 263 (A. C. S. v. C. S. C.), and read and enjoy the smart slating Mr. LEHMANN administers to tumid, tumultuous, thrasonic, turncoatist ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, for saying of the brilliant and well-beloved Author of *Fly Leaves*, &c., that he—forsooth!—is "monstrously overrated and preposterously overpraised"!!!
 BARON DE B.-W. & Co.

WANTED IN THE LAW COURTS.

A JUNIOR who will wear his gown straight, and not pretend that intense preoccupation over dummy briefs prevents him from knowing that it is off one shoulder.

A Judge who can resist the temptation to utter feeble witticisms, and to fall asleep.

A Witness who answers questions, and incidentally tells the truth.

A Jury who do not look supremely silly, and ridiculously self-conscious, when directly addressed or appealed to by Counsel; or one that really understands that the Judge's politeness is only another and subtle form of self-glorification.

A Q.C. who is not "eminent," who does not behave "nobly," and who can avoid the formula "I suggest to you," in cross-examination; or one that does not thunder from a lofty and inaccessible moral attitude so soon as a nervous Witness blunders or contradicts himself.

An Usher who does not try to induce the general public, especially the female portion thereof, to mistake him for the Lord Chancellor.

A Solicitor who does not strive to appear *coram populo* on terms of quite unnecessarily familiar intercourse with his leading Counsel.

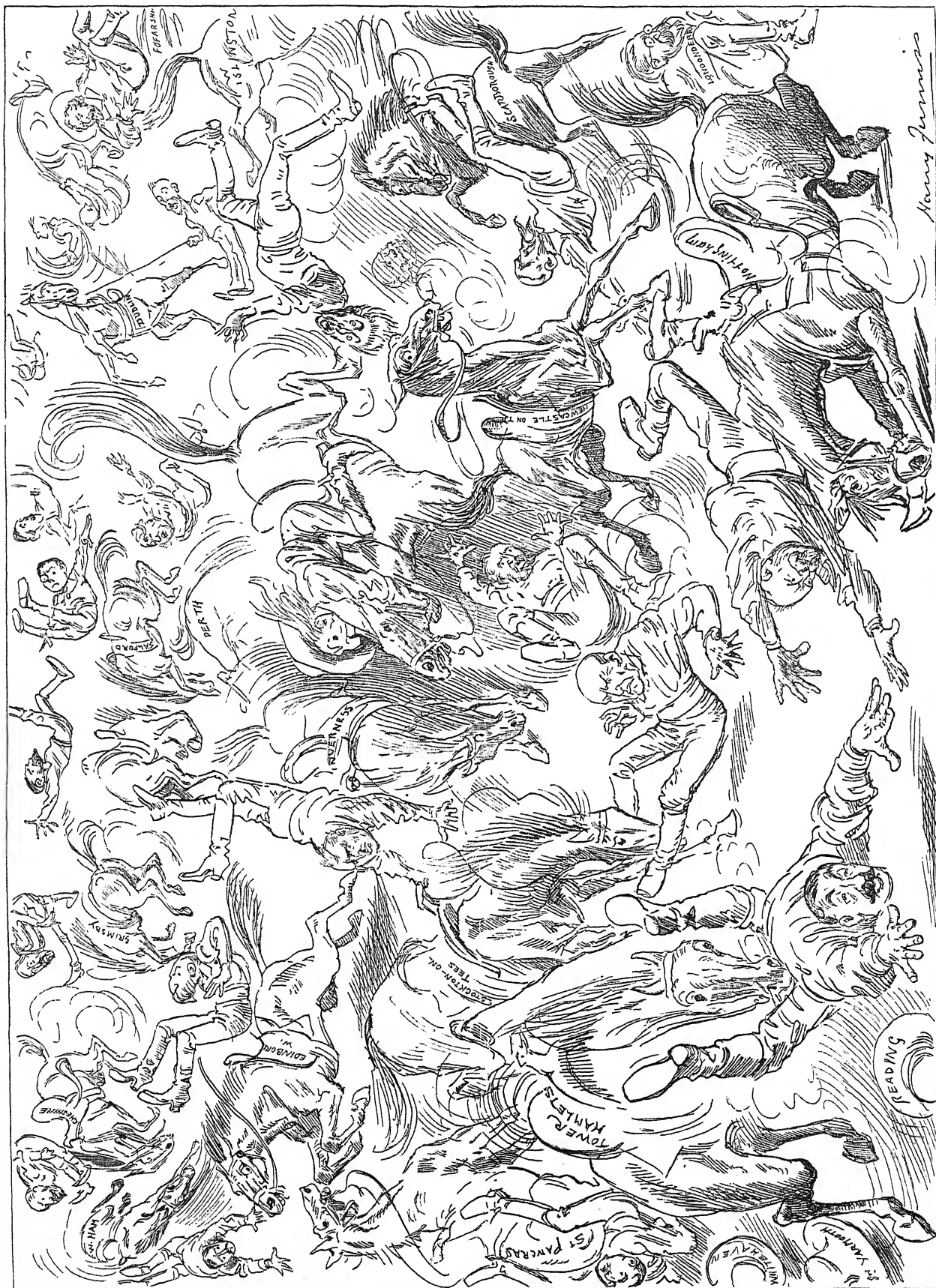
An Articled Clerk who does not dress beyond his thirty shillings a-week, and think that the whole Court is lost in speculation as to the identity of that distinguished-looking young man.

An Associate who does not go into ecstasies of merriment over every joke or *obiter dictum* from the Bench.

Anybody who does not give loud expression to the opinion at the nearest bar when the Court rises, that he could have managed the case for either or both sides infinitely better than the Counsel engaged.

A Court-house whose atmosphere is pleasant and invigorating after the Court has sat for fifteen minutes.

(Anyone concerned who, on reading these remarks in print, will think that the cap can, by any *scintilla* of possibility, fit himself.)



BUFFALO WILLIAM'S GREAT WILD N. S. E. & W. SHOW. THE LATEST "UNSEATING ACT."

Harry Furniss

JUSTICE FOR 'FRISCO.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice that a complaint has been made that those charming stories of wild life in the Far West, are out of date. Nay, more, that they are calculated to do a great deal of harm to a considerable amount of valuable property. On the other hand, the talented authors of the picturesque romances to which I have referred, insist that there is a great demand for these literary wares, and they would suffer much loss if they were to discontinue their production.

Could not the matter be compromised? We are less sensitive than our American cousins, and if the scene were changed from St. Francisco to some quiet watering-place on the Kentish Coast, our kindred beyond the seas ought to be satisfied. I do not pretend to be a master of the style of those who write Backwood sensations, but I think I can jot down a few lines to show what I mean. Beneath I give a specimen of the sort of thing that might take the place of stories revelling in such titles as the "*Luck of Murder Camp*," "*Black Bill's Bunker*," and "*The Talk of Stab-in-the-Backman's Chasm*."

THE CHIAFF OF HERNE BAY CREEK.

CHAPTER XX.—Charley Meets a Chum.

THE Miners who had been digging all day long the rough shingle for treasure-trove, had retired to their rudely constructed cabins. These rough huts were built of wood, and furnished with a seat on either side. There were two small windows let into the oaken walls—each of them not more than six inches square. They were absolutely free from furniture—save perhaps, a foot of cheap looking-glass, and here and there a wooden-peg used by the Miners for hanging up their slouch-hats, their red flannel-shirts, and their long leather-boots.

These huts were not unlike the other habitations in the wild Far West, save that they had this peculiarity—each hut was mounted on a huge springless framework, supported by four lumbering wooden wheels. By this arrangement the hut could be moved from place to place, sometimes to the fields, with their mines of undiscovered treasure; sometimes to the sea, burdened with legacies of the mighty deep.

CHARLEY was smoking a pipe, and thinking of that fair home in San Francisco, the very centre of civilisation, where the hotels were admirable, the stores well stocked, and house property at a premium.

"I did not discover a single ruby yesterday," he murmured, and then he looked at the wooden spade of a child—"I found only there a young 'un's toy. But it has softened my heart, and taught me that human nature is human nature."

He paused to wipe away with a sun-burnt hand a furtive tear.

"CHARLEY, my lad," he exclaimed, "this is unmanly. What would DARE DEATH DICK or THUNDER TIM say to such a show of water?"

He took the spade, and was about to throw it with violence to the ground, when his better nature triumphed, and he placed it, almost with reverence, on the bench beside him.

He was disturbed by a tap on the outer door—the door that faced the sea.

"Who's there?" he shouted, as he held in one hand a revolver, and in the other a bowie-knife of the usual fashion.

"Are you ready?"

It was a gruff voice, and yet there was something feminine about it. CHARLEY had never feared to meet a woman yet, and he did not now shrink from the encounter. However his training had made him cautious. It might be a trap of the bloodthirsty Indians—those Children of Nature who were known to indulge in any cruel subterfuge to secure the white men as their prey.

"Are you ready?" was repeated in the same gruff voice, but now the tone was one of entreaty. The speaker seemed to be imploring for a reply.

CHARLEY hesitated no longer. He put down the bowie-knife, and still holding the revolver, opened the door.

He started back! Yes, it was a woman who confronted him. But such a woman! Her face was weather-beaten and sunburnt. Her

hair was grey, and there were pieces of sea-weed in the shapeless mass that once may have been called a bonnet. She was wearing a heavy serge dress that was dripping with the sea. On her huge feet were old boots sodden with sand and wet. She might have been of any age, from fifty upwards.

She gazed at CHARLEY with an uncanny smile, and extended her arms towards him. Then she spoke in the same gruff tone,

"Come to your MARTHA!"

And CHARLEY knew he had met a chum!

There, something like the above might do. The woods in the neighbourhood of Herne Bay are just the places for adventure, and, with thought, a good deal might be managed with the Reculvers. And now, Mr. Punch, I have done.

Yours respectfully,

A WILD WELSH RABBIT.

COMMERCE À L'AMÉRICAINNE.

(Page from a Diary on the Point of being Written.)

Monday.—Miners of the Great Hagglenaggle Fields ask for increase of wages, emphasising their demand by firing off revolvers and brandishing bowie-knives.

Tuesday.—Masters of the Great Hagglenaggle Fields refuse to treat with Miners, and entrench themselves behind ironclad back gardens. They also send for a force of PATTERSON'S Mercenary Chucks-out. Fighting imminent.

Wednesday.—Appearance of PATTERSON'S Mercenary Chucks-out. They are met by Miners with discharges of Gatling guns and land torpedoes.

Thursday.—The two armies face to face. Both sides fire away, using up all their ammunition. End of the day's contest, no balance on either side. Great success of the new General Interment Company. Shares at thirty premium.

Friday.—Reinforcements for both sides. A general engagement considered imminent. In the meanwhile, *pour passer le temps*, skirmishes and slaughter of thousands.

Saturday.—First-class, regular all-round battle. A large force arrived to fight the Miners. Gatlings and Krupps blaze away without intermission. Losses on both sides pretty considerable.

Sunday.—Conversion of the Great Hagglenaggle Fields into a cemetery. Great rise in shares on allotment. Ten acres of booking in advance!

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

No. III.—OFF FOR MY HOLIDAY.

Yes! I'm off for my holiday. Forty odd pieces

Of luggage, three cabs, and a van, and a bus too,

Without counting loose wraps, and umbrellas in creases, And sweets that my darlings are sucking with gusto.

Yes! I'm off for my holiday—wife in hysterics, Since nowhere on earth can her poodle be found; And the nurses and children—ANNES, LILLIANS, ERICS—All screaming, and fussing, and fuming around!

Yes! I'm off for my holiday—Tyneside, or Deeside, Or Lakes, or that Switzerland English, Hind Head, Or the thousand monotonies known as "The Seaside"—Ask not whither my fugitive footsteps are led.

For whatever the place, it is ever the same thing; Poor Paterfamilias always must suffer.

A dyspeptic, a costly, a lame and a tame thing Is Holiday-time for a family buffer.

Yes! I'm off for my holiday—where I won't mention; They are pulling the blinds of my drawing-room down; But next year—if I live—it's my solemn intention To stay, upon business, en garçon, in Town.

FAIR PROSPECTS OF FINE WEATHER.—No rain on St. Swithin's and last week the County of Inverness discarded its MACKINTOSH.



PORTRAIT OF A LABOUR CANDIDATE.

WARRANTED TO "SWEEP THE COUNTRY," AND MAKE HIS MARK IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. (NATURALLY A FINE-NT SPEAKER)!!

A RESULT OF BEING HOSPITABLE.

SCENE—Small, but Fashionable Club in West-End.

Algy. Waiter! bring me a brandy-and-soda. Don't feel up to the average to-day.

Hughie. Late last night?

Algy. Yes. Went to Mrs. CRAMMERLY's Dance, Prince's Gate. Goodness knows *why* I went! I don't think they'll get me there again in a hurry.

Charlie (waking up from arm-chair). Were you a victim too? I didn't see you there!

Algy. No. Because I probably left before you arrived. I had had enough of it in an hour, and came on here to supper; not before I had nearly poisoned myself with a concoction that old CRAMMERLY was asserting loudly, was an "80 wine."

Charlie (laughing). Ah! my dear friend, I had been there before, and know the ropes. Took pretty good care to steer clear of the wine, and got a chap to give me a whiskey-and-soda.

Uninvited Member. May I ask where was this charming Party?

Algy. At the CRAMMERLY's, Prince's Gate. Colonel CRAMMERLY.

Uninvited M. Colonel CRAMMERLY! Let's see, was he an old Crimea man?

Algy. No!—He was Colonel in the Bounders Green Volunteers. (Roars of laughter.) You know "CRAMMERLY's Starch"—made a fortune out of it.

Charlie. He must have spent a bit of it last night. They say the flowers alone cost over a thousand pounds.

Enter Captain O.

Captain O. Talking about the Colonel CRAMMERLY Party, eh? (To Uninvited M.) Were you there?

Uninvited M. (very satirically). Oh, dear no! I fear I'm not smart enough to warrant my admittance into that charmed and select circle.

Capt. O. By Jove, you were well out of it. (Addressing the Club generally.) Did you ever see such—eh?

Charlie. I want to know where the deuce they get their men from.

Algy. I fancy they discover them in the City.

Jack. I never met—such shocking people before.

Capt. O. Too dreadful for words. I could only conclude they must have been relations.

Jack. By the way, did you notice that there was a "bounder," who was reversing?

Uninvited M. (with great indignation). No!!!

Jack. I tell you it's a positive fact—I know it to my cost; for I was dancing with that youngest daughter, you know—the one who has the fluffy fringe over her forehead—and the brute bounced against us, and sent us flying. Never even apologised. If I could have got him outside, I declare I would have given him a deuced good hiding. A man like that ought to be kicked.

Uninvited M. Were the women any better?

Algy. Well, if you call Mrs. DASH any better!

IAGO IN BIRMINGHAM.

(Shakspeare once more on the Situation.)



Iago

Roderigo

Roderigo. Thou told'st me thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I did not. The great ones of the City,

In personal suit to make me his Lieutenant,

Off-capped to him:—and, by the faith of man,

I know my price—I am worth no worse a place;

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

Evades them with a bombast circumstance,

Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;

MR. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N.

MR. J-SSE C-LL-NS.

And, in conclusion, Nounsuits my meditators; for, "Certes,"

says he, [who was he?]

"I have already chose my officer." And

Forsooth, a great Arithmetician.

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster; unless the bookish

theorick,

Wherein the toged Consul can propose

As masterly as he; mere prattle, with-

out practice,

Is all his soldiiership.

But, Sir, he had the Election!

They pulled down over a thousand birds the first day, last year.

Capt. O. Does old CRAMMERLY shoot?

Jack. Oh dear no! He's as blind as a bat. He only rents it for his friends.

Capt. O. (greatly relieved). That's good news, for he's a terrible bore. He'd be a shocking nuisance on the Moors. I must say, I can't stand him at any price.

Jack. No, nor any of the family, for the matter of that. Well, ta, ta! Perhaps we shall meet there. I'm off to the Empire, to join some friends who've got a box.

[Exit to enjoy further hospitality.]

"PERFIDIOUS ALBION" AGAIN.—Lieutenant MIZON, with his grievances against the British Niger Company, was fêted last week in Paris. To inform Frenchmen that the British Company in question is not so *niger* as it has been painted would be useless at the present moment, when Frenchmen are still loud in their applause of the speech made by the Prefect of the Seine in such a *Mizon-scène*. [N.B.—*Jerde* not forwarded by our own "Prefect of the In-Seine."]

FROM NEWCASTLE.—Mr. HAMOND, M.P. for Newcastle, charged Mr. JOHN MORLEY with having made a certain statement. Mr. MORLEY denied it, and asked Mr. HAMOND to substantiate the charge. Mr. HAMOND could not do this, nor did he apologise. Is this the "Amond honorable"?



SIR CARLOS EUAN-SMITHEZ; OR, THE INSULTING SULTAN AND THE HIGH-TONED CHRISTIAN KNIGHT.

A Modern Moorish Ballad, after the fashion of Portentous

BRAVE SIR CARLOS EUAN-SMITHEZ! basely have they borne thee
down;
Thousands, thirty, would they tip thee as a churl they'd tip a
Thou at home hadst shown that Sultan with emphatic toe the door;
In Morocco thou didst coolly turn thy back upon the Moor.

Long in fiery Fez he lingered, subtle SMITHEZ, being bound
To contract Commercial Treaty with the minions of MAHOUND.
Full eight weeks' negotiations smoothed that Treaty's parlous way;
On the fifth July the Sultan swore it should be signed next day.

But the false Frank's furtive whisper at the Sultan's ear was heard,
(When the Frank may foil the Saxon won't he do so? Like a bird!)

And the treacherous Moorish Monarch, to his people's interest
blind,
Sold the sham he dubbed his honour, changed the thing he deemed
his mind.

"Christian Knight," began the Monarch ("knight" was diploma
for "dog"),

"There is something in your Treaty, that I relish—like roast hog.
Know Morocco is no home for Factories and Colossal Stores;
And the omnipresent Bagman is a bugbear to my Moors!"

"All my Cadis, all my ladies, wish at—Hades Western Trade.
You must make large alterations in the Treaty we've half made;

Shape it not in Christian interests, Christian Knight,
but in MAHOUND'S,
And—incline thine ear!—I'll give thee, Christian, Thirty
Thousand Pounds!!!

Enter black slave bearing Treasure! Rangèd bags of
glittering gold!

Then upspake brave EVAN-SMITHEZ. "Hold, bas
Sultan; minion, hold!

Dost thou think to bribe and buy a Christian Knight?
A Paynim plan!

If I take it, thou mayst sell me to a Moorish dog's-meat
man!"

Then his steed obeyed his master, and he whinnied loud
and free,

Turned his back upon the tempter, caracoled with coltish
glee;

Struck out with his heels behind him, smote that slave
upon the nose,

Kicked the bags until the bullion in a Danae shower arose
Never DON FERNANDO'S charger, *Baviaca*, gave such
spring,

In the sawdust-sprinkled circus of AL-WIDDICOMB, the
King!

Never did DON GOMERSALEZ fill the Moslem with more
fear,

When he smote him o'er the mazzard with his streak-
o'-lightning spear!

And the scattered gold flew widely, urged by that
prodigious kick,

Smote the Frank behind the throne, although he dodged
amazing quick;

Spattered that insulting Sultan, like a splash of London
mud,

Blackening his dexter eye, and from his "boko" drawing
blood.

Then Sir CARLOS EVAN-SMITHEZ gave that Moorish
Sultan beans,

Holding it foul scorn—as did the pluckiest of Christian
Queens—

That a Christian Knight should take an insult from a
turban'd Moor,

Without landing him a hot 'un, without giving him
what-for!

Speed thee, speed thee, noble charger! Speed thee faster
than the wind!

Stout Sir CARLOS EVAN-SMITHEZ leaves that Moorish
Fez behind;

Shakes its sand from off his shoes, and, having wiped
the Sultan's eye,

Turns his back, and takes his hook, without e'en wishing
him "Good-bye!"



Everett Stephens

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

Wife of the Late Member for Tooting. "ARCHIBALD, WHY WERE YOU SO GRUMPY
AT THE BIGGIE BOOTHBYS' TO-NIGHT?"

L. M. for T. "SUCH PEOPLE, SUCH A DINNER, FOR A MAN WHO HAS JUST
LOST HIS SEAT!"

Wife. "I'M SURE PARLIAMENT DIDN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU!"

L. M. for T. "AT LEAST IT SPARED ME THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENING SIX
TIMES A WEEK!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Last Nights of the Season.—Monday.—"By General Desire, the
Second and Third Acts of DE LARA-Boom-de-ay's Opera, called
La Luce dell' Asia, followed by *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Was "by
general desire" applied to the entire programme, or only to its first
part? Well, we may take for granted that everyone wanted to hear
and see again—but especially to hear—the *Cavalleria*. So the
"special desire" must apply to *La Luce* solely and only. If so,
then from this wording we gather that the general and uncontroll-
able desire to hear the Second and Third Acts of DE LA-RA-
Boom's Opera did not extend to its Prologue, First Act, Fourth Act
(if any), and Epilogue. But is it complimentary to a Composer to
express a general wish to hear only certain portions of his work,
implying thereby that the generally un-expressed desire is rather
against than for re-hearing the other portions? All the same Sir
COVENT GARDENUS exercises a sound discretion in thus dealing with
this particular Opera.

Tuesday.—BEMBERG'S New Opera, *Elaine*.

Chorus.—Why was *Elaine*
Given again?

O DRURIOLAN—
Us, please explain!

And he did so, by saying in the programme "In consequence
of its Great Success and by general desire." Ha! ha! look at the
hand, with index-finger outstretched! By this sign, Sir DRURIOLANUS
would have us to understand that "this Opera was not one
which ever went *without a hand*." Moreover, Sir ORACLE tells us of
its "Great Success;" note the capitals, and note also, the expression
itself, which was not found in the announcement of the repetition of
the Second and Third Acts of the Light Asian Opera on Monday.
Isn't this an artful way of pitting Admirable BEMBERG against our

own accomplished DE-LARA-Boom? "We" were not there either
Monday or Tuesday, which, as far as the inimitable *intermezzo* of the
"Rustic Chivalry" goes, was distinctly "our" loss. But they were
going to do without us, and they did so, but whether ill or well,
this deponent, meaning "We," knoweth not; and so, we're like
Brer Rabbit, who lay low and said nothin'. Brer Wolf sezze we
were kinder sorry he was unable to go Satterday arternoon for to hear
Brer Fox's new Opera, *Nydia, the Blind Girl*.

Friday.—*Don Giovanni*—Madame DOTTI, in taking the rôle of
Donna Anna, "took the cake." Not going "a bit dotty," but in
excellent form.

BE-LITTLE-ING MR. GLADSTONE'S MAJORITY.—Not that the
G. O. M. is "coming of age in the olden times,"—as somebody's
picture has it,—but that he is coming in
with a mixed Majority of atoms difficult
to be assimilated. This much exercises the
vigorous brain of Mr. R. D. M. LITTLE,
Q.C. writing to the *Times*. Of course
R. D. M. LITTLE, Q.C.—which initials,
being interpreted, may mean, "Railway
Directors' Man"—is the Conservativest of
Conservatives—"but that's another Tory,"
as one may say, adapting RUDYARD KIP-
LING's phrase,—and, difficult as the G. O. M.
may find it to get on with the aid of a Little Majority, he couldn't
get on any better with the aid of a Littler.



NOTE.—The Guide to Wild West Kensington should announce the
objects of interest in this Buffalo Bill Show, not as "classified," but
"Codyfied."

THE TRAVELLER.

(Mortimer Verses by a Grateful Cook's Tourist.)

[Mr. THOMAS COOK, originator of the great "Personally Conducted" Tourist and Excursion System, died on Monday the 18th July, aged 84 years.]

"REMORE, unfriended, melancholy slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po?
Nay, gentle GOLDSMITH, it is thus no more.
None now need fear "the rude Carinthian boor,"
The bandit Greek, the Swiss of avid grin,
Or e'en the predatory Bedouin.
Where'er we roam, whatever realms to see,
Our thoughts, great Agent, must revert to thee.
From Parthenon or Pyramid, we look
In travelled case, and bless the name of Cook!
Eternal blessings crown the wanderer's friend!
At Ludgate Hill may all the world attend.
Blest be that spot where the great world instructor
Assumed the rôle of Personal Conductor!
Blest be those "parties," with safe-conduct crowned,
Who do in marshalled hosts the Regular Round,
Gregarious gaze at Pyramid or Dome,
The heights of Athens, or the walls of Rome,
Then like flock-folded sheep, are shepherdled safe home.

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."
By all means, yes, or even further fare,
And Africa's forest huge and poisonous Pigmies dare.
But, to avoid the lonely traveller's pun,
From Ludgate Circus drag the well-linked chain;
As Amurath to Amurath succeeds,
So Cook to Cook! THOMAS's grandiose deeds
What Tourist may forget? The great one's gone,
But his vast enterprise shall still march on.
What THOMAS started, is pursued by JOHN.
Peace to the dust of the Great Pioneer,
"Great Cook is dead, long live Great Cook!" we cheer.

DARK DOINGS.—Mrs. MARIHA RICKS, the emancipated black slave, who came all the way from Liberia to pay Her Gracious Majesty a morning call, may be now known as "The QUEEN'S Black Woman," or as a companion silhouette to "SALISBURY'S Black Man." Of course she will go back laden with valuable presents, quite a wealthy old lady, or "*Ricks Pecuniarium*."

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

Host. "TAKE A LITTLE WHISKEY BEFORE YOU GO, JONES!"

Jones (after helping himself). "THANKS! MAY I POUR YOU OUT SOME?"

Host. "PLEASE—NOT TOO MUCH—JUST ABOUT HALF WHAT YOU'VE GIVEN YOURSELF!"

THE DUFFER IN POLITICS.

My country neighbours at Mount Duffer are not literary. So very remote from this condition are they, that they regard men of letters as "awful men," in the Shakspearian sense of the word. Consequently, since those papers began to appear, sometimes, in the pages of *Mr. Punch*, I have risen in the general esteem. Even JOHN DUFF MACNAB has been heard to admit, that though the MAC DUFFER is "nae gude ava' with the rod or the rifle, he's a fell ane with the pen in his hand. Nae man kens what he means, he's that deep." In consequence of the spread of this flattering belief, I have been approached by various local Parties, to sound my fathomless depths as a possible Candidate.

First came a deputation of Jacobites. They were all ladies, of different ages, young and old; all wore ornaments in which the locks of Queen MARY, CHARLES THE FIRST, Prince CHARLIE, and other Saints and Martyrs, were conspicuously displayed. Would I stand as a Jacobite? they asked, and generally in the interests of Romance and Royalism. I said that I would be delighted; but inquired as to whether we had not better wait for Female Suffrage. That seemed our best chance, I said. They replied, that FLORA MACDONALD had no vote, and what was good enough for her was good enough for them. I then hinted that it would be well to know for which King,



or Queen, I was to unfurl the banner at Glenfinnan. I also suggested that the modern Crofters did not seem likely to rally round us. The first question provoked a split, or rather several splits in our Party. It appeared that some five or six Pretenders of both sexes, and of intricate genealogies, had their advocates. An unpleasant scene followed, and things were said which could never be forgiven.

The deputation, which had been expected to stay to luncheon, retired in tears, exclaiming for a variety of monarchs all "over the water."

The local Gladstonians came next. I had never declared myself, they said. Was I for Home Rule? I said we must first review Mr. GLADSTONE's numerous writings about HOME, and then come to Home Rule. "HOME stops the way!" Were Mr. GLADSTONE's Homeric theories compatible with a rational frame of mind? Here I felt very strong, and animated with a keen desire to impart information. The deputation said all this was ancient history. As to Home Rule itself, they said it really did not matter. What they wanted was, free poaching, free private whiskey-stills, free land, and a large head of game, to be kept up by the proprietor, for the benefit of the glen, as in old times. I said that these seemed to me to be Utopian demands. If you all fish, and shoot, and drown the keepers in the linn, I urged, there will soon be no game left for any of you. No Game-laws, I observed, and you will obviously have no poaching. There will be nothing to poach, and no fun in doing it. They said that they would pay keepers to hold the Southern bodies off, out of the rates, and the rates would be paid by the Laird—meaning me. I said I knew that several Lairds were standing on this platform, but that, personally, if my land and rents were to be taken away, I did not see how the rates were to be got out of my empty sporan. This was a new idea to them, but I cheered them up by saying I was in favour of Compulsory Access to Mountains, with no Personal Option in the matter. This was what the people needed, I said—they needed to be made to climb mountains, beginning with Box Hill. On Bank Holidays, I remarked, they never go to the top. They stay where the beer is. I would have a staff of Inspectors, to see that they went. The general limbs and lungs would be greatly improved, and the sale of whiskey, from private stills, would be increased.

This unlucky remark divided my Party. The Free Kirk Minister wore a blue ribbon, and was a Temperance-at-any-price politician. Two of "The Men," however,—a kind of inspired Highland prophets—had a still of their own, and they and the Minister nearly came

to blows. The Party then withdrew, giving three cheers for Mr. GLADSTONE, but not pledging themselves to vote for me.

The Eight Hours' people were at me next. I said I saw that the Bill would provide employment for a number of people, but I added, that I did not see who was to pay the wages, nor who was to buy the goods. For, I remarked, you certainly cannot compete with foreign countries at this rate, and at home the Classes will be competing with *you*, being obliged to have recourse to manual labour. They said that was just what they wanted, everybody to labour with his hands. I answered that many of the Classes, a poor lot at best (*cheers*), would come on the Parish. Who was to pay the rates when everybody was working, and nobody was buying what was made? If there were no markets, where were you to sell your produce? They said they would live on the land. I answered that the land would not support the population: you would need to import bread-stuffs, with what were you going to pay for them? I added that my heart was with them, but that they could only attain their ends by massacring or starving three-fourths of the population, and who knew how he himself might fare, with a three-to-one chance against his survival? Suppose it did not come to that, I urged, suppose the Bill gave all the world employment; suppose that, somehow, it also paid their wages, or supported them, in a very short time you would need a Four Hours' Bill (*cheers*), a Two Hours' Bill, a One Hour's Bill, of course with no fall in wages. The constitution of things would not run to it.

They said that I had clearly not fought out the economic aspect of the question. I said that was how my hair was blanched, with trying to fight it out, but that, somehow, it always baffled me. I added remarks about squaring the circle, but they said it was a good deal easier to square Mr. GLADSTONE. The friends of Total Prohibition of Vaccination and of Beer were waiting, also a deputation, who wanted subscriptions for a SHELLEY Memorial, Russian Jews, Maxim guns for Missionaries, and other benevolent objects. I declined to see *them*, however, and was left to solitude, and to the reflection that I am unfitted for the sphere of active politics. In this belief the neighbours are now pretty generally agreed, which, as I have no keen ambition to shine in Parliament, is a very fortunate circumstance.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.*

THE Race for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown was productive of tremendous excitement, and everybody turned pale as the two gallant horses came up the straight, locked together, but the key to the situation—Parliamentary phrase, due to the prevalence of Elections—was held by the champion *Orme*, who managed to get home, "all out" by a neck!—at least, Lord ARTHUR said he was "all out," though how he could be "home" at the same time I don't quite understand—but he may have been alluding to the backers of *Orvieto*. I was told that *St. Damien* "made up a lot of ground at the finish;" but I can't say I noticed it myself, as the course looked to me exactly as it did before the race! Dear me! how pleased my friends the Duke and Duchess of WESTMINSTER did look!—and with good reason, too—it was a wonderful task for *Orme* to accomplish, with only six weeks' training!—it must have been a *special* train all the time; in fact, the one he was brought to Sandown in, I suppose.

Being unable to go to Leicester, I took advantage of a military escort, offered me by—(no—let the gallant officer's name remain a secret—he little thought he was escorting a Press-lady)—to pay a visit to the New Wimbledon—and being nothing if not loyal, I chose the day when the shooting for the "Queen's" commenced. My escort informed me with an inane smile, that the Camp had experienced "Bisley weather;" the feebleness of which joke so annoyed me, that I am half inclined to put his name in the pillory of public print—(what a glorious expression for our own Midlothian Mouth)—but I refrain, for reasons connected with Lord ARTHUR.

I must say that I think Bisley has a more business-like look than Wimbledon ever had, though perhaps this is scarcely to the taste of the average feminine visitor, who used to enjoy pic-nicing to the accompaniment of whizzing bullets, and does not appreciate the latter without the former. The shooting was very uncertain in the first stage of the Queen's, as the wind was in a variable mood—(is the wind *feminine*, I wonder?)—going sometimes at eighteen and sometimes at thirty miles an hour, which was disconcerting and inconsiderate behaviour (it *must* be feminine!)—calculated to annoy



A VICTORY OF THE POLLS.

MENTAL COLLAPSE OF AN ELECTION EDITOR AFTER COMPILING STATISTICS DAY AND NIGHT FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS!

any right-minded Volunteer! Indeed, one notoriously good shot, Private CHICKEN, although a good *plucked* one—having made six misses in ten shots—declined to be *roasted* by his friends, and retired into his *casseroles*—which is French for tent, I believe—while several other marksmen (why marksmen?) found themselves carefully placing their bullets on other people's targets.

However, I was much struck with the equanimity with which reverses were accepted by the members of our gallant Amateur Army, and intend composing an ode in their honour, to be sung in camp to the accompaniment of bullets, bagpipes, and brass bands! (more alliteration for the Midlothian Maltese Marriage Merchant), the refrain of which will run thus:—

The Volunteer! The Volunteer!!

No matter how the wind may veer!

Will have no fear! and will not swear!! so do not jeer!!! the Volunteer!!!!

—appropriate *patriotic* music to which will be written by Signor CLEMENTI SCHIOTTI!

There is no racing of any importance this week, there being only a small Meeting under P₁₆ N₁₆ Rules, at a place called Goodwood—(I write of it in this contemptuous way, as I am not going myself)—somewhere on the coast of the Solent—to which I need not allude at any length; I will, therefore, only mention one race having been so successful lately, that I can afford to rest on my oars—(rather an insecure position by the way, for anyone who can't swim!) and remain as usual

Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

CHESTERFIELD CUP SELECTION.

To win such a race as the Chesterfield Cup,
Is a task wanting speed and endurance;
And the duty of all, ere the ghost giving up,
Is to quickly effect an *Insurance*."

P.S.—I don't see any *sense* in this, but the *rhyme* is good!

L. G.



UNPLEASANT DUTIES OF CLUB LIFE.

MONSIEUR VICTOR ACHILLE PÉTROLY, THE NEW CHIEF, IS SUDDENLY SUMMONED BEFORE THE COMMITTEE TO RECEIVE A REPRIMAND
THE QUESTION IS, WHO'S TO ADMINISTER IT?

WILLIAM THE WHEELMAN.

Enthusiastic Cyclist loquitur:—

I HAVE noticed with unfeigned and real pleasure, ^[jumps!] The rapid growth of Cycling. (How it To those who have the energy and leisure It affords—(Confound this saddle! it's so bumps!))
What otherwise would be quite unattainable, A healthy, and a pleasurable form Of exercise. (Yes, health is hereby gainable; But I am most uncomfortably warm!)

It gives them the advantages of travel, (By Jingo! I was nearly over then!) A tumble and the "gravel-rash" would gravel The nimblest of extremely Grand Old Men) Which, previous to the Cycle's happy advent, Were out of almost everybody's reach. (And to the "spirits" of the cycling-cad vent. 'Arry on Wheels the law must manners teach.)

It's really very much more profitable Than is the long luxurious railway journey. (If in the saddle I feel not more stable, I'll be "unhorsed," like tilter in a tourney!) Monotonous the journey from the City, Along a fixed unalterable route. (This is an old "bone-shaker." 'Tis a pity! For over the front wheel one's apt to shoot.)

The traveller's whirled from station unto station, (I wish there were more stations on this road.) With hardly half a chance for observation. (If I know where I am, may I be blown!),

Without an opportunity to examine The district. (Wish that I could spot a pub! For I am overdone with thirst and famine, And see no chance of tippie or of grub!)

(I must travel many miles o'er clay or cobble, I fear, before I'll have a real rest, The big wheel and the little shift and wobble, I think the low pneumatic Cycle's best. Eh? "Dangerous to Cyclists!" That's a notice, I fancy, that suggests a spin down-hill. How stiff I feel! How very parched my throat is! (spill!) Hold up! By Jove, but that was near a I emphasise the fact that I consider [wheel That, physically—(Pheugh! that little Is dangerous as poor old WELLER's "widder.") Yes, morally, and socially, I feel The benefits of Cycling are unbounded, Almost—(Almost I fear a nasty fall! I wish, with big and little wheel confounded, That I were on a Safety, after all!)

WHISPER BY AN ILL WIND.—If Alderman KNILL cannot conscientiously attend the Established Church service, whereat it is not essential for a Lord Mayor to be present, the Court of Aldermen ought to be proud of him, and elect him "Willy-Knilly" to be Lord Mayor all the same. Whatever may be the result, of Alderman KNILL nothing but good can be said. "Nil nisi bonum."

BLACK GAME.—"Bother Morocco!" says a Sportsman. "What's the news from the Moors?"

A PROSPECT OF THE TWELFTH.

(By an Impressionist.)

CERTAINLY, I can foresee my adventures. I can tell of my march over the heather, of my delight as the breezy air sweeps over the moors, and helps to bronze my already sun-burnt face!

I can fancy the chatter of the keeper as he holds my second gun, and pays me that attention which can only be wiped off by tips! I can hear the sound of the first shot, and decipher the meaning of the initial puff of smoke!

I can see the shadows disappearing as lunch-time comes to hand. I can recognise the cart with its goodly contents, and the girls who will sit beside us as we discuss our modest pies (hot and savoury,) and quaff our '84. And then I can hear the retreating footsteps as the darlings trip away, leaving us to resume our chase after the birds.

And then the shadows will grow longer, and the sun will set behind the hills in a mass of purple, red, and gold; and it will be time for us to turn our faces towards the shooting-box that will shelter us through the long watches of the summer's night.

And lastly I can see the final halt at the poulterer's, as we purchase the grouse to fill our bags before the journeying home.

A GEOGRAPHICAL THEORY.—"Where is Liberia?" inquired one cultured person of another, *à propos* of Mrs. RICKS's interview with the QUEEN. "I'm sure I don't know," was the answer, "but—judging by the name—I should think it was *exactly opposite* to Siberia."



WILLIAM THE WHEELMAN.

"I CAN ONLY EMPHASISE THE FACT THAT I CONSIDER THAT PHYSICALLY, MORALLY, AND SOCIALLY, THE BENEFITS THAT CYCLING CONFERS ON THE MEN OF THE PRESENT DAY ARE ALMOST UNBOUNDED."
(Aside.) WISH I WERE ON A 'SAFETY'!!"

MINOR MISERIES.

No. I.—TO A LADY ON WHOSE TABLE-CLOTH HE HAD UPSET THE MUSTARD-POT.

DEAR Lady, in your dining-room
I sat, a melancholy slave.
Your smiles could hardly chase my gloom;
While others jested, I was grave.
And still you saw me sit and sit—
“Enough of this,” you said, “come,
come,
Be cheerful.” While I merely bit
A foolish, irresponsible thumb,
And found no comfort in the act,
And cursed myself, the clumsy Goth,
As void of fingers as of tact,
Who spilt the mustard on the cloth!

That was the cause of all my woe—
Good lack, I blame my thumbs in vain;
Still on the cloth's expanded snow
I seem to see that yellow stain.
And still you sit and speak me fair,
And still your Butler grimly smiles,
The while I paint in mustard there
A sketch-map of the British Isles.
I think it had repaid my guilt
Had you flashed fire like Ashtaroth,
And scorched the clumsy wretch who spilt
That flood of mustard on your cloth.
Beef, pudding, cherry-tart, and cream.
What more could mortal man desire?
I munched them idly in a dream,
My head sang like a village choir.
I fumbled with the silver pot
From which that tawny torrent ran;
I heard you say it mattered not,
To cheer a miserable man.
So here I thank you; may I be
Extinct as is the Behemoth
Rather than spill by Fate's decree
Once more the mustard on your cloth.

THE NEXT AFRICAN MISSION.

(Telegraphic Précis of the Negotiations.)

First Day.—Arrived safely at the Sultan's capital. Everything in proper order. Draft Treaty in my trunk with my diplomatic uniform. Escort in marching order. Ammunition in waggon. Quite ready to commence negotiations. Only waiting for the conjuring paraphernalia of Herr VON KLEVERMANN to come up with us. Thought that that special morning performance before the King and Queen of the Cannibal Islands would delay matters.

Second Day.—Herr VON KLEVERMANN and his traps have arrived in camp. Looked over the conjuring tricks. Sorry to find that one of the best (the Inexhaustible Bottle) has been stolen by the Queen of the Cannibal Islands. As time is an object, unable to send back to recover it. Might have to fight for it, too, which would possibly lessen the numbers of our escort. Experts declare that the Inexhaustible Bottle could only be secured at the point of the bayonet. Have arranged for a meeting with the Sultan tomorrow.

Third Day.—Sultan's toothache better. His Majesty having sent word that he would be glad to see me, I, accompanied by the Interpreter, the Commander of the Escort, and last, but certainly not least, Herr VON KLEVERMANN, arrived at the Palace. Found that the Lord High Chamberlain had been removed yesterday. The Lord High Executioner was acting in his stead. In fact, this overworked official seemed to be the solitary survivor of the Imperial Household. The Lord High Executioner told us that His Majesty had been very irritable yesterday. The Sultan, he said, was now in a good temper, and was quite harmless. I found His Majesty

most gracious. However, he said that he was not quite prepared to sign a Commercial Treaty. He offered, in lieu of signature, to give me twelve sacks of emeralds (uncut), and the wives of six of his Field-M Marshals. Explained that no representative of England could entertain such a suggestion. The Sultan, upon this, terminated the interview.

Fourth Day.—The Sultan having learned that Herr VON KLEVERMANN was a member of my suite, expressed a wish for a second meeting. I consequently attended at the Palace. Herr VON KLEVERMANN, having produced a number of artificial-flowers, a bird-cage, and a rabbit, from an Opera-hat, His Majesty asked the price. I immediately replied, a Treaty of Commerce. I am to call again to-morrow.

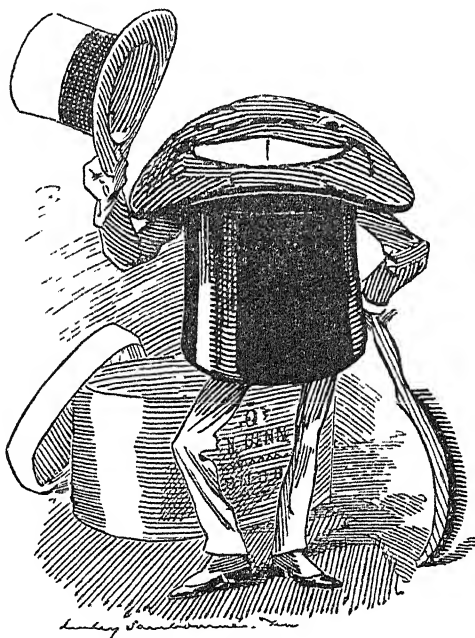
Fifth Day.—Had another interview with His Majesty. The Sultan wanted to know the

well to leave the country as soon as possible, started early. Herr VON KLEVERMANN had expressed his doubts whether His Majesty would be satisfied. It appears that the Magic hat requires a good deal of preparation to be effective. The Herr's forebodings of evil were speedily verified. The Mission had not gone a mile before we were followed by the entire army. We made a demonstration with the machine-gun, which had the effect of destroying six or seven brigades of the enemy. The Sultan in person, declared that he considered the Treaty null. Nothing to do but retire as best we could.

Eighth Day.—Deeply regret failure of the Mission. However, find that the King and Queen of the Cannibal Islands are anxious for annexation to England. They seem impressed with the notion that the British Government have power to cause a flow of spirits from the Inexhaustible Bottle which, since the departure of Herr VON KLEVERMANN, has ceased to yield alcoholic drinks. Of course, shall do nothing in this new matter until I receive further instructions.

Ninth Day.—Embarked on my return home.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE—
BENNETT, M.P. FOR LINCOLN.

terms of the proposed Treaty. I replied, free access to the interior for British merchandise, and the abolition of slavery. His Majesty replied, he did not mind the abolition of slavery so much, on the understanding that the regulation did not apply to him. Herr VON KLEVERMANN then produced his Magic hat, and brought out from it a cup of coffee, half-a-dozen recently-washed handkerchiefs, and a white mouse. The last item caused us to be hurriedly expelled from the Palace. It appears that the Sultan greatly objects to mice. The Interpreter should have informed me of this peculiarity.

Sixth Day.—Received a message from His Majesty to the effect that he would be glad to see me and Herr VON KLEVERMANN again, on the condition that nothing objectionable should be produced from the Magic hat. Herr VON KLEVERMANN once more gave a séance. The eminent entertainer extracted from the Gibus a portmanteau, a soup-tureen, and a lady's watch. His Majesty greatly delighted. He signed the Treaty, and possessed himself of the hat.

Seventh Day.—Knowing that it was as

ADVICE TO THE G. O. M.

(From a Mathematical Tory.)

TAKE forty-two, and carry eight
(Eight hours, I mean), then mind your eye;
Bring all your items up to date,
And do your best to multiply
Your sheep by next subtracting votes
From over-suffraged Tory goats.
By Registration Law perplexed,
Take "qualifying periods" next,
And at one swoop reduce with glee
Twelve months, or more, to only three.
Add labour to your motley crew,
Subtract (from life) a church or two.
Produce, with geometric skill,
The lines of many a promised bill.
But state—the Unionists to vex—
That Home Rule always equals x .
Raise, in a rash, disastrous hour,
Campaigning Ireland to a power.
And thus, to prayers and protests deaf,
Bisect the Empire. Q. E. F.

PRETENCE VERSUS DEFENCE.

SCENE—Whitehall. Time—The Present.
Enter Universal Inspector-General,
accompanied by Mr. Admiralty Official.

Universal Inspector-General. So you are going to have Naval Manœuvres after all, Mr. Admiralty Official?

Mr. Adm. Official. Yes, General, we are.

Un. Ins.-Gen. And are you going to do anything new this time?

Mr. Ad. Off. Nothing more than the usual meaningless cruising.

Un. Ins.-Gen. I read something about the landing of the wounded?

Mr. Ad. Off. Ah—that is new! We are going to "assume" a number of wounded. To quote from the Regulations—"Before the ships leave for the ports, officers in command of fleets and squadrons are to communicate to each Commander-in-Chief, by telegraph, the aggregate number of assumed wounded that may be expected to reach his port."

Un. Ins.-Gen. Tell me what do we want with these pointless Manœuvres? Wouldn't it have answered everyone's purpose if there had been a lecture in lieu of them at the Royal United Service Institution?

Mr. Ad. Off. I should not be surprised.

Un. Ins.-Gen. Then why run into this unnecessary expense?

Mr. Ad. Off. You really must ask my successor! [Exeunt severally.]

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CANVASS.

(A Purely Imaginary Sketch.)

SCENE—A Portico in Portman Square. Mr. BENJAMIN GULCHER (an ardent Radical Artisan, canvassing the district on behalf of a "pal" of his, who is putting up as a Labour Candidate), discovered on the doorstep.

Mr. Gulcher (to himself—after knocking). Some might think it was on'y waste of time me callin' at a swell 'ouse o' this sort—but them as lives in the 'ighest style is often the biggest demmycrats. Yer never know! Or p'raps this Sir NORMAN NASEBY ain't made his mind up yet, and I can tork him over to our way o' thinking. (The doors are suddenly flung open by two young men in a very plain and sombre livery.) Two o' the young 'uns, I s'pose. (Aloud.) 'Ow are yer? Father in, d'yer know?

First Footman (loftily). I don't know anything about your father, I'm sure. Better go down the airey—steps and inquire there.

Mr. G. (annoyed with himself). It's my mistake. I didn't see yer were on'y flunkeys at first. It's yer Guv'nor I want—the ole man!

First Footman (with cold dignity). If you are illawding to Sir NORMAN, he is not at home.

Mr. G. (indignantly). 'Ow can yer tell me sech a falsehood, when I can see him myself, a-dodgin' about down there in the passage! (Forces his way past the astonished men into the hall, and addresses a stately Butler in plain clothes.) 'Ere, Sir NASEBY, I've come in to 'ave a little tork with you on the quiet like.

The Butler (not displeased). I don't happen to be Sir NORMAN himself, my good man. Sir NORMAN is out.

Mr. G. Out, is he? That's a pity! I wanted to see him on important business. But look 'ere—p'raps his Missus is in—She'll do! (To himself.) I gen'ally git along with the wimmin-folk—some 'ow!

The Butler. I can't say if her Ladyship is at home. If you like to send up your name, I'll inquire.

Mr. G. You tell her

Mr. BENJAMIN GULCHER is 'ere, if she'll step down a minnit. She needn't 'urry, yer know, if she's 'aving her dinner or cleanin' herself. (To himself, as the Butler departs noiselessly.) Civil-spoken party that—one o' the lodgers, seemin'ly. Roomy sort o' crib this 'ere. Wonder what they pay a week for it!

Butler (returning). Her Ladyship will see you, if you will step this way.

[Mr. G. is taken up a staircase, and ushered into the presence of Lady NASEBY, who is seated at her writing-table.]

Lady N. (still writing). One moment, please. My husband is out just now—but if you will kindly state the nature of your business with him, I daresay I could—(She looks up.) Good Heavens! What could have possessed CLARKSON to show such a person as that in here! (To herself.)

Mr. G. (in his most ingratiating manner). Well, Mum, in the absence of his Lordship, I am sure you'll prove a 'ighly agreeable substitoot!

Lady N. (freely). May I ask you to tell me—in two words—what it is you wish to see him about.

Mr. G. Certingly you may, Mum! It's like this 'ere. I want your good Gentleman to promise me his vote and influence for

Mr. JOE QUELCH, as we're runnin' for a Labour Candidate this Election.

Lady N. I really cannot answer for my husband's views on political matters, Mr.—a—SQUIFICHER, I make it a rule never to interfere.

Mr. G. Jest what my old woman sez. I've learnt her not to argy with me on politics. But, yer see, a deal depends on the way a thing is done, and—(insinuatingly)—a good-lookin' woman likes yourself—(Lady N. gasps out a faint little "Oh!" here)—oh, I'm on'y tellin' yer what yer know already—'ud find it easy enough to get her better 'alf to vote her way, if she chooses. You take him some evenin'—say a Saturday, now—when he's jest 'ad enough to feel 'appy, and coax him into giving his vote to QUELCH. You know 'ow to do it! And he's the right man, mind yer, QUELCH is—the right man!

Lady N. (almost inaudibly). How—how dare you come into my house, and offer me this impertinent advice! How—?

Mr. G. (good-temperedly). Easy there, Lady—no impertinence intended, I'm sure. I shouldn't come in 'ere, intrudin' on the sacred privacy of the British 'Ome, which I'm quite aware an Englishman's 'Ouse is his Castle—and rightly so—if I didn't feel privileged like. I'm canvassing, I am!

Lady N. You are taking a most unpardonable liberty, and, if you have the slightest sense of decency—

Mr. G. (imploringly). Now look 'ere—don't let us 'ave a vulgar row over this! I ain't goin' to lose my temper. Strike—but 'ear me! If we don't think alike, there's no reason why you and me should fall out. I put that to you. It's likely enough you don't know JOE QUELCH?

Lady N. (with temper). I never heard of the man in my life!

Mr. G. (triumphantly). See there, now. That's where canvassing comes in, d'yer see? It's our honly way of combating the hignrance and hapathy of the Upper Classes. Well, I'll tell yer somethink about 'im. QUELCH worked as a

lighterman on a barge fourteen years for eighteen bob a week. Ain't that a Man of the People for yer? And if he

gits into Parliament, he'll insist on Labour bein' served fust; he's in favour of Shortened Hours of Labour, Taxation o' Ground Rents, One Man one Vote, Triannual Parliaments and Payment o' Members, Compulsory Allotments, Providin' Work by Gov'ment for the Unemployed, Abolition o' the 'Ouse o' Lords, and a Free Breakfast Table. Ah, and he means 'aving it too. That's what JOE is. But look 'ere, why not come and 'ear what he's got to say for yerself? He's 'oldin' a small open-air meetin' in Kipper's Court this evenin', ar-past eight percisely. You come and bring yer 'usban', and I'll guarantee you git a good place close to the cheer. I'll interdooce yer to him arterwards, and he'll answer any questions yer like to ask him—fair and straight!

Lady N. (feebly). Thank you very much; but—but we are unfortunately dining out this evening, so I'm afraid—

Mr. G. (more in sorrow than in anger). There it is, yer see. Yer afraid. Afraid o' 'earing the truth. Carn't trust yerself to listen to both sides. But I don't despair of yer yet. See 'ere; is it 'Ome Rule that separates us? 'Cos, if so, it needn't. QUELCH don't care no more for 'Ome Rule than that 'ere penwiper do, between you and me! On'y, yer see, he can't say so at present, d'yer ketch my meanin'? (Lady N. rings the bell in despair.) Oh, thankee, Mum,



"You know 'ow to do it!"



NEW FACES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(According to the Portraits that have appeared in the Illustrated Papers.)

if you are so kind, I'll take whatever yer goin' to 'ave yerself, I ain't partickler.

Lady N. (as the Butler appears). CLARKSON, show this—this gentleman the way out.

Mr. G. Don't you trouble, old pal, I can find it for myself. (*To Lady N.*) I b'lieve, if the truth was known, you're comin' round already, Mum. I'll tell yer what I'll do. I'll leave some o' these 'ere little pamphlicks, as you might git your good man to run his eye over. "*Why I am a Radikal*," "*The Infamy of Tory Gov'ment*," "*Ow we are Robbed!*" &c. And 'ere's a picter—poster—"The 'Orrors of Coercion under the Brutal BALFOUR!" Yer might put it up in yer front winder—it don't *commit* yer to nothing, yer know!—it'll amuse the kids, if you've any family.

Clarkson (in his ear). Will you walk downstairs quietly, or shall I have to pitch you?

Mr. G. (roused at last). What, I'm to cop the push, am I? An' what for, eh? What 'ave I done more than you swells ha' bin doin' ever since the Elections started? (*To Lady N.*) You come pokin' into our 'ouses, without waitin' to be invited, arskin' questions and soft-sawderin', and leavin' tracks and coloured picters—and we put up with it all. But as soon as one of us tries it on, what do yer do?—ring for the Chucker-out! Ah, and reason enough, too—yer know yer'll get beaten on the argyments! (*Here he is gently but firmly led out by CLARKSON, and concludes his observations on the stairs outside.*) Stuck-up, pudden'-headed fossils!... battenin' on the People's brains!... your time'll come some day!... Wait till QUELCH 'ears o' this! &c., &c.

Lady N. (alone). Thank goodness he's gone!—but *what an ordeal!* I really must part with CLARKSON. And—whatever the Primrose League Council may say—I shall have to tell them I *must* give up canvassing. I don't think I *can* do it any more—after this!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"READ it!" said Everyone. "Read what?" asked the Baron. "*The Wrecker*," answered Everyone. "I will," quoth the Baron, promptly. And—it was done. It took some time to do, but of this more anon. The Baron's time is fully occupied, never mind how, but fully, take his word for it. A copy of *The Wrecker* was at once provided by its publishers, Messrs. CASSELL & Co., and the question for the Baron to consider, was not "What will I do with it?" but



How, when, and where, will I read it? Clearly 'twas no ordinary book. Everybody was saying so, and what Everybody is saying has considerable weight. A book not to be trained through at express pace, so that the beauties of the surrounding scenery would be lost, but something that when once taken up cannot be put down again, like the brass knobs worked by an electric-battery,—something giving you fits and starts, and shocks, as do the electric brass-knobs aforesaid; something that, if you begin it at 4 P.M., exhausts you by dinner-time, and after dinner, keeps you awake till you read the last line at 2 A.M., and then tumble into bed parched, fevered, exhausted, but in ecstasies of delight, feeling as if you were the hero who had experienced all the dangers, and had come out of them triumphantly.

Such were the Baron's anticipations as to the joys in store for him on reading *The Wrecker*, by Messrs. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON and LLOYD OSBOURNE. The Baron hit on a plan, he must isolate himself as if he were a telephone-wire. "Good," quoth he, "Isolation is the sincerest flattery,—towards authors." The friend in need, not in the sense of being out at elbows, appeared at the right moment, as did the Slave of the Lamp to *Aladdin*. "Come to my house in the mountains," said this Genius, heartily; "come to the world where the foxes dwell, not a hundred miles from a cab-stand, yet far far away,—amid lovely scenery, in beautiful air, to quiet reposeful rooms, with the silence of the cloister and the jollity of the Hall where beards wag all, in the evening, when the daily task is done." "Friend REGINALD SYDE, I thank thee," responded gratefully the Baron. "I am there!" And in less time than it takes to go the whole distance in a four-horsed coach with a horn blowing and the horses blown, the Baron, travelling by special express, was there,—

all there! The Authorities on the line made no extra charge for taking *The Wrecker* as luggage.

The weather was favourable for reading; an interminable down-pour, when one is grateful for any book, even a *Dictionary of Dates*, or the remains of a *Bayle's Court Guide*. The Brave Baron shut himself into his room, laid in stores of tobacco and grog, decided, in the course of half an hour, on a comfortable position, and then laid himself out for the perusal, not to say the study, of *The Wrecker*. Introductory Chapter excellent,—appetising. "*Oliver asks for more*," murmurs the Baron to himself, settling down to "the Yarn." Chapter I. Now a strange thing happened. The Story broke off! suddenly—inexplicably. Descriptions, yes, by the handful, by the cartload—all excellent, no doubt—and much to be appreciated by a reader with nothing on earth to do the whole year round; but, about page 53, the Baron began to be uneasy, shifted his pillows, refilled pipe, took "modest quencher," and then turned to grapple with *The Wrecker*. No good. Where the deuce had the Story got to? When would the excitement come in? Where was the sensation? Toiling on, went the Baron, stopping frequently to wish he had a dictionary wherein he might ascertain the meaning of strange, uncouth words and phrases, and to anathematise the Authors separately or together. Had OSBOURNE interfered with STEVENSON, or was STEVENSON allowing OSBOURNE to have his say, reserving himself for a grand coup at half-price? Would OSBOURNE chuck STEVENSON overboard, or was it to be t'other way off? At page 90 the Baron decided he would take a walk round, even if it were pouring cats and dogs, and exclaiming, "Air, air, give me air!" he rushed forth. It was fine. A brisk walk and a talk just like King CHARLES "who walked and talked"—with his genial host RAGI SYDE, restored the Baron's circulation, and made him wonder to himself at the reported great circulation of the book. Back to his room again—into easy chair—p. 100—*Happy Thought*. This book is about ships and sea, The Baron will be a Skipper!—and so he skips, skips, with great relief, until "A sail in sight appears,"—spell it "sale," and there's a picture of it—"He hails it with three cheers!"

Now the Story, at p. 131, begins in good earnest, and, except for the idle dilettante reader, all the foregoing, from the first Chapter, might go by the board—that is, as far as the Baron can make out. He speaks only for himself. The Chapter describing the sale by auction is first-rate; no doubt about it. The Baron's spirits, just now down to zero, rose to over 100°. On we go: Throw over OSBOURNE, and come along with LOUIS STEVENSON of *Treasure Island*. Bah! that exciting Chapter was but a flash in the pan—brilliant but brief; and "Here we are!" growls the Baron, "struggling along among a lot of puzzling lumber in search of excitement number two, which does not seem to come until Chapter XXIV., p. 383." Then there is a good blow out—of brains, a scrimmaging, a banging, and a firing, and a scuffling, and a fainting, and one marvellous effect. And then—is heard no more. The Baron harks back, harks for'ard. No: puzzlement is his portion. Who was who, when everybody turned out to be somebody else? Where was the Money? or more important, Where is the interest? "Well, that I cannot tell," quoth he, "but 'twas a famous queer Sto-ree!" Perhaps the Baron, reading against time, did not do it justice; or, perhaps he did. Anyway, meeting a Lady-Stevensonian admirer, the Baron ventured to communicate to her his great disappointment; whereupon she timidly whispered, "Well, Baron, to tell you the truth, I quite agree with you. I found it awfully tedious—except the sensations; but everybody is praising it; so please, O please, do not betray my secret!" "Madam, a lady's secret, even the universally-known *Lady Audley's Secret*, is inviolable when intrusted to

Your devoted Servant, THE BARON DE B.-W."

SUMMERUMBRELLA.

I LONG for sunshine, such as there must be
In Egypt, blazing on the native Fellah;

I see no sun or sky, I only see
My own Umbrella!



"No sun, no moon," as Hood wrote long ago,
"Nosky," no star—called, by the Romans,
stella—

Like negative November here below,
My own Umbrella!

Think not of "AMARYLLIS in the shade"! I
Can I play tennis in the rain with BILLA,
Holding aloft, while through the flood I
wade,

My own Umbrella?

I'm sick of sitting in the Club to scoff;
I'll take a walk. Hang me! Some English "fella"
Has left his rotten gamp, and carried off
My own Umbrella!

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

DRURIOLANUS IN (MUSIC) AULIS.

THE Augustan Age is to be revived at the new Palace Theatre of Varieties, late CARTE'S English Opera House, for two of the imperial name of AUGUSTUS are foremost among the Directors of this new enterprise—which word "enterprise" is preferable to "undertaking." Sir AUGUSTUS leads, and GEORGIUS AUGUSTUS follows in the cast as Second Director,—with or without song is not mentioned. In comparison with this transformation of an Opera House into a Theatre of Varieties, no political combination of any sort or kind, no change either in the Ministry or in our home or foreign policy, is so likely to cause trouble to The Empire; i.e., the Empire in Leicester Square.

We understand that Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, in addition to his interest in Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Royal English Opera House, and various enterprises in town, country, and abroad, is about to turn his attention to other matters. On dit that he is in treaty for St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the City Temple, for a series of Sunday Oratorios. It is also not improbable that he may become, for a short time, Lessee of Exeter Hall, Buckingham Palace, and the Banqueting-hall of Hampton Court, for a series of Popular Picture-Shows. No doubt he will bring from Russia a new and entire Cosmopolitan Opera Company, to give a performance on



'AFTER THE OP'RA IS OVER.'

Sir Augustus Coventgardenensis, the Singing-Bird Showman, bows his Acknowledgments.

the top of the Monument. Should there be an overflow, the audience turned away will be accommodated with seats in the Duke of York's Column. He is said to be in negotiation for novelties for next year's London Season in various parts of the globe. It is possible that he may bring over the entire "World's Show" from Chicago, to give a solitary performance on an eligible spot recently acquired for this purpose in the neighbourhood of Primrose Hill. It is not unlikely that he may re-erect the ancient Pyramids at the back of Olympia, if satisfactory arrangements can be made with the Egyptian Government. Looking to the future, it is asserted that he has undertaken to accept the stage-direction of the next European War with those nations bound together in the Treaty of the Triple Alliance. Further—DRURIOLANUS MAXIMUS is considering the transport to London of the North Pole, laying the Zoological Gardens under contribution for a service of bears to climb it. Sir DRURIOLANUS mustn't overdo it. He holds a handful of cards, but he is so good a *metastigiteur* that he is pretty sure to transform them into trumps. Likewise Sir DRURIO knows how to perform on the Trump of Fame.

TOAST—We beg to propose the health of the liberal-minded purchaser of the Althorp Library, who intends to keep the books in a building open to all readers, adapting the toastmaster's phrase for the occasion, and giving, "Our Noble Shelves!"

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

No. 4.—CHLOE'S APPROPRIATION CLAWS.

ALL ye who bless the wedded state
With tributes born of generous blindness,
Bemoan the fate that well may wait
Your gifted kindness.

My CHLOE's ultra-modern mind
Transforms your Dresden's grace and
Chelsea's,
The toys for special use designed,
To something else's.

For CHLOE reads each weekly print,
Where Art's resource is blent with Scandal's,
Where decorative females hint
Their cure for Vandals.

Your large, expensive Wedgwood bowls,
She bids her "Lor!"—exclaiming waitress
To cram with large, expensive coals,
The pretty traitress!

On daintiest overmantel's ledge
She sets enshrined your prosy platter;
Your salt-cellars she stocks with vegetable matter.

And when the Summer comes (if hail
For once not hails the sunny swallows)
Our fenders hold your statues pale
Of chipped Apollos.

With out-of-fashion toilet sets,
Their sprigs of ringstands, bits of boxes,
She picturesques her cabinet's
Quaint heterodoxies.

My blue tobacco-jar she'll hoard
For party-nights, and on the basket
Whereon my manuscripts are stored
Will throne—a casket!

"Ingenious" CHLOE, sure, opines
Is Genius' proper derivation;
"Appropriate" with her defines
Appropriation.



POOR STREPHON, fond, bewildered wight!
He doubts, amazed by changes showy,
If CHLOE's own be STREPHON quite,
Or STREPHON'S, CHLOE!

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

["He (Mr. GLADSTONE) has not as yet even secured the spoil, but the Vultures are already gathered together."—Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham.]

THE Vultures, dear JOE? Nay, it needs no apology

To say you are out in your new ornithology.
The Vultures are carrion-birds, be it said;
And the Man and the Cause you detest are not dead!

Much as his decease was desired, he's alive,
And the Cause is no carcase. So, JOE, you must strive

To get nearer the truth. Shall we help you?
Are not Vultures. For instance, dear JOE, there are Owls, [croaking,
(Like JESSE) and Ravens much given to
(In Ulster they're noisy, though some think they're joking),

Then Parrots are plentiful everywhere, JOE,
(They keep on repeating your chatter, you know,

As they did in the days when you railed about ransom; [handsome);

But Parrots are never wise birds, JOE, though
Then Geese, Jays, and Daws; yet they're birds of a feather,

And they, my dear JOSEPH, are gathered together, [foil,

To hiss, squeal and peck at the Party they'd
But who're like to secure—as you phrase it—"the spoil."

Yes, these be the birds most *en évidence* now;
And by Jingo, my JOE, they are raising a row.
They're full of cacophonous fuss, and loud spite;

And they don't take their licking as well as
In fact, they're a rather contemptible crew;
And—well, of which species, dear JOSEPH, are you?

"Come away!" So Sirens sing—
 Sly, seducious, and skittish—
 To the Tourist, wealthy, British,
 When Society's on the wing,
 Or should be, for "Foreign Parts."
 British BULL mistrusts their arts.
 "Come away!"
 (One doth say),
 "Our Emperor is quiet to-day!"
 Cries another,
 "Come, my brother,
 "Avalanches down again!"
 Sings a third, with beckoning fingers,
 "Come, come, where the Cholera lingers!"
 While a fourth—is it her fun?—
 With the wide blue eyes of Hope
 (As though advertising Soap),
 Shouts, with glee,
 "Come with me,
 Unto Norrway, o'er the foam,
 Far from home,
 Wait there to see
 Our (invisible) Midnight Sun!"

BULL, the tweed-clad British Tourist,
 Muses—"Home seems the securest,
 On the whole. Why widely ramble,
 Tramp, and climb, and spend, and gamble,
 Face infection, dullness, danger,
 All the woe that waits "the Stranger,"
 And the Tourist (rich) environs,
 At the call of foreign Sirens,
 When home charmers, bright-eyed, active,
 Offer "metal more attractive?"
 Four such darlings who'll discover
 O'er the seas? Shall I, their lover,
 Still discard them for yon minxes,
 Harpies with the eyes of "lynxes?"
 ALBION dear, and CAMBERIA mild,
 CALEDONIA stern and wild,
 As your poet said, but pretty;
 HIBERNIA mavourneen, jetty-
 Hair'd, and azure-eyed, I greet ye!
 Darlings, I am charmed to meet ye!
 Why go wandering o'er the foam,
 Like a latter-day ULYSSES,
 When warm charms and wooing-kisses
 Of such Sirens Four wait me at home?"



UNLUCKY COMPLIMENT.

Shoeblack (wishing to please liberal and important Customer). "SHOULDN'T LIKE TO GET A KICK FROM YOU, SIR!"
 [Gets one on the spot.]

"L'HOMME PROPOSE—"

[Gentlemen are now coached "How to Propose."]

THEY sat it out upon the stairs,
 Those dear old stairs! Ah me. how many
 A time they've cost, all unawares,
 A pretty penny!

Why they were fools enough to go
 To sit on stairs, and miss the fun,
 Quite baffles me; but still, you know,
 It has been done.



The lights were
 low — lights
 often are—
 I deem the fact
 though worth
 the noting,
 And strains of
 music from
 afar
 Came softly
 floating.

So whilst she pondered what Mamma
 Would think, the band commenced to play
 The epidemical "Ta-ra-
 ra-boom-de-ay!"

He gazed into her eyes (of blue),
 Sighed once as if it hurt him badly,
 Then told her how 'twas but too true
 He loved her madly.

With highly creditable skill
 He turned the well-worn platitude—
 His own unworthiness—until
 You really could

Not but admire each word, each look.

His speech was quite unrivalled in its
 Intensity—in fact it took
 At least ten minutes.

A peroration full of flowers,
 A moisture in his other eye,
 And then a pause—it seemed of hours—
 For her reply.

Her answer came. He thought of it,
 It haunted him for long years after,
 She simply burst into a fit
 Of ribald laughter.

And certainly it was absurd,
 She laughed till she could laugh no more,
 She'd heard the same thing, to a word,
 The day before.

Two tyros in the Art of Love,
 Each ARABELLA's ardent suitor,
 Unluckily were pupils of
 The self-same tutor!

So, should you fail to understand
 A maiden's answer, this may show
 Why sometimes Man proposes and
 The Girl says "No!"

SKIRTS AND FIGURES.—M. JACOBI, of the
 Alhambra, has composed a "Skirt-dance,"
 which has recently appeared in the *Figaro*.
 That the skirts for which the Composer has
 written are brand-new, and require no mend-
 ing, is evident from the fact that, from first
 to last, there is no "Skirt-sew"—in Italian,
Scherzo—movement.

A ROLICKING SHOW.

In the International Horticultural Exhi-
 bition is, as advertised, "the Kiosk of the
 Australian Irrigation Colonies (CHAFFEY
 Bros.)." What fun the CHAFFEY Brothers
 must make of everything in the Exhibition!
 As long as the other exhibitors don't mind
 the chaff of the CHAFFEY Brothers, all will
 be harmonious. No doubt, round their Kiosk
 there are crowds all day, in roars of laughter,
 at the chaffing perpetually going on. The
 travelling Cheap Jack, were he in the build-
 ing, would have some difficulty to hold his
 own against even one of the CHAFFEY
 Brothers, but pitted against an unlimited
 number of CHAFFEY Brothers, for their
 number is not stated in the advertisement,
 the unfortunate Cheap Jack would not be let
 off cheaply. Apart from BUFFALO BILL,
 whose Show with a variety of novelties, is
 still a very big attraction, and the other
 amusements, this exhibit of CHAFFEY
 Brothers engaged in chaff-cutting, must be
 about one of the most attractive things in
 the Horticultural. By the way, in this
 same advertisement, there is a mysterious
 announcement "Stand 48." Of course, if
 in addition to their entertainment, they
 "stand 48"—though with this vintage we are
 not acquainted; perhaps it should be '84 Pom-
 mery,—then the Brothers are simply *hors de*
concours, and competition would be hopeless.

THE VERY PLACE FOR THE NEXT SPARRING
 MATCH.—"Box Hill."

ON THE SANDS.

(A Sketch at Margate.)

Close under the Parade Wall a large circle has been formed, consisting chiefly of Women on chairs and camp-stools, with an inner ring of small children, who are all patiently awaiting the arrival of a troupe of Niggers. At the head of one of the flights of steps leading up to the Parade, a small and shrewish Child-nurse is endeavouring to detect and recapture a pair of prodigal younger Brothers, who have given her the slip.

Sarah (to herself). Wherever can them two plegs have got to? (Aloud; drawing a bow at a venture.) ALBERT! 'ENERY! Come up 'ere this minnit. I see yer!

'ENERY (under the steps—to Albert). I say—d'ye think she do?—'cos it—

Albert. Not she! Set tight.

[They sit tight.]

Sarah (as before).
'ENERY! ALBERT!
You've bin and 'alf
killed little GEORGE
between yer!

'ENERY (moved, to
Albert). Did you 'ear
that, BERT? It wasn't
me upset him—was it
now?

Albert (impenitent).
'Oo cares! The Nig-
gers 'll be back directly.

Sarah. AL-BERT!
'ENERY! Your father's
bin down 'ere once after
you. You'll ketch it!

Albert (sotto voce).
Not till Father ketches
us, we shan't. Keep
still, 'ENERY—we're all
right under 'ere!

Sarah (more diplo-
matically). 'ENERY!
ALBERT! Father's bin
and left a 'ap'ny apiece
for yer. Ain't yer
comin' up for it? If
yer don't want it, why,
stay where you are,
that's all!

Albert (to 'ENERY). I
knoo we 'adn't done
nothin'. An' I'm goin'
up to git that ap'ny, I
am.

'ENERY. So 'm I.

[They emerge, and as-
cend the steps—to
be pounced upon
immediately by the
ingenious SARAH.]

Sarah. 'Ap'ny, in-
deed! You won't git
no 'apence 'ere, I can
tell yer—so jest you
come along 'ome with
me!

[Exeunt ALBERT and

'ENERY, in captivity, as the Niggers enter the circle.]

Bones. We shall commence this afternoon by 'olding our Grand Annual Weekly Singing Competition, for the Discouragement of Youthful Talent. Now then, which is the little gal to step out first and git a medal? (The Children giggle, but remain seated.) Not one? Now I ask you—What is the use o' me comin' 'ere, throwin' away thousands and thousands of pounds on golden medals, if you won't take the trouble to stand up and sing for them? Oh, you'll make me so wild, I shall begin spittin' 'alf-sovereigns directly—I know I shall! (A little Girl in a sun-bonnet comes forward.) Ah, 'ere's a young lady who's bustin' with melody, I can see. Your name, my dear? Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the pleasure to announce that Miss CONNIE COCKLE will now appear. Don't curtsy till the Orchestra gives the chord. (Chord from the harmonium—the Child advances, and curtsies with much aplomb.) Oh, lor! call that a curtsy—that's a cramp, that is! Do it all over again! (The Child obeys, disconcerted.) That's worse! I can see the s'rimps blushin' for yer inside their paper bags! Now see Me do it. (Bones executes a caricature of a curtsy, which the little Girl copies with terrible fidelity.) That's ladylike—that's genteel. Now sing

out! (The Child sings the first verse of a popular Music-hall song, in a squeaky little voice.) Talk about nightingales! Come 'ere, and receive the reward for extinguished incapacity. On your knees! (The little Girl kneels before him while a tin medal is fastened upon her frock.) Rise, Sir CONNIE COCKLE! Oh, you lucky girl!

The Child returns, swelling with triumph, to her companions, several of whom come out, and go through the same performance, with more or less squeakiness and self-possession.

First Admiring Matron (in audience). I do like to see the children kep' out o' mischief like this, instead o' goin' paddling and messing about the sands!

Second Ad. Mat. Just what I say, my dear—they're amused and educated 'ow to beyave at the same time!

First Politician (with the "Standard"). No, but look here—when GLADSTONE was asked in the House whether he proposed to give the Dublin Parliament the control of the Police, what was his answer?

Why . . .

The Niggers (striking up chorus). "Rum-tumty-diddly-umpty-doodah dey! Rum-tumty-diddly-um," was all that he could say! And the Members and the Speaker joined together in the lay, Of "Rum-tumty-diddly-umty doodah-dey!"

Second Pol. (with the "Star"). Well, and what more would you have 'ad him say? Come, now!

Alf. (who has had quite enough ale at dinner—to his fiancée). These Niggers ain't up to much, Loo. Can't sing for nuts!

Charley (his friend—perfidiously). You 'd better go in and show 'em how, old man. Me and Miss SERGE 'll stay and see you take the shine out of 'em!

Alf. P'raps you think I can't. But, if I was to go upon the 'Alls now, I should make my fortune in no time! Loo's 'eard me when I've been in form, and she'll tell you—

Miss Serge. Well, I will say there's many a professional might learn a lesson from ALF—whether Mr. PERKINS believes it or not.

[Cuttingly, to "CHORLEY,"]

CHORLEY. Now reelly, Miss Loo, don't come

down on a feller like that. I want to see him do you credit, that's all, and he couldn't 'ave a better opportunity to distinguish himself—now could he?

Miss Serge. I'm not preventing him. But I don't know—these niggers keep themselves very select, and they might object to it.

Alf. I'll soon square them. You keep your eye on me, and I'll make things a bit livelier!

Miss Serge (admiringly). He has got a cheek, I must say! Look at him, dancing there along with those two Niggers—they don't hardly know what to make of him yet!

Charley. Do you notice how they keep kicking him beyind on the sly like? I wonder he puts up with it!

Miss S. He'll be even with them presently—you see if he isn't.

[ALF attempts to twirl a tambourine on his finger, and lets it fall; derision from audience; Bones pats him on the head, and takes the tambourine away—at which ALF only smiles feebly.]

Charley. It's a pity he gets so 'ot dancing, and he don't seem to keep in step with the others.

Miss S. (secretly disappointed). He isn't used to doing the double-shuffle on sand, that's all.



"Come to these legs!"

The Conductor. Bones, I observe we have a recent addition to our Company. Perhaps he'll favour us with a solo. (*Aside to Bones.*) 'Oo is he? 'Oo let him in 'ere—you?

Bones. I dunno. I thought you did. Ain't he stood nothing?

Conductor. Not a brass farden!

Bones (outraged). All right, you leave him to me. (*To ALF.*) Kin it be? That necktie! them familiar coat-buttons! that paper-dicky! You are—you are my long-lost Convick Son, 'ome from Portland! Come to these legs! (*He embraces ALF, and smothers him with kisses.*) Oh, you've been and rubbed off some of your cheek on my complexion—you dirty boy! (*He playfully "bashes" ALF's hat in.*) Now show the compny how pretty you can sing. (*ALF attempts a Music-hall ditty, in which he, not unnaturally, breaks down.*) It ain't my son's fault, Ladies and Gentlemen, it's all this little gal in front here, lookin' at him and makin' him shy! (*To a small Child, severely.*) You oughter know worse, you ought! (*Clumps of sea-weed and paper-balls are thrown at ALF, who by this time is looking deplorably warm and foolish.*) Oh, what a popular fav'rite he is to be sure!

Chorley (to Miss S.). Poor fellow, he ain't no match 'or those Niggers—not like he is now! Hadn't I better go to the rescue, Miss Loo?

Miss S. (pettishly). I'm sure I don't care what you do.

[*"CHORLEY" succeeds, after some persuasion, in removing the unfortunate ALF.*

ALF. (rejoining his fiancée with a grimy face, a smashed hat, and a pathetic attempt at a grin). Well? I done it, you see!

Miss S. (crushingly). Yes, you have done it! And the best thing you can do now, is to go home and wash your face. I don't care to be seen about with a laughing-stock, I can assure you! I've had my dignity lowered quite enough as it is!

ALF. But look 'ere, my dear girl, I can't leave you 'ere all by yourself, you know!

Miss S. I daresay Mr. PERKINS will take care of me.

[*Mr. P. assents, with effusion.*

ALF. (watching them move away—with bitterness). I wish all Niggers were put down by Act of Parliament, I do! Downright noosances—that's what they are!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ULYSSES has been travelling again, and the record of his journeyings is set forth in *The Modern Odyssey*, which CASSELL & Co. publish in one volume, with some charming illustrations in callotype.



Ulysses on Tour.

scenery in the Greater Britain that girdles the world. ULYSSES must have been much struck with the change since he first went a gipsying. But of that he discreetly says nothing.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

WE'VE GOT OUR LYNX EYE ON HIM!—In the *Times'* legal reports for Tuesday, July 26, 1892, Queen's Bench Division, Colonel FITZGEORGE sued 'a MR. ROLLS CALVERT LINK. MR. CANNOT defended LINK. But CANNOT Could Not do much for his client LINK, who did not appear. Evidently, "The Missing Link."

"COURT ON!"

THE "Triple Bill" still going strong at the Court. The *New Sub*, a smartly-written little One-Act Play, by SKYMOUR HICKS, notable for good performance all round, but especially for the rendering of *Mrs. Darlington*, by Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON, of *Major Ensor*, by BRANDON THOMAS, and of *Second-Lieutenant Darlington*, by Mr. ERNEST BERTHAM — uncommonly



Stephensonius, B.C. (date uncertain), qui Jacobum Fidelem scripsit. (From an old Bronze Medal.)

earnest BERTHAM. The Scene is in a Hut at Shorncliffe. Hutoetera. If *Lieutenant Crookendon's* catch-phrase about "a funny world" were repeated just about five times less frequently than it is, the piece, the part, and the public would be distinctly gainers.

At 9'10, appears *Faithful James*, represented by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH. It is a finished and quietly droll performance. The author, Mr. B. C. STEPHENSON ("B.C.") makes him quite a classic—date uncertain, so his plot may have been done in collaboration with PLAUTUS or TERENCE) has reproduced from the French a neatly-constructed One-Act piece, in which are all the possibilities of a Three-Act Criterion or Palais Royal Farical Comedy. So rapid is the action, all over in about forty-five minutes, and so much to the point of the plot is the dialogue, that an inattentive auditor would soon lose the thread of the argument, never to pick it up again anywhere. Miss ELLALINE TERRIS is just that very *Mrs. Duncan*. BRANDON THOMAS is a breezy, brusque, and Admirable Admiral;



Faithful James, as originally seen on the wall's of Winchester College.

and Mr. DRAYCOTT a hearty husband, very much in love with his pretty little wife. Mr. LITTLE makes much, perhaps almost a Little too much, of his small but essentially important part,—they are all important parts,—and of Miss SYBIL GREY can be said "Nous savons Gré à Mlle. Sybil." Mr. SIDNEY WARDEN'S Character Sketch of the young and rather raw German Waiter, is excellent; the Waiter being "raw," is not overdone. Not a dull second in the farce. Will our B.C. Author give us some of his adaptations from PLAUTUS, TERENCE (some good old Irish plots of course, in the writings of this author), and a few other ancients with whom he was, it is most probable, personally and intimately acquainted. To think that the *Wandering Jew*, who can only sign himself "A.D.," is "not in it" in point of time with our STEPHENSON "B.C."!

After this comes the *Pantomime Rehearsal*, which everybody should see, and which nearly everybody must have seen by this time. Success to the Triple Bill, which, in the political world, might mean Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and WILLIAM GLADSTONE, the latter WILLIAM "counting two on a division."

EXACT.—"He is something in the Church," said Mrs. R., trying to describe the social position of a clerical friend of hers. "I forget what it is, but it's a something like 'Dromedary'; only, you needn't smile, of course I know it couldn't be that, as a Dromedary has two humps on his back. Or, stop!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "am I confusing him with a Minor Camel?"



WELL MEANT, BUT AWKWARDLY PUT.

"SO GLAD YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ME, DEAR LORD VARICOSE; I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULD, AFTER SO MANY YEARS!"
 "OH, NO, MISS EVERGREEN; I NEVER FORGET OLD FACES!"

WOT CHER!

OR, KNOCKED 'EM IN THE WEST-MIN-IS-TER ROAD.

(With Mr. Punch's respectful apologies to the Great Coster Laureate, Mr. Albert Chevalier.)

Coster Bill sings:—

LAST week down our way there come a chap,
 Sort o' "Sausage." Lots o' go and snap.
 Twigs my Missus, and takes orf 'is cap,
 In a (German) gentlemanly way.
 "Ma'am," says 'e, "I've appy news to tell.
 Sol, of 'Atfield (rich old Tory Swell),
 Snuffed it recent, to 'is sort a sell,
 Leaving you this little Donkey Shay."

Chorus.

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried,
 "Who're yer goin' to meet, BILL?"
 "Ave yer bought the street, BILL?"
 Laugh!! I thought I should 'ave died.
 Knock'd 'em in the West-min-is-ter Road!

Some says nasty things about the moke,
 "Won't got fur afore 'is back is broke!"
 That's all envy, cos we're kerridge folk,
 Like the Tory Toffs wot 'ave to go!
 Straight! it woke the Tories up a bit,
 Thought BRUM JOE would go and 'ave a fit,
 When my Missus, who 'as Irish wit,
 Sez "I 'ate Brum Brooms* becoss they're low!"

Chorus.

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried,
 "Who're yer goin' to meet, BILL?"
 "Ave yer bought the street, BILL?"
 * The Hibernian lady doubtless means
 "Broughams."

Missus, she the Shamrock waved with pride.
 Knock'd 'em in the West-min-is-ter Road!

Some sez werry soon the moke 'll stop;
 Not hup to our weight, but bound ter drop.
 No use whackin' 'im with pole or prop,
 'Cos the warmint wasn't made to go.
 Well, it ain't hexact a four-in-'and;
 But me and the Missus hunderstand,
 If we drive together we shall "land,"
 Wich to Tory toffs 'll be a blow.

Chorus.

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried.
 "Who're yer goin' to meet, BILL?"
 "Ave yer bought the street, BILL?"
 Win? You bet! with BIDDY by my side.
 Knock'd in the West-min-is-ter Road!

Wait till arter August four or five!
 Me and Missus, we will take a drive.
 Toffs say, "Wonderful they're still alive!"
 You shall see that little Donkey go!
 I'll soon show 'em wot we mean to do;
 Just wot my old Missus wants me to;
 And in spite of all that rowdy crew,
 'Ollerin' "Woa! Steady! Neddy, woa!"

Chorus.

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried.
 "Who're yer goin' to meet, BILL?"
 "Ave yer bought the street, BILL?"
 Laugh? We'll make 'em laugh on 'tother side.
 And knock 'em in the West-min-is-ter Road!

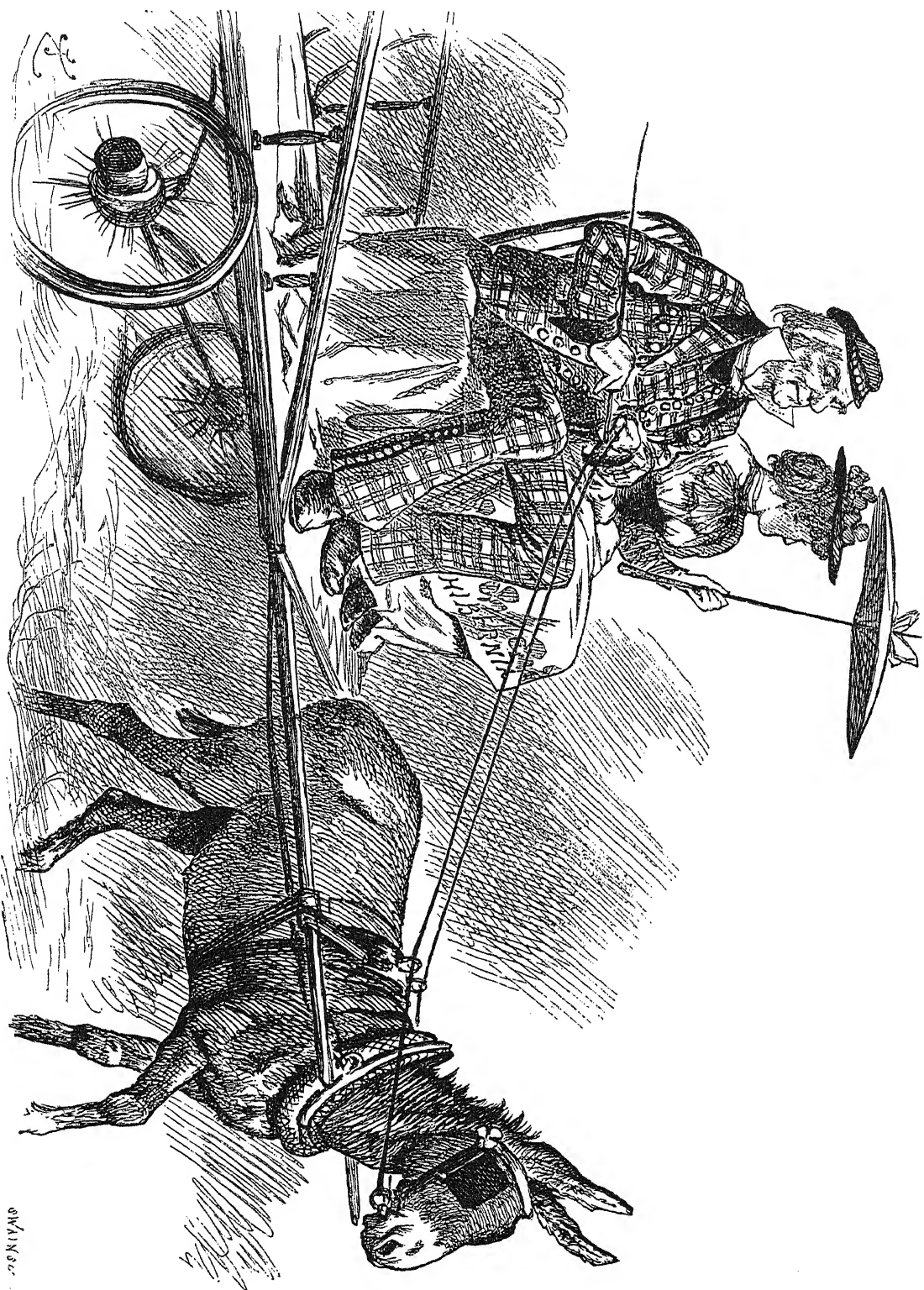
VOLUNTEER VITTIICISM. — Definition of
 "Marksmen"—Writers on the *Financial News*.

ALONE IN LONDON!

I FOUND her crouching in the lonely street;
 Scarce six years' old she was: Her little feet
 Were worn with endless pacing, up and down,
 And round and round the cruel thoughtless town.
 Her limbs were shrunk, and in her large round eyes
 The light of coming madness seemed to rise.
 No word she spoke, but sat, a prey to scorn,
 Forsaken, friendless, feeble and forlorn.

And, as I pondered on her sorry tale,
 One weird, unearthly, melancholy wail,
 Broke from her lips:—a cry of agony,
 Of hopeless, mad, despairing misery:
 Then grim starvation on her little head
 Laid his cold fingers, and she fell back dead!

I raised her tenderly with pitying arms,
 And in a garden, far from Life's alarms,
 I buried her, and left her all alone,
 And wrote this epitaph upon the stone:—
 "Peace to her ashes, but not peace to those,
 Her erewhile friends, the cause of all her woes,
 Who fondled and caressed her for a space,
 Who loved to stroke her soft, confiding face,
 Who gave her food and shelter from her birth,
 Who joined in all her harmless youthful mirth;
 But, when they went for holidays to roam,
 Shut-to the door of what had been her home,
 And thoughtless left to die upon the mat,
 Their faithful but forgotten Tabby-cat."



“KNOCKED ‘EM IN THE WEST-MIN-IS-TER ROAD.”

“WHO’RE YER GOIN’ TO MEET, BILL?
’AVE YER BOUGHT THE STREET, BILL?”



A SATISFACTORY PATIENT.

Family Doctor. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, AND HOW ARE YOU THIS MORNING?"
Young Hopeful. "OH, NURSEY SAYS I'M EVER SO MUCH NORMALLER TO-DAY!"

Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke.

BORN, 1811. DIED, JULY 27, 1892.

GREAT fighter of lost causes, gone at last!
 A meteoric course, by shade o'ercast
 Long ere its close, was thine. A star that slips
 At brightest into shadow of eclipse,
 Leaves watchers waiting for its flaming forth
 In a renewed refulgence. Wit and worth,
 Satire and sense, courage and judgment keen,
 Were thine. What flaw of weakness or of spleen,
 What lack of patience or persistence, doomed
 Thee to too early darkness? Seldom bloomed
 So sudden-swift a flower of fame as thine,
 When BRIGHT and GLADSTONE led the serried line
 Of resolute reformers to the attack,
 And dauntless DIZZY strove to bear them back.
 Then rose "White-headed BOB," and foined and smote,
 Setting his slashing steel against the throat
 Of his old friends, and wrung from them applause.
 The champion was valiant, though the cause
 Was doomed to failure, and betrayal. Yes!
 The subtle Chief thus aided in the press
 By an ally so stalwart, turned and rent
 The flag he fought for, and the valour spent
 In its defence by thee, was wasted all.
 Yet 'twas a sight when, back against the wall,
 White-headed BOB would wield that flashing blade,
 That BRIGHT scarce parried, and that GLADSTONE stayed
 Only with utmost effort.

Yes, 'twill live
 In record, that fierce fight, and radiance give
 Through Time's dense mist, when lesser stars grow dim,
 And though the untimely ermine silenced him,
 The clear and caustic critic, though no more,
 That rhetoric, like the Greek's, now "fulminated o'er"
 Democracy's low flats, but silent sank
 In those dull precincts dedicate to Rank;
 Still its remembered echoes shall resound,
 For he with honour, if not love, was crowned,
 Whom those he served, and "slated," like to know,
 Less as LORD SHERBROOKE than as "BOBBY LOWE."

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.

"The Yacht," Jersey.

You will see *par mon adresse* that I am *encore une fois* on my travels! At present, in fact, the Channel Islands "claim me for their own," as Lord Marmion says in BULWER LYTTON. *Pardonnez-moi*, if I occasionally lapse into French, for *vraiment il y a* such a mixture of tongues that we might almost rename them the Babel Islands—even my noted Parisian accent is scarcely understood. *C'est étonnant!* and were it not for EULALIE, I should *quelquefois* be in a fix *agaçant*.

I told you in my last letter that I should be unable to brighten Goodwood with the sunshine of my smile. But what is Goodwood compared to racing at Jersey? Indeed, it was unfortunate for Goodwood that the meetings clashed, and it should be avoided in future.

It has been blowing hard for some few days, and we had rather a rough passage, and though the yacht was not a wreck, I was I am afraid, in spite of the compliment paid me by Mr. SPOOPENDYKE K. SIDNEY, the well-known American Four Millionaire, who said he thought me "a real smart sailor!"—and he was very near the truth, too, for the salt water got in my eyes and they *did* smart; but I resolutely declined to go "below," and hung on to "the shrouds," I think they called them—a most unpleasantly suggestive name, when you are dreading a watery grave every moment. However, we got to our "moorings" at last (as *Othello* would call them), and having chartered the inevitable "sharry-bang" started for the course.

By the way, *en passant* (I have not dropped into French for a long time), what a strange thing it is, that the moment you land at one of these islands you are immediately advised to proceed to another.

I was told at Guernsey that I must on no account miss seeing "Sark," so I didn't—but was careful to observe it from a distance—for really, in these days of eruptions one doesn't know what might happen on such a volcanic-looking island!—and besides, I *always* carry a pocket "Ætna" in my dressing-bag, so that I can have a flare-up whenever I like. But let me see, where was I? Oh, yes! sharry-banging out to the races at Jersey. Well, really now, judging from some of the lovely toilettes worn by the Jersey "Daughters of Eve" (an old-established journalistic expression, and to my mind, most idiotic and insulting—we are *not* all tempting!)—they are in front of a good many of their Main-land sisters!—and the Hospitality—

(always a capital H, I believe)—shown by the 1st South Lancashire Regiment is not to be beaten anywhere! The Lawn was well patronised, and the enthusiasm was tremendous—seven events—all over two miles, and two over hurdles, where one came down! What more could you want—together with a glorious day, "and all the fun for the Fair!"

The great event of the day was "Her Majesty's Cup," for three years' old and upwards—(one went *downwards*)—and it was won, for the —th time in succession by *Jersey Lily* (I won't tell the exact number of times, as it is rude to hint at a lady's age)—amid a scene of excitement almost as big as the Eclipse at Sandown!—she was "followed home"—(racing expression—patented)—by *Lady West-hill* and *Lady Steephill*—so you see we were quite among the *haut-ton*—though some of us had never heard of these aristocratic thorough-breds before!

And so the Jersey Goodwood is once more over!—and we have again from the springy turf of the Solent—(a most insecure footing)—caught in the flush of the sunlight the gleaming white sails of the vessels on the Goodwood Downs!—(this *may* sound a little wrong—but I prefer it to using a more stereotyped and matter-of-fact description).

As to the racing of next week—I have not the faintest idea *where* it is, *what* it is, or *why* it is!—but such trifles do not disturb me, and I will proceed to my usual prophetic utterance on the event of the week!

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

THE BANK HOLIDAY STAKES SELECTION.

In the sweet month of August no longer I choose,

By the river or seaside to tarry!

Preferring, in depths of the country to lose

All chance of encounter with "ARRY!"

"MINIME!"—The other day the SPEAKER admitted that he couldn't remember the Latin for "Yes." What a lot of time, trouble, and money our own countrymen would be spared could they only occasionally forget that there is such a word as "Yes" in English! How many marriages, which have ended in misery, would never have come off but for this mischievous monosyllable! But to continue this is to be Hamletising, and to consider too curiously. For the SPEAKER to own it, stamps him as the genuine article, a Candid PEEL.



TROP DE ZÈLE.

Clerical Customer. "I WANT TO BUY A NICE DIAMOND BROOCH FOR MY BETTER HALF."
Over anxious Shopkeeper. "CERTAINLY, SIR. WE HAVE JUST THE VERY THING. WE CAN ACCOMMODATE YOU ALSO FOR YOUR OTHER HALF, IF YOU WISH."
[They did not trade.]

THE WAIL OF A PESSIMIST POET.

O LIFT me out of this weary world,
 And put me on a tree,
 For life is all noughts
 And crosses, or thoughts
 That are busy for brawl and spree!
 For where is the man would strike the lyre,
 Or spurn with his foot the thief,
 Or melt all day,
 In a Midsummer way,
 At the sight of repentant grief?
 No! Lift me up to a leafy bough,
 Where my feet may play in the breeze,
 If my hot head there
 Still singe my hair,
 My heels may be ready to freeze!

MINOR MISERIES.

No. II.—THE WINGED HAT.

My hat, my hat—away it flew— [strong—
 The Strand was damp, the wind blew
 My tall silk hat, so bright and new;
 Ye Bishops, tell me was it wrong
 That, in that moment's agony,
 My language, like my hat, flew free?
 Away in swift pursuit I dashed,
 The hat went scudding fast before;
 By Busmen mocked, by Hansoms splashed,
 The more I ran, it flew the more.
 While boys screeched forth, in chorus vile,
 "I'll lay the toff don't catch 'is tile."
 On, on—at last it seemed to tire
 Of pavements and pursuing feet.

It soared, then settled in the mire,
 Full in the middle of the street,
 A mud-stained, shattered relic—not
 The bright new hat I bought from Scott.

Now was my time; I rushed—but no—
 Fate ever mocks an ardent man,
 Even as I rushed, unwieldy, slow,
 Bore down a ponderous Pickford-Van,
 And under two broad wheels crushed flat
 My loved but suicidal hat.

Have hats got souls, and can they hate?
 Are street-boys higher than the brute?
 Avails it to discuss of fate,
 Free-will, fore-knowledge absolute?
 Nay, why of all created things
 Should new silk hats be made with wings?

I know not. Wherefore, oh ye powers,
 Speed me to some deserted land,
 Where blow no winds and fall no showers,
 Far from the street-boys and the Strand.
 There all unfriended let me dwell,
 A hatless hermit in a cell.

THE CYCLE-RIDING DUSTMAN.

A VERY NEW SONG TO A VERY OLD TUNE.

AIR—"The Literary Dustman."

[“A resolution on the Agenda of the Greenwich Board of Works runs as follows:—‘That, in order to enable the foreman of the dustmen in the Parish of St. Paul, Deptford, to get about that parish with more expedition, and so superintend the work of the men under his control to greater advantage than is now possible, a tricycle be obtained for his use, at a cost not exceeding £21 1s. 6d.’”
Daily Chronicle.]

BUMBLE will ope his eyes, egad,
 In hutter consternation.
 He'd think as soon of a park-prad
 For covies in my station.
 Our Board o' Works knows wot is wot,
 And has a feller-feeling.
 About the parish must I trot?
 No, hang it! I'll go Wheeling!

Chorus.

Out o' the road! The highway clear!
 OSMOND's the Cyclist's fust man,
 And I, by co-in-side-ance clear,
 Am the fust Cycling Dustman!
 The happy foreman Dustman!
 The Cycle-riding Dustman!
 Yes, by a co-in-side-ance queer,
 I'm the fust Cycling Dustman!

Old fogies to the papers write,
 Grumbling about their dust, Sirs.
 They says we're scarce and imperlite,
 Unless we're well tipped fust, Sirs.
 When I wheels round on my machine,
 Like ZIMMERMAN on hisn,
 If we don't keep their dustbins clean,
 Wy, pop me into prison!

Chorus

Their refuse-pails we'll promptly clear,
 When on the wheels I'm fust man,
 And even sour old maids shall cheer
 The Cycle-riding Dustman! &c.

Cycles for Dust-hos! Arter that,
 It's Hosborne to my hattie
 That Dusty Bob of the flap 'at
 Will turn haristocratic.
 BUMBLE, old buck, I cannot tell
 'Ow bloomin' proud I feel, man
 Old Shanks's mare I once knew well,
 But now I'm turned swell Wheelman.

Chorus.

Good Greenwich Board o' Works! Hurroo!
 Elated? Ain't I jost, man!
 Show the Big D! 'Twill bring to you
 The Cycle-riding Dustman! &c.



SOME UPS AND DOWNS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.



"BUMBLE BARNARDO; OR, THE BUZZY B."

"I feel almost compelled to concur in the widely-known dictum of the redoubtable Mr. Bumble."—Extract from Letter of Dr. Barnardo to the "Times."

JUST LIKE JUSTICE.

(Notes on the Next Case.)

Commencement of the Case.—I am an enthusiast, and I am jotting down on this sheet of paper the story of my last exploit. A few days since I saw a dear little fellow in long clothes deserted by its mother, and took quite an interest in it. The next I hear of the sweet little boy is that he had been caught up by Dr. MARCELLUS and carried to his Home! Shall I permit this? No, from the view I had of the mother before she deserted the little lad (who, by the way, was called PITT WELLINGTON, after two statesmen recently deceased), I imagine she must have been a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion. PITT WELLINGTON shall be brought up as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion. (Signed) MARY HEAVISIDES, Spinster and Landowner.

Written Seven Years later.—I have found this document amongst the late Miss HEAVISIDES' papers. It is common knowledge that she took proceedings against Dr. MARCELLUS to produce PITT WELLINGTON. At the time of her death she had not succeeded. However, there is a fair sum mentioned in her will to carry her point. I drew the document myself at her dictation, and made it safe for the profession. There ought to be some nice pickings before "it is all over but the shouting," as my ancient client, the late Lord DASHOVER, used to observe. (Signed) RICHARD ROE, Solicitor to the late Miss MARY HEAVISIDES.

Added Four Years after.—This case of PITT WELLINGTON and Dr. MARCELLUS is a troublesome matter; however, as trustee under the will I suppose I have no option, at least that is the opinion of Mr. RICHARD ROE. We are seeking to get Dr. MARCELLUS before the Court. After delays from various reasons the matter is now practically settled. Is PITT WELLINGTON to be brought up as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion, or is he not? Well, we shall know soon. (Signed) JAMES BROWN, Trustee and Executor under the Will of Miss MARY HEAVISIDES.

Added Five Years' later.—A great joke. Just found this paper in poor old Uncle Jim's strong box. How that case about PITT WELLINGTON did worry him! Five years ago, and still at the first stage! Nothing much could be done as Dr. MARCELLUS had taken PITT WELLINGTON out of the country. (Signed) TOM BOY, Nephew to the late JAMES BROWN.

Added Two Years' later.—This paper commenced seriously and treated with levity by the last writer has fallen into our hands. As we find the note of one of our partners we add to it. The case of *Brown v. Marcellus* is still before the Court. The second Judge had to have the whole matter explained to him anew. It is a pity that there is not a law forcing occupants of the Bench to hear their own cases before they are allowed to retire. But that is beside the question. As to *Brown v. Marcellus*, we got the defendant before the Court and Mr. Justice ROBINSON has issued a writ of *habeas corpus*. We shall now have PITT WELLINGTON before us to see if he should be made a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion or not. By the way, as these proceedings were commenced some years ago, he must be becoming a fine boy by now! (Signed) JOHN DOE, Junior Partner of the firm of ROE, SONS, DOE, TOMPKINS and DOE.

Written after Another Year.—Strange to find this paper full of notes. Well I may as well continue them, and put them back in the bundle from which I have taken them out. The bundle will tell its own story. It is full of summonses, copies of affidavits, draft instructions, and I know not what. It came out of the box marked *Brown v. Marcellus*. That's been a nice case. Fifteen years of it, and we are still waiting our turn in the list of the Court of Appeal. Not that we haven't been there before. Oh yes; we argued whether we had any right to take the matter before them. Strong Bar. Two Law Officers of the Crown on one side, and the Ex-Attorney and the Ex-Solicitor on the other. By the way, how the infant must be getting on! He must have taken to moustaches and a beard by this time! (Signed) BOBBY BINKS, Clerk to Messrs. ROE, SONS, DOE, TOMPKINS, DOE, SONS and MARVEL.

Written a Year later.—This is really a most interesting find. So the cause of *Brown v. Marcellus* was commenced many many years ago! I know it had the reputation of being pretty ancient, but had no idea it was so old. Fancy, that I should write on the same page under the signature of my grandfather? Well, old Dr. MARCELLUS stood to his guns, and declared that we had no right to move in the

matter at all. We were only our matter. Then we ran right into the House of Commons, and there, ever, BROWN'S heir in Chancery. Just at the twentieth year. The (Signed) LUTHER, of the City of London, TOMPKINS, DOE AND

Written after another Period.—The only memorial of what has been done. Our firm seems to have wisely kept the action open by paying the term-fee. As our respected heir has for a long time not in very large practice, I am not surprised we are required to continue the action. Of course, the son of our client, a barrister, is to be brief. Well, I dare say we shall be able to do something. Have perhaps quite a pleasant time of it. At any rate, we have made a move by taking out a summons before the Chief Clerk. (Signed) JAMES TOMPKINS, Surviving Partner of Messrs. ROE & Co.

Written Three Years after the last Entry.—I am very glad I insisted upon looking through the papers when I accepted the brief in *Brown v. Marcellus*. This paper is fairly accurate, save that it describes me as "a Barrister not in very large practice." That is a misstatement. I have been called only ten years, and yet last term I made enough to pay for my share of our Chambers and half the salary of our Clerk in common. Not in large practice, indeed! But to return to *Brown v. Marcellus*. We have done splendidly. We have been before the Courts, and taken it again up to the Lords. The contention I have held for the last three years is at last said to be correct. We have a right to the body of PITT WELLINGTON, and when we have brought that body before the Court, the Court will order it to be educated as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion. I consider the establishment of this point a great forensic victory. (Signed) ARTHUR BRIEFLESS, Barrister-at-Law.

Written Six Years later.—After five years' diligent search, we have discovered the whereabouts of Mr. PITT WELLINGTON, according to the instructions furnished us by Messrs. ROE, NEPHEWS, TOMPKINS and BACKGAMMON. We regret, however, to say that it will be impossible to carry out the instructions of the Court to produce him, that he might be brought up as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion (a sect, we fancy, that disappeared some twenty years ago), as the alleged infant, the object of our search, died at the advanced age of ninety-two during the past summer. We add this memorandum to this paper, as the document seems to have reference to the matter we have in hand, and which now must ever be an incomplete suit. (Signed) HAND AND GLOVE. Private Inquiry Agents.



An Incomplete Suit.

Final Endorsement.—Messrs. DIGGEE AND DELVE having had the honour to be commanded to make the necessary arrangements for the obsequies of the late Mr. PITT WELLINGTON, beg to say (on this memorandum) that they have not been fortunate enough to carry out the transaction to their entire satisfaction. Messrs. D. AND D. were able to ascertain the funeral rites of the Reformed Revivalists of the New Connexion (very poor and inexpensive rites), but have found out that the late Mr. PITT WELLINGTON himself placed a difficulty in their path. Messrs. D. AND D. have ascertained with regret that the late Mr. PITT WELLINGTON has been cremated, having died a Buddhist.

ADVICE GRATIS.—STARTING IN TRADE. (To "FRUGALITY.")—You say that you have opened a "general shop" for the sale, among other things, of milk, paraffin oil, tobacco, sweetmeats, and fried fish, and you ask whether it will be necessary to take out any kind of licence, and if so, what?—Surely you are joking. If so, a game-licence might suit you; or why not try the Examiner of Plays? If you are serious, it seems to us no further licence is needed; you have taken enough already.

"LES DEUX CHARLIES," i.e. the Common Serjeant (resigned) and the Recorder. The one is "Not there at all" and the other is "HALL there." (N.B.—Mem. to the Recorder, this is "a Short Sentence.")

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Yacht "Ibez," Weymouth.

ONCE again "my foot is on my native heath."—(I don't know where this quotation comes from, but presume the author of it had lost a leg, or he would have placed his *feet* there—or else he must have had one leg shorter than the other, and so *couldn't* put both down at once!)—and heartily glad I am to be there—we had a most alarming passage from Jersey, and I thought every moment would be my last—(for a time)—but I was cheered and stimulated to endurance by the noble example of my friend and fellow-passenger The MACDOUGAL—Chief of the Clan—who was obtrusively well up to lunch-time!—but I had my revenge then, for he was unable to face the dish of Haggis that I am given to understand every right-minded Scotchman thinks it his duty to eat at least once a day.

However, "I pulled through all right," as Lord ARTHUR would say, and was so delighted with my sailor-like indifference to the "rolling-sea," that I adopted a rolling-walk on landing, which was most impressive, to judge from the staring of the inhabitants of Weymouth!—(I may confess to *you* that I couldn't help myself; everything was going up and down and sideways, for *hours* after I landed, and I really think the sea ought to be done away with, or flattened out by some means!—there's a fortune for the man who invents the machine which will do it!) I should prefer it done away with myself, as then there would be no mackerel-fishing!

I have no personal animosity against the humble but lovely-looking mackerel; but I was weak enough to accept an invitation to go fishing for them, and you may imagine my horror at being "roused out,"—(yachting expression, *very* significant)—at *three* in the morning to go and capture them!—or at least to *try*—for as a matter of fact, we didn't get a single one—and my temper was "roused out" before we'd finished, for no well-conducted woman cares to be balked in her efforts to "hook a big fish,"—and all I could catch were a few small "Pollock" and "Pout." By the way, who on earth christens the fish, I wonder?—and why on earth—or rather in sea—are there so many varieties which you must either remember or submit to have your ignorance jeered at by the practised fisherman, who has probably acquired his information concerning them only the day before?

The English "Bay of Naples" is a wonderful place, and its resemblance to its Italian prototype is admirably sustained through the liberality of the Local Board in encouraging the importation of Italian penny-ice men! I really think this wholesale importation of foreigners is being carried to excess, and has already created a feeling that England is no place for the English! And then the concerts you can hear for nothing!—that is, if you harden your heart when the man comes round with the tin pail!—everyone has a spade or a pail at the seaside—all the latest London successes, from TOSTI to "Tu-ra-ra," accompanied by a strong contingent of the Salvation Army Brass Band!—and there is a lot of "brass" about the Army still unaccounted for! What an enervating part of the world this is! One quite realises what "lotus-eating" means, even though there are no lotuses about!—(I wonder if that's the correct plural?—or is it "*Loti*"? which looks like French, only wants "PIERRE" as Christian name. Or if additional "*t*" introduced, it would be "*Lotti*," suggestive of COLLINS' Ode to *Boom*, &c.; but I am wandering)—and it requires enormous energy to do anything more than loll about and bathe; even on the Island of Portland, where the air is rather more invigorating, I am told there are numbers of people who express a strong disinclination to perform any hard labour whatever, in spite of the fact of a short residence there having been recommended as calculated to improve their general "tone"! I only wish the aforesaid Salvation Army Band would go there on a lengthy visit, as its "tone" leaves much to be desired at present.

I hear that the Brighton Meeting was a great success both in weather and racing; and the present "Horse of the Century," *Buccaneer*, fully maintained his reputation, winning his race in what they call "gallant style," and beating *Lady Rosebery*—not, perhaps, a gallant thing to do, but *Buccaneers* have always been notoriously rough to the sex!

I am afraid thousands of my readers must be getting impatient

for more of my excellent prophecies, but I really cannot run the risk of ruining my health by reading the papers when in the country; and, as patience is an admirable virtue, I feel I am doing my duty in encouraging it as much as possible. So, for yet another cycle of time (poetic, and usefully vague), I am,

Yours, in idleness, LADY GAY.

ODE TO BUCCANEER.

SING hey for the life of a Convict	Sing hey for his peaceful days
Bold!	when old,
Sing ho for his healthy life!	Secluded from care and strife!

THE DIARY OF AN EXPLORER À LA RUSSE.

Introduction.—Delighted to have the opportunity of exploring the Ironice Mountains. Hearing they abound with frozen mud which would be most useful if it could be removed to the plains below without melting. The watercress plant too might be grown on the summit, if it is practicable to take up orchid-forcing houses. Ought to get the Gold Medal of the Geographical Society if I open out this region that will be fraught with such blessings to commerce. So far as I can judge, it will only be necessary to take twenty batteries of Artillery, a dozen squadrons of Cavalry, and (say) sixteen battalions of Infantry. And I think we might as well take a Naturalist.

A little Later.—Made a good start. Appointed Professor POPOFF to be our Naturalist. He is a little out of practice, but passed the preliminary examination very satisfactorily. Only made one trifling mistake. Said that tea-roses belonged to the cactus family. Fancy they don't, but am not sure. The suggestion that cucumbers were dug out of the ground like potatoes, was only an error of judgment. Anyone might have made it. But although rusty in his science, he is well up in machine-gun drill. He will suit the expedition to a nicety. Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry in first-rate condition.

Later still.—Made our first important scientific discovery to-day. Find that you can't grow broad beans on the soil at the base of the Ironice Mountains. At least you may plant them, but they won't grow to any size within the space of half-a-dozen hours. Tried the experiment. To clear the necessary space of ground, had to remove the natives. Did this in gallant style with the assistance of all branches of the Service. The Professor rendered valuable support with his Gatling. Hadn't time to bury the killed, but said some kind things, when bidding them adieu, to the wounded.

Further on.—Most anxious to discover whether canaries sing half-way up the Ironice Mountains. Had some little trouble in establishing a footing on the plateau. After eight hours' hard fighting got

to the required spot. The natives seem to have no respect for scientific research. Had to remove them in the usual fashion. The Cavalry had to abandon their horses, but the dismounted men were most useful in burning villages. The Professor continued to carry up his Gatling, and used it with the customary result. When we got to the plateau, disappointed to find no canaries. So we could not ascertain whether they would sing at that altitude. However, when we have completed the proposed railway, it will be quite easy to bring up a few of those charming birds, and continue the interesting experiment.

Later.—After six weeks' hard fighting, have at last got to the summit. Cleared the place of the natives according to the recognised scientific formula. The Infantry had to use their bayonets freely. The Professor again well to the front with his Gatling. He is a wonderful man, and seems to have been accustomed to it all his life. It is almost a pity that he should be so devoted to science. He would have made a first-rate soldier.

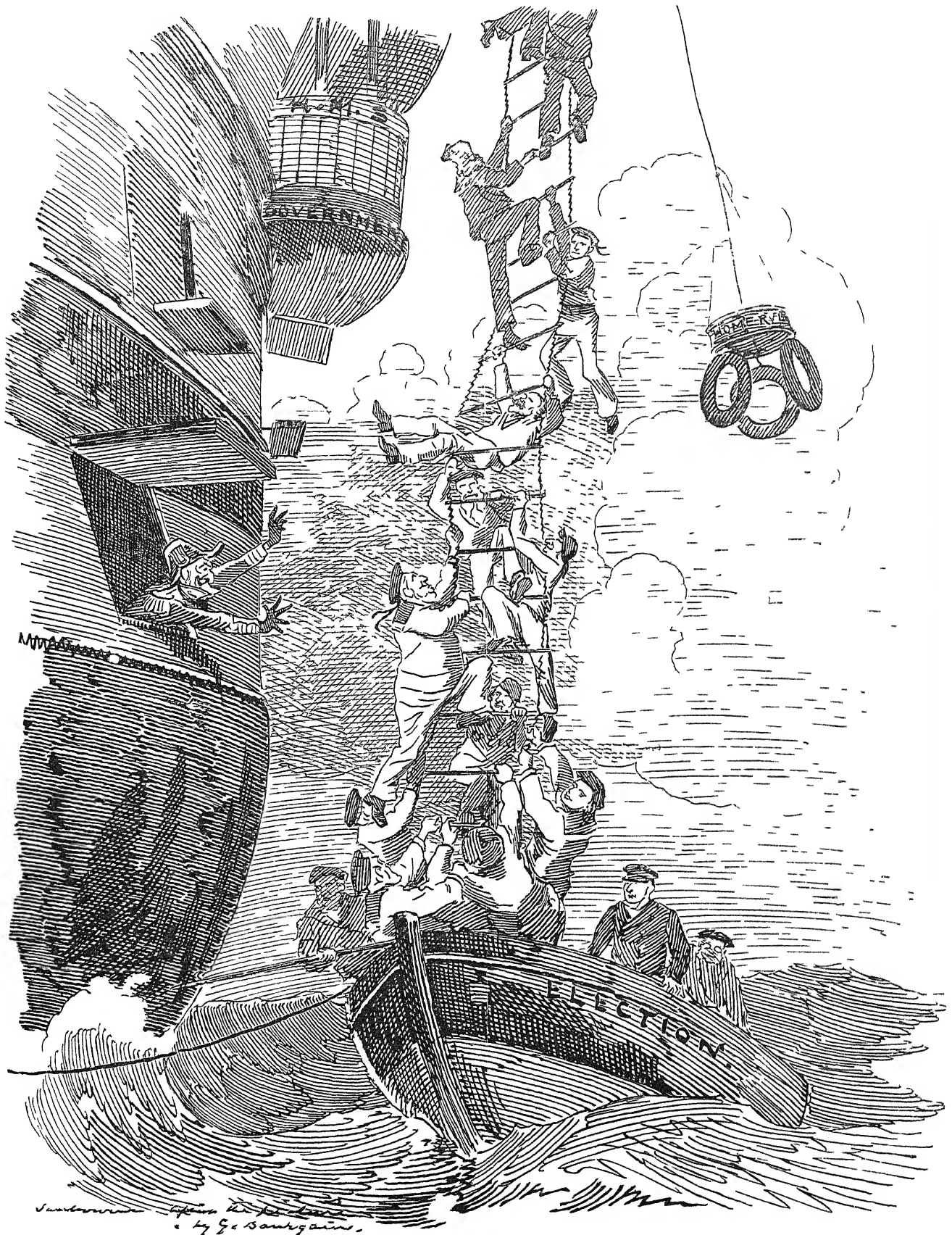
Nearly the Latest.—Sorry that our expedition has not been entirely successful. I am very much afraid that it will be impossible to grow watercresses at this altitude, even with the genial aid of orchid-forcing houses. I do not see how we could get up the necessary materials to the summit, although assisted by proposed railway. Still, when the line is constructed, we might make the attempt. But from a commercial point of view, I do not believe that the experiment would repay the cost.

Sequel.—Delighted to find that our scientific expedition has one result. I have consulted the Professor, and we are both of the opinion, that from the summit of the Ironice Mountains it is possible to get a splendid bird's-eye view of India.



A SYMPATHISER.

MASTER TOMMY NEVER MISSES THE AMERICAN NEWS NOW, AS HE IS MUCH INTERESTED IN THE CASE OF PRIVATE JAMS!! (Vide Daily Papers.)



GOING ON BOARD.

FORTE SCUTUM SALUS DUCUM

IN St. SWITHIN's forty days
Comes the end of voting-frays,
Forty extra then arrays
Mr. G.

He had hoped for many more,
But he cannot even score
Forty-four, that fought he for—
Mr. G.

Fortified with fortitude,
Rule your motley multitude,
And so earn our gratitude
Mr. G.!

Oh majority, you know
"Gently does it," therefore go
Quite *puno*, Forty—show
Mr. G.

Though his forty is not fat,
It is fair at least, so that
JOHN shall not be taxed for PAT,
Mr. G.

Spare him income tax that grieves,
Lest he think that he perceives
ALI BABA's Forty—
Mr. G.!

WALKER!—Mr. TOOLE is going into the country, and Mr. GARDEN is to take his place. This sounds like a seasonable change, as Londoners who cannot get away to a Garden, will now have a GARDEN coming to them.

"NO FEES."

(*In re Payne v. 'Lrry Hawthor Jones*)

ALAS, poor JONES, how sad your fate!
The Law's stern coldness comes to freeze
Your burning wish to captivate
With words you know will always please—
"No fees!"

When "bang goes saxeence" for a page
Of poorest paper, where one sees
More puffs than programme, then your rage
Seems right. One cries, "At least for
these No fees!"

If Dr. BRAMWELL,* who they say
Cures psychological disease,
Had known he would have willed away
Your PAYNE, like tooth-ache—he would
seize "No fees!"

You've lost the case, and now, "that's flat,"†
Must pay those eminent Q C's
Your Bill of Costs! No Play-bill that!
You will not find the Law decrees
"No fees."

* Mentioned in *Times* Leading Article, Aug 3

† "That's flat" HENRY (AUTHOR SHAKESPEARE) IV, Part I, Act I, Scene 3.

A TRIO.—Congratulations to SIR WILLIAM CUSINS, who from his known admiration for WAGNER, is generally known as "Cusins German." He was a "King's Scholar," and KING, whoever he was, must have found him a remarkably apt pupil. He has composed a Comic Opera called *Giddy 'Un*. The next Knight is JOSEPH BARNBY, a name suggestive of pure rustic music. The last of the Knights, Sir WALTER PARRATT, has chosen as his device the ancient legend always associated with the head of the PARRATT family, *i.e.*, "Scratch a Poll." This dates from very ancient times, and was an inscription found in a temple of Apollo.

OMINOUS.—Unfortunate name for a piece is *Cigarette*. So suggestive of "paper," and of "ending in smoke." *Abst omen!*



STUDIES IN IDIOCY.

She. "MRS. MOFFAT'S THE ODDEST WOMAN! SHE'S FOND OF MEETING CLEVER PEOPLE, YOU KNOW, AND SHE NEVER OPENS HER LIPS, BUT LISTENS TO EVERY WORD THEY SAY, AND PUTS IT ALL DOWN IN A DIARY AFTER!"

He. "HAW—BY JOVE! SHALL TAKE PRECIOUS GOOD CARE WHAT I SAY BEFORE HER!"

AIDS TO LARCENY.—(*By an "Outside Croaker."*)—I find that since I started off shopping this morning, I have lost my purse, my handkerchief, the keys of all my boxes and drawers, a silver-mounted scent-bottle, my season-ticket, and a pocket-book containing priceless materials for the plot of a three-volumed novel. This comes of riding on the outside of an omnibus with garden-seats.—Conductor, the gentlemanly person who sat just behind me, and who is now proceeding rather quickly up Chancery Lane, seems to have been unable to resist the

temptation afforded by my hanging coat-tails, and has walked off with a few unpaid bills which were in the pockets, under a mistaken impression that they were bank-notes. Would you mind explaining to him his mistake?—Would it be possible for the excellent Directors of the London General Omnibus Company and the London Road Car Company, so to board up the open backs of their otherwise delightful garden-seats as to prevent a ride on the top of an omnibus from being a constant series of (generally unwarranted) suspicions of the people seated in one's rear?

AN AFTERNOON SAIL.

SCENE—A Landing Stage under Margate Pier. Excursionists discovered embarking in two rival sailing-boats, the "Daisy" and the "Buttercup," whose respective Mates are exchanging repartees.

Mate of the "Daisy". This gangway, Marm—(to a Stout Lady)—not that one, if you want to enjoy yourself. That one'll take you aboard the "Buttercup," Marm!

[The Stout Lady patronises the "Daisy." Mate of the "Buttercup." You may 'ave that little lot! Don't you go overloadin' that 'ere old tub o' yourn, that's all!]

M. of the D. No fear o' you bein' crowded, anyhow. Folks ha' got more sense!

M. of the B. Why, we can outsail you any day. Spoke you off the Tongue light, we did, close in to ye, we were—and back ten minutes afore ye—come! The "Buttercup" 'll answer any way we put her—a most speak to us, she will!

M. of the D. Ah, it's lucky for you she can't quite speak—you'd 'ear some plain langwidge if she did!

M. of the B. Our boat ain't never mis-stayed with us, 't all events; ye can't deny that!

M. of the D. We don't go out for sailing, we don't—we go out for pleasure! (As the "Daisy," having received her complement of passengers, puts off.) Tralla! we'll resum this conversation later on; you won't ha' got off afore we're back, I dessay!

[The Mate of the "Buttercup" is reduced to profanity.]

On Board the "Daisy," during the Trip.

The Stout Lady. Very 'an'some they fit these yachts up—garding-seats all across the deck, and all the cushionings in red plush. It do give you sech a sense of security!

A Lugubrious Man. Oh, we shall be all right, so long as this squall that's coming up don't catch us before we're in again. Else we shall take our tea down at the bottom, along with the lobsters!

A Chirpy Little Man with a red chin-tuft (to a female acquaintance). Well, how are you feelin', eh?

The Acquaintance. Oh, all right, thanks—so long as I keep still. There's more waves than it looked from the Pier.

The Chirpy Man. Waves? These ain't on'y ripples. When we're off the Foreland, now, you may talk!

The Acq. If it's worse than it is now, I shan't.

The Chirpy Man. Why, you ain't afraid o' being queer already? I'm reg'lar enjoyin' it, I am. You don't object to me samplin' a cigar? You enjoy the flavour of a smoke more when you're on the water, yer know.

First Girl. I can see our lodgings; and there's Ma out on the balcony—see? Let's wave our handkerchiefs to her.

Second Girl. Ma, indeed! Did you ever know Ma stir off the sofa after her dinner? I wouldn't make myself ridiculous waving to somebody else's Ma, if I was you!

First Girl (unconvinced). I'm sure it is Ma—it's just her figger.

Second Girl. You are such an obstinate girl! If it's Ma, what's become of the verander?

First Girl (conquered by this unanswerable argument). I forgot we had a verander—it's one of those old cats next door!

The Stout Lady (to the Captain who is steering). Shall we be out long, Captain?

The Captain. I hope not, Marm, because I'm dining at the tabbly dote at the Cliftonville this evenin', and I've got to be home in time to dress.

[The passengers regard him with increased respect.] The Mate (familiarily to the Captain). Yes, dear; you don't want to die in here, do you? (explanatorily) "die in"—dine—you'll excuse me, but the ocean always makes me feel so facetious. Captain, dear, if you'll pardon a common sailor like myself for making the suggestion, I beg to call upon you for a song. (The Captain obligingly bellows "The Stormy Nore—The Jolly old Nore," to the general satisfaction). Ah, they didn't know what a canary-bird you were, Captain! Here's a lady asking you to drink at her expense.

[The Captain is prevailed upon to accept a tumbler of "the usual;" the Stout Lady says "Captin, your 'elth!" and pledges him in a whiskey-and-soda.]

First Female Friend (to Second Do. Do.). That's Mrs. EDLING, all over, puttin' herself so forward! Look at her now, 'anding him up two cigars in a paper-bag. I call it sickenin'!

Second Do. Do. I'm not surprised. She's a woman that 'ud do anythink for notoriety. I've always noticed that in her.

Captain (to Mate). Ease the brails!

Mate (frivolously, after obeying). They're feeling better now, darlin'! If no one else 'll sing a song, I'll give you "The Midshipmite."

The Stout Lady. I do like the way those two go on together; it's as good as a play. I shall begin laughin' presently; it takes a deal to set me off, but when I once am off, I can't stop myself. (The Mate sings.) A sweet singer he is, too. Lor! it's like goin' for a sail in a Music-All!

The Chirpy Man. Yes, I'm comin' to set down a bit. Not so much motion 'ere, yer know. No use trying to smoke in this breeze. No, I was on'y yawning. Makes yer sleepy, this see-saw does. Don't you find it so?

Mate (to Sailor). Now, WILLIAM, it's your turn—you're goin' to sing us something?

William (gruffly). No, I ain't. But there's a gen'lman 'ere as says he'll recite.

[After some persuasion, a Mild Young Man is induced to step forward on the foredeck, and recite as follows:—

The Mild Young Man (balancing himself with some difficulty).

"Pirate, that's what I was, Sir. Talk about Captain KIDD—

His cruellest acts were kindness, compared with the deeds I did!

Never a pitying pang felt I for youth, sex, age, or rank—

All who fell into my clutches were doomed to pace a protruded plank!

Yet the desperate demon of those days is now a Churchwarden mild,

Holding the bag at Collections—and all through a golden-haired child!"

[Here the Mate suppresses a groan, and is understood to remark that he "knows that golden-haired child;" the Stout Lady sighs, and inwardly reflects that you can never go by appearances; the Chirpy Man becomes solemn and attentive.]

The Ex-Pirate (who meanwhile has sighted an East-Indiaman, and given chase).

"Well, soon as we'd overhauled her, our 'Jolly Roger' we flew,

We opened our dummy deadlights, and the guns gleamed grinning through.

And, panther-like, we were crouching—"

[Here he attempts to suit the action to the word; the boat heels over—and the Pirate's crouch becomes a sprawl.]

I—I beg your pardon.—(Picking himself up.) "Under the Indianman's side;

When—a baby-face from her bulwarks, looked down on us open-eyed.

I can see him now—with his fluttering curls, and his cheeks so chubby and round,

Which a cherub might have been proud of, in snowiest linen bound!

Then—he hailed us, in infant accents, so innocent, fresh, and blithe—

That our nest of human snakes was stirred to a conscience-stricken writhe!

(In soft falsetto, as Child). "Dear Pirates, I am so sorry—I did want to see you so. [know!]

I'm afraid you 'll be disappointed—but you mustn't come near, you I wish I could ask you on board to tea, for I feel so down in the dumps,

But I can't invite you—for, if you came, you'd be certain to catch my Mumps!"

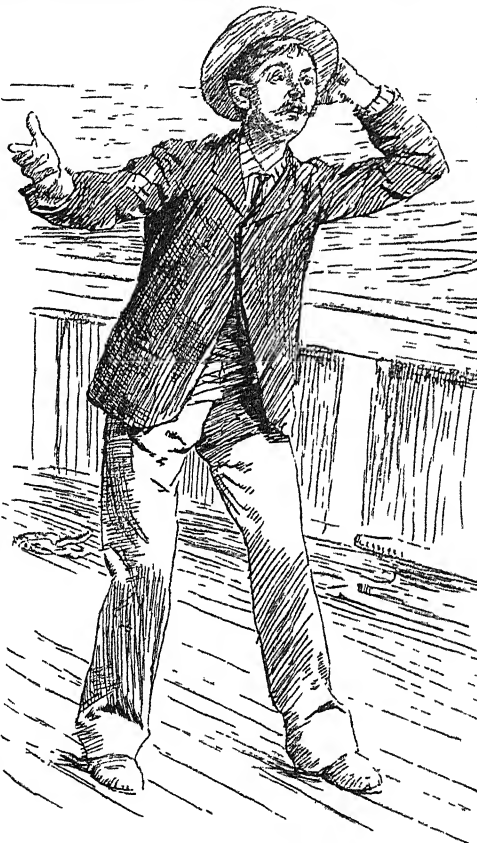
[Crew.] I've given it all of the passengers, and the Captain, and Mate, and And it would be a dreadful pity if you were to catch it too!"

[Pause. The Chirpy Man hides his face.] We looked at each other; our utterance choked by irrepressible lumps,

Though we feared neither man nor devil—we all had a horror of And, but for this Cherub's candour, ere many mere days had sped—

[Here the Pirate is stopped by uncontrollable emotion, and his audience, from the Captain downwards, express sympathy.]

The Reciter (hushily, after wiping his eyes. I'm very sorry—it's





"WITH THE HONOURS OF WAR."

foolish, I know, but I always do break down just here. I—I think I can go on now.

“Had sped,
Each buccaneer would have kept his bunk,
with a bandage about his head!”

[Here a fresh diversion is effected by The Chirpy Man, who suddenly achieves unpopularity by becoming aggressively ill, and causing a general stampede from his neighbourhood.

The Reciter—

“We wouldn't have boarded her, after that, for all the treasure on earth, So we sailed away—to the sweet salute of a peal of childish mirth!”

The Chirpy Man (resuming his seat, much relieved, and almost as chirpy as ever, to his neighbours, confidentially). I'm all right agen now. It was takin' a glass o' stout on top of black currant pudden done it, yer know!

[This piece of information is coldly received, which evidently both surprises and pains him; the Pirate brings his experiences to an end by relating how he realised his effects, and retired from business on a modest competence, and the “Daisy” regains the Pier.

‘WITH THE HONOURS OF WAR.’

AFTER long fight and strenuous defence,
Tenacity tremendous, toil immense,
The garrison surrenders!

’Tis the doom
Of desperate war; and though a sombre gloom
Sits on each brow, each brow is lifted high,
No petulant pusillanimity
Makes poor this last parade of stout defenders,
Or shames this most unwilling of surrenders.
Six lingering years, and more, of hot attack,
By confident cool valour beaten back!
Six baffling years of sortie, and of sally,
Sudden alarm, stubborn stand, stout rally!
How the besiegers in their bannered host
Banded at first around this bastion'd post,
In sanguine, fierce assault, and shook their spears,

Strong hopes derided, mocked at fancied
The Citadel's defence was all in vain,
They vowed; a year should end the brief campaign;

Yet year to year succeeded slow, and still
The garrison held out. Strategic skill
And hot impetuous onset nought availed;
The battering-ram and scaling-ladder failed.
Brief breaches scarcely made were swift repaired,

United still all deadly arms they dared,
Those linked defenders who, aforesaid foes,
Their lately-defended ranks could firmly close
Against old friends, now common enemies.
Black CECIL was Commander, BALFOUR brave
The Union Standard in his wake would wave,
The Reiter JOACHIM, of German breed,
And the Scot swordster RITCHIE, good at need,

With him, the fox-eyed Freelance, JOE DE BRUM,
Brave with the trumpet, valiant with the drum,
Proud to be capped and curled with Cavaliers,

The Gentlemen of England, now his peers,—
These, and a many more good men and true,
The ramparts manned, the warning clarion blew;

Stood in the breach, and to the bastion swarmed,
Whene'er loud blares that citadel alarmed.

But now slow sap and steady siege have wrought
The conquest long delayed. The Chiefs that fought



SO MATTER-OF-FACT.

Jones (who prides himself on his French). “DÉSOLÉ, MON CHER, NOT TO BE ABLE TO ACCEPT YOUR HOSPITALITY, BUT TO-NIGHT I AM DINING EN VILLE.”

Brown (who is so matter-of-fact, and never will understand Jones's French). “DINING ‘ON VEAL,’ ARE YOU? WELL, THERE’S NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE; IF YOU COME TO ME, YOU’LL HAVE A LEG O’ MUTTON!”

So long together, feel the touch of fate,
Bow to its bidding. Calm though not elate,
Swart CECIL yields him at discretion. So
The garrison marches forth! But e’en the foe

Gives chivalrous salute to beaten men
Unshamed by forced surrender. Hail them, then,

With sympathetic cheers! The white-haired Chief

Lifts hat in greeting. He, all brawn and beef,

WILLIAM of Malwood, bears the banner high,
But scarce looks fired with conquest's ecstasy.

JOHN of Newcastle, reins a restive horse;
He's none too eager for another course.
The one-armed Irish Chief looks pale and grim;

E'en cheery LARRY, of the cynic whim,
Hath a less careless chuckle than his wont.
“Beshrew me! but they bear a gallant front!”

Mutter the pikemen ranged in order round.
Sore-battered RITCHIE,—may he soon be sound!—

Bates not a jot of courage; that stark fighter
And shifty swordsman, JOACHIM the Reiter,
Snuffs the air proudly; with his nose a-cock
Steps JOE DE BRUM, and, steady as a rock,
Strides forth Chief CECIL!

Hail the beaten band,
You Grand, and grey-haired, Old Campaigning Hand;

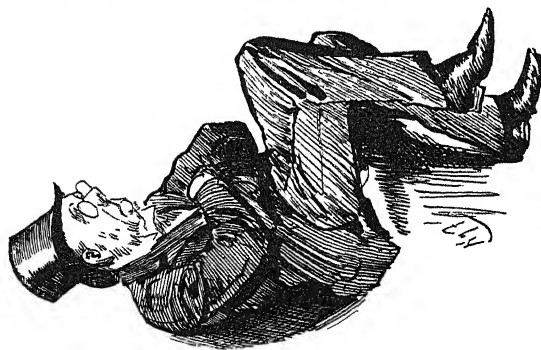
For you have seen good fighting, and you know

Game foemen when you see them. Conquest's Mantles that pallid cheek. After long strain,
Victory at last is yours, nor all in vain,
Perchance, although its fruits precarious be.
What you will do with it, we wait to see.

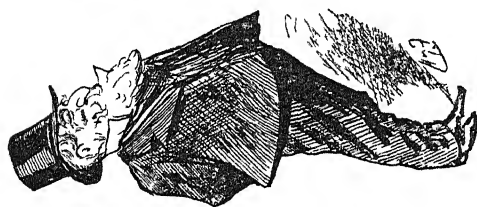
Meanwhile you'll own the foes you've put to rout.
With all war's honours unshamed march out.

MAKE IT HOT.—Dean KITCHIN says that one of his reasons for voting for the Gladstonians is that he is “a warm Liberal.” Quite so. A cold KITCHIN would be a contradiction in terms.

MEMBERS WE SHALL MISS.



F. A. Hankey.



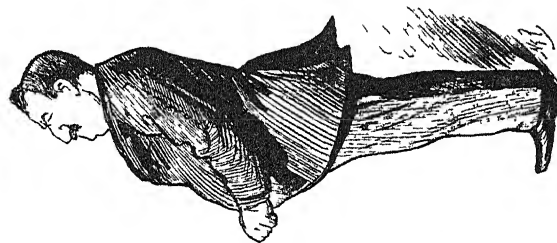
Sir H. Tyler.



M. W. Matkinson.



J. Bazley White.



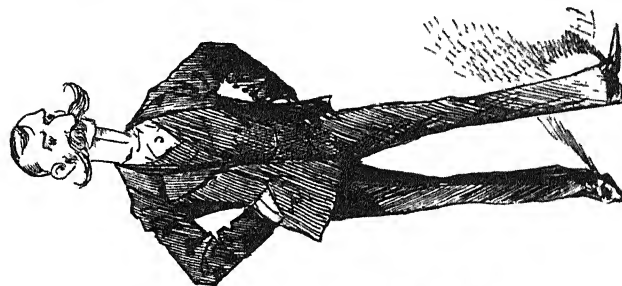
J. Stack.



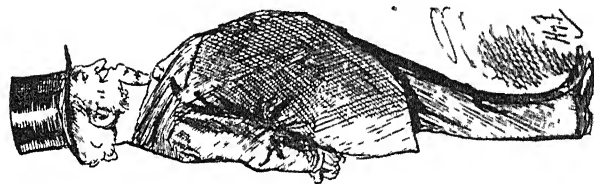
The Bruce.



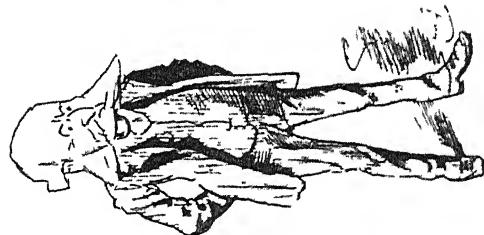
T. L. Bristowe.



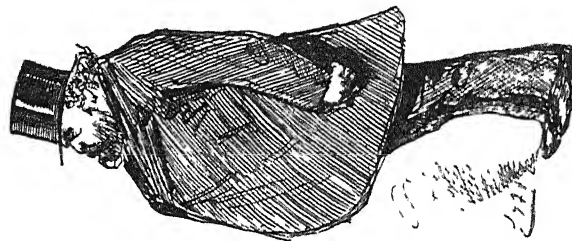
Hermon-Hodge.



Alfred Giles.



J. Woodhead.



Baron Dimsdale.



T. Milvain.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, August 4.—New Parliament met to-day in great force. Ambition stirs noble minds in different ways. Some embark on Parliamentary life with determination to outshine BRIGHT or GLADSTONE in field of oratory. Others will not be pacified till they emulate PITT. Others again aim at the lofty pedestal on which stands through the ages the man who is first in his place, on first day, of first Session, of new Parliament. Exciting race to-day. At night, both BIGWOOD and SPENCER (not BOBBY, who has affairs of graver State to look to just now) sailed in together. At a quarter to ten SAVORY turned up, sermon in hand, and found he was forestalled.

"What, MOORE of them!" cried SAVORY.

"The bane of my life."

"Yes," said LOGAN, arriving a few minutes later; "wherever there's one SAVORY you're sure to find MOORE, and in this case they precede you."

Six minutes later DIXON-HARTLAND arrived, mopping his forehead. When he found others on spot, pretended he'd only looked in accidentally. "Passing by, you know; thought I'd see how old place looked." But it wouldn't do. Other men, especially BIGWOOD, saw through it all. Then DIXON HARTLAND grew anecdotal. Told fabulous story about imaginary Scotch Member, who, at opening of Parliament of 1880, brought down his plaid, a stoup of whiskey, and a thimbleful of oatmeal. Camped out all night in Palace Yard, and staggered into House as soon as doors were opened.

"That beats you, BIGWOOD," the Evesham Banker said, with a tartness of voice that betrayed his chagrin.

Rest of the 665 Members content to look in later. By one o'clock House full, Lobby overflowing. Difficult to move through the close ranks, and yet there were many gaps. Ranks of old House more than decimated. "There they go," said my young but fiery friend FURNISS, whom I came upon in corner of Lobby, rapidly sketching with blurred eyesight.

"Who go?" I asked, remembering with a start I had left my gold-nobbed stick in the corner by the Post Office.

"The Members we shall miss," he sobbed, lingering fondly over the truculent curl of HERMON-HODGE's moustache.

But if gone are some familiar faces, others come back. Glad to see MACFARLANE in his old place below Gangway, and to find him later in old seat in smoking-room. MACFARLANE didn't often speak in debate, but usually had something to say. Was a Home-Ruler long before the majority found salvation. Remember across the years how he put whole case in crisp sentence when he adjured the deaf Government of the day "not to attempt to enforce Greenwich time at Dublin." If BRIGHT had said that, or DIZZIE, or Mr. G., the happy phrase would have echoed down the corridors of time. But it was only an Irish Member; MACFARLANE, then Member for Carlow. So it passed unnoticed—unremembered rather than forgotten.

Business done.—Speaker elected. ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL for the fourth time. House evidently under impression it can't have too much of good thing.

Friday.—Pretty to watch growth of full-blown SPEAKER in New Parliament. First stage—enters in ordinary morning dress, and seats himself with other Members, diligently trying to look as if he expected nothing to happen. Sore temptation for Members sitting near him. Would like to slap him on



BLASÉ.

Enthusiastic Lady Amateur. "Oh, what a pity! We've just missed the first act!"
Languid Friend. "HAVE WE? Ah—rather glad. I always think the chief pleasure of going to a theatre is trying to make out what the first act was about!"

the back, and ask how he got on through his Election. Short of that, feel they must ask if he wants a pair? Is he dining here? Is he going to have a smoke, or a stroll on the Terrace? Next day, having meanwhile been proposed, seconded, and inducted to Chair, SPEAKER-ELECT turns up in Court-dress, with Bob-wig. This is Development-stage. Having reached it, proceeds to the House of Lords, where he is patronisingly received by LORD CHANCELLOR. ("HALSBURY" SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE says, "peculiarly well up in patronage.") This done, returns to Commons, disappears behind Chair; SERGEANT-AT-ARMS counts twenty-three; presto! door re-opens; SPEAKER re-appears in butterfly-trim, with full-bottomed wig, silk gown, and shoon on which shimmer the sheen of silver buckles.

No trifling with SPEAKER when this final stage reached. KEIR-HARDIE took early opportunity of trying a fall with him—and got it. HARDIE fresh from the coal-pit, represents West Ham; evidently determined to pose as Stage Workman. "Don't KEIR-HARDIE is my name," he said, swaggering into House just now. "Don't kee a — for SPEAKER, or any black-coated bloke. I'm

the true British Workman, and will soon make all you blooming gentry sit up."

"Are you going to take the Oath?" said COBB. COBB always asking questions.

"Oath!" cried DON'T KEIR-HARDIE, "I'll take 'em in a moog."

Put on his cap, and swaggered towards the table. "Order! order!" cried SPEAKER, in tones of thunder. "Don't KEIR-HARDIE is my name," said Hon. Member for West Ham; "and blow me if—". Turned, and saw flashing eye of SPEAKER bent upon him. slowly his hand went up to his head; the cap came off, was crumpled up, and put in his pocket.

"Will you take the oath, or make affirmation?" asked MILMAN, stuck between two tables, but always ready to oblige.

"Don't kee which," said DON'T KEIR-HARDIE; but, possibly from force of habit, took the oath.

"If OLD MORALITY was still with us, my friend," said BURT, gravely, "he would be able to cite for your edification a copy-head showing how Don't Care came to a bad end."

Business done.—Swearing going on in both Houses. Our Army in Flanders quite respectable by comparison.



A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

LITTLE MISS FACING-BOTH-WAYS AND HER DOG DOUBLE-OR-QUITS!

ASPIRATION.

By a Weary Secular Scribe.

OH, to be a Pulpiteer!
 Purists may tie-tie, or sneer,
 But, when wit and fancy fail,
 To produce your twice-cooked kail
 (As "a traveller") must be nice.
 Nor are you confined to *twice*;
 Hashed, rehashed, and hashed again,
 Garnished—from another brain,
 Seasoned—from another cruet,
 You may roast, or boil, or stew it
 O'er and o'er, year in year out,
 As you perorate about,
 Seek, when weary,—o'ertasked elves!
 "Inspiration" from your shelves.
 Salt it here, and sauce it there,
 Saying nothing, since none care
 To make question, taking pay,
 Yes, and praise upon your way,
 For—well, ere the thing is through,
 What is what and who is who,
 It might puzzle you to tell;
 Still you "think it right"! Ah, well!
 This philosophy peripatetic
 Strikes a chord that's sympathetic
 In the breast of secular scribe;
 Nothing, it is true, would bribe
 Him to play the pious prig,
 But—he heaves a sigh that's big
 Murmuring, enviously I fear,—
 Oh, to be a Pulpiteer!

A Caudal Lecture;

Or, Darwinism in the Cricket Field.

WHEN Man first arose from the primitive Ape,
 He first dropped his tail, and took on a new shape.
 But Cricketing Man, born to trundle and swipe,
 Reversion displays to the earlier type;
 For a cricketing team, when beginning to fail,
 Always loses its "form," and "developes a tail"!

ROBERT ON THINGS IN GINERAL.

I WAS only jest a thinkin the other day, what werry distinguisht honner Her Most Grashus Madgesty the QUEEN would bestow on the Rite Honerabel the LORD MARE, when the rite time cum. But I was ardlly prepaired for the aeshal fack!

I reelly couldn't have bleeved it if I hadn't a had it red out to me from a most respectfool Mornin Paper; so in course it must be trew. Yes, the Rite Honerabel the LORD MARE is not only to be a Nite, like other Lord Mares, but the QUEEN has aeshally made him a Nite Commander of the most xtinguisht Order of Saint Mikel, and, not sattisfide with ewen that, Her MADGESTY has also made him a Nite Commander of the other most xtinguisht Order of Saint George!

It is fortint that Sir DAVID's year of offis will soon end, or he mite have fownd it diffikult to carry out his ushal LORD MARE's numerus dooty's, while Commanding two sitch xtinguisht Orders as them as is named above.

My Americane Friend has turnd up agane at our bewtifoal Grand Otel. He says as they has had orful whether wear he has cum from, but all the hole week he has had in grand old London has bin most luvly Sun-Shine, as it amost allers is in Spring, he says he's told. As he luckily didn't appen for to arsk for no arnsen, of course I didn't give him not none; but I couldn't help a thinkin as how as if he had bin here in our late hurly Spring, he might ha bin inclined jest a leetel to halter his good opinyon.

We had quite a plezzent chat while I atended upon him at Lunch. He wants to kno more about our LORD MARE. Fust of all, how much munney he gits; and, when I told him jest ten thousand pounds for his year of offis, he xelaimd, "Why, that's the werry same sum as we gives our President, who, you know, is reelly our King!" So I said, "Does he find it enuff for him, Sir?" "Oh yes," he says, "quite." "Well," says I, "it don't seem a werry big salary for the King of such a big plaice as Amerrikey, when I appens to know that the LORD MARE of our little London, which is only about one mile big, has to spend more than another ten thousand pounds out of his own pocket afore he's finished his year!" "Well," he says, "you do estonish me; but everythink's estonishing in your grand old Citty! How do they

send him his money?" I told him as the Chamberlane, who was allers cram full of munney, took it him every quarter-day. "Ah," says he, "we send our President, on the 26th of evry month, exakly eight hundred and thirty-three pounds, six-and-eight pence." "Ah," I said, "I am rayther serprized as he shoud condersend to take the odd six-and-eight. I'm quite shure our LORD MARE woudn't do so. I bleeve as he never has not nothink less than Bank-notes and suvverigns, but allers plenty of 'em." "How many dinners does he give during the year?" says he. "Ah, Sir," says I, "that's rayther a staggering qweshun to arnsen. Me and BROWN has offen tried our hands at it, but gineraly breaks down about Witsuntide; but I shoud say sumwars about three thowsand, and about twice as many lunchons." "Good grayshus!" says the Americane, "what a number!" "Yes," says I, "and so much is they thort on, that p'raps the werry greatest trubbel that has worrited the manly bussoms of Lord SORLSBURY and all his brother Ministers is the mellancolly fack, that they has bin compelld to decline the LORD MARE's customary Ministerial Bankwet this year, coz they couldn't tell for serten whether they would be the Ministers to go to it! And the LORD MARE to drown his sorer has gone and berried hisself in the 'art of Scotland!" "What a sad story to be shure!" said my Americane, with a sigh! "Yes, Sir," I replied, "these are sum of the many trubbels as our werry greatest men has to endewr, and happy is he who does not quiver when he has his arrow full of 'em!" And so we parted.

ROBERT.

TO MISS AIDA JENOURE.

(On the Withdrawal of "The Mountebanks.")

DEAR AIDA, good-bye; since it must be, it must;
 Yet your slaves view your absence from Town with disgust.
 For myself, I'd as soon live at Shipston-on-Stour
 As endure life in London without our JENOURE.
 Sprightly Mountebank AIDA, sweet Mistress of Arts,
 You smiled as you danced yourself into our hearts.
 And now from the Strand to the Vale of far Maida
 There's only one chorus—"Come back to us, AIDA!"
Les absents, you know the old maxim, *ont tort*,
 Wherefore dance yourself back, and be present once more.

AD PUELLAM.

["Detective cameras have become favourite playthings with ladies of fashion." — *Ladies' Paper*.]

You used to prate of plates and prints
And "quick developers" before,
In spite of not unfrequent hints
That these in time become a bore;
But then this photographic craze
Seemed little but a foolish fad,
While now its very latest phase
Appears to me distinctly bad.

Since even your devoted friends
At sight of you were wont to fly,
You manage still to gain your ends,
And photograph them on the sly.
The muff, the cloak with ample folds,
The parcel, and the biscuit-tin,
I know that each discreetly holds
Detective lenses hid within.



NOT MEMBERS OF "BRITISH ASSOCIATION."

First Passenger (reading Morning Paper). "PSYCHICAL CHARACTER OF HYSTERICAL AMBLY-
OPIA"! DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT 'PSYCHICAL' MEANS! WHAT DOES IT MEAN, OLD MAN?"
Fellow Passenger. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE, DEAR BOY! SOMETHING TO DO WITH BRAINS,
I BELIEVE. NOT AT ALL IN MY LINE!"

Should Cæsus greet you with a smile,
A "bromide" will record the fact;
Should STREPHON help you o'er a stile,
The film will take him in the act.
Yet this renown, if truth be said,
Is fame they'd rather be without;
Nor, I assure you, will they wed
A lady photographic tout.

ANTIQUITY OF GOLF.

THAT Golf was a game probably known to and played by pre-Adamite Man (whoever he may have been; name and address not given) is evidenced by the learned Canon TRISTRAM's observation in the Biology Section of the British Association Meeting last week, to the effect that "he (the Canon) had never seen a better collection of these Links connecting the present with the past world." This must be most interesting to all Golf-players.

'ARRIET.

A REALISTIC RHAPSODY.

(With Apologies to Mr. Henry Kendall, Author of "Astarte," in the "Bookman.")

ACROSS the wind-blown bridges,
O look, lugubrious Night!
She comes, the red-haired beauty
Illumined by gaslight!
By London's dim gaslight!
So hush, ye cads, your roar!
Behind her plumes are waving
Her oil'd fringe flaps before.

O 'ARRIET, Cockney sister,
Your face is writhed with jeers;
How awful is the angle
Of those protuberant ears!
Those red, protuberant ears!
And your splay feet—O lor!!!
My loud, my Cockney sister,
Where oil'd fringe flops before!

Ah, 'ARRIET! gracious 'eavens,
How your greased locks do glow!
I swoon! The "hodoration"
(I heard you call it so)
Sickens my senses so;
'Tis "Citronel"—no more,
That scents, like a cheap barber's,
That oil'd fringe hung before.

'ARRIET, my knowing darling,
Your eyes a cross-watch keep,
You're togg'd in shop-girl's fashion,
Your cloak is bugled deep,
Black-bugled broad and deep,
With buttons dappled o'er,
Good gr-racious! how it's grown, too—
That oil'd fringe flopped before!

That "bang" is awfully trying,
That odour maddens me.

By Jingo! you've been dyeing
Those rufous locks, I see,
Those sandy locks, I see,



They're darker than of yore.
Avant! I'd be forgetting
That oil'd fringe flopped before

RATHER APPROPRIATE.

UNDER the heading "Military Education," there appears in *The Tablet*, an advertisement concerning preparation for examinations at Woolwich and Sandhurst by "the Rev. E. VON ORSBACH, F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., late Tutor to their Highnesses the Princes of THURN-AND-TAXIS." What a suggestive name for a tutor preparing young men for a Cavalry Regiment is "VON ORSBACH!" Not only would pupils surmount all difficulties of EUCLID's propositions, but being brought up by VON ORSBACH, they would dare all "riders!" Then as to the Princes, his pupils, cannot we conceive of the first Prince THURN how he has been turned out a perfect 'orseman by VON ORSBACH, and how it would tax all an Examiner's ingenuity to pluck TAXIS. Pity that when one Prince was called TAXIS the other wasn't named RATES. But evidently this was an oversight. A neat couplet might head this advertisement, and add to its attractiveness, as for instance:—

Every question, whatever they ax is,
Will in its THURN be answered by TAXIS.
TAXIS and THURN, for a win you'll of course back,
The pick of the stable, the trainer VON ORSBACH.

We wish him a continuance of the successes which, from his list, this Equestrian Military Tutor—he can't be a "coach" as he is an ORSBACH—has already obtained. It's a German name, but it sounds more like 'Orsetrian (!)

CUI BONO?—"It is a mistake," quoth *The World* last week, "to suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE complacently regards Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT as his 'Alter Ego.'" Mr. G. being the "Ego," it is not very likely that Sir WILLIAM V. HARCOURT is likely to "alter" any of his Leader's plans. Still an "Alter Ego" is very useful whenever Mr. GLADSTONE may want to "wink The Other I."



1492 V. 1892.

Christopher Columbus. "WHAT! GO OVER IN FIVE DAYS! WHY, IF I'D HAD A SHIP LIKE THAT, I'D HAVE DISCOVERED EVERYTHING BEFORE NOW!"

ELECTION AGONIES.

(By a Re-elected M.P.)

Yes, there I stood beside my wife,
And called it—whilst the mob cheered
wildly—

"The proudest moment of my life."
Which it was *not*, to put it mildly.

Heavens, how they cheered! Up went their
caps,

To see their Member safely seated;
Who in his inmost soul, perhaps,
Had almost wished himself defeated.

The girls are pleased. And Mrs. T.,
Has fairy visions of a handle
To grace the name she shares with me;
But is the game quite worth the candle?

Six years of unremitting work,
Of flower-shows, bazaars, and speeches,
Of sturdy mendicants who lurk
In wait to act as sturdy leeches.

The faddists—Anti-This-and-That—
Blue-spectacled "One Vote, One Person"—
Extract a promise, prompt and pat,
The while their heads you hurl a curse on.

And in return? The dull debate,
The dreary unimportant question,
The pressure of affairs of State,
A muddled brain, a lost digestion.

Six years of it. I *cannot* stand
At any cost another bout of it;
But, given away on every hand,
I don't quite see how to get out of it.

Ah, happy thought! My seat is safe,
And so 'mid general adulation,
I'll rescue some poor party waif
By Chiltern Hundreds resignation.

The world will quickly roar applause,
Of martyrs I shall be the latest;
But I'm the party and the cause
To whom the service will be greatest!

SONG OF GRATITUDE (by a Nervous Equestrian on the exceptional absence of 'Arry-cyclists or "Wheelmen" from the road to Wimbledon).—

"Oh, Wheelie, have we missed you?
Oh no, no, No!"



A MATTER OF "COURSE."

Eminent German Specialist. "VAT VATERS 'AVE YOU BEEN IN ZE 'ABIT OF TAKING?"
English Gouty Patient. "WATER! HAVEN'T TOUCHED A DROP, EXCEPT WITH MY TEA,
FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS!"
[Upon which a mild course of Homburg, Kissengen, Marenbad, and Karlsbad is at once prescribed.]

HOW INSULTAN'!

British Envoy, Timbuctoo, to Foreign Minister, London.

No end of a row! Grand Vizier, Lord Chamberlain, Keeper of Privy Purse, and other high Officials, assembled outside my house, and smashed windows, aided by furious crowd. Certain that Sultan is at bottom of it. Mayn't I say something vigorous to him?

Foreign Minister, London, to British Envoy, Timbuctoo.

Awkward, as General Election going on. Temporarily. Appear not to notice stone-throwing. Very difficult to get to Timbuctoo with British Force. If hit with stones, try arnica. Rather think Timbuctoo was discovered by an Irishman, and called after him, TIM BUCKTOO. Eh?

British Envoy to Foreign Minister.

Please don't jest; especially not in Irish. Glad to say aspect of affairs completely changed. Sultan frightened about the stone-throwing. Beheaded Grand Vizier, and sent Lord Chamberlain, heavily ironed, to be imprisoned in cellar under my own apartment. Gratifying. Treaty on point of being signed.

Foreign Minister to British Envoy.

Your action quite approved of. Get Treaty signed quick! France, not unnaturally, seems rather galled. See joke? Play on word "Gaul."

British Envoy to Foreign Minister.

Quite see joke. Saw it years ago. Please don't send any more of 'em. Treaty settled! Gives absurdly generous bounty to all British subjects trading with Timbuctoo. Abolishes all Tariffs. Draft,

with Sultan's signature, returned to him to be properly copied out. Mere formality. Packing up, and off to Coast to-night.

Same to Same.

Arrived at coast. Treaty in carpet-bag. Regret to say, that on examining it, find that Sultan has slipped in the little word "not" in every clause. Makes hash of whole thing. What shall I do?

Foreign Minister, London, to British Envoy.

Do nothing! Former Foreign Minister no longer in Office. General Election has taken place. Whole subject will be reconsidered, with quite new lights, before long. Off for a holiday just now, and can't attend to it. You'll hear from me again in about six months. Meanwhile, your motto must be—"Fez-tma lente!" Last joke. Brilliant. Just going to let it off at dinner-party. P.S.—Great success.

REEF-LECTION.—Delivering judgment in the case of *Osborne v. Aaron's Reef, Limited*, Mr. Justice CHITTY, in the interests of the public, was justly severe on both plaintiff and defendants, declining "to give any costs in this action to such a Company." Everyone is familiar with the nautical expression of "taking in a reef," which seems to have been a slightly difficult operation for anyone to perform with AARON'S Reef, which, after the manner of AARON'S Rod, when it was transformed into a serpent, appears to possess the faculty of swallowing to a very considerable extent. Knowing brokers, if consulted, would not have sung to unwary clients the popular ditty "Keep your Aarons," but would have recommended them, being in, to be out again in double-quick time, if there were any chance of an immediate though small ready-money profit to be made, before one could have said "Scissors!"

MARGATE BY MOONLIGHT.

It is about nine P.M.; in the West, a faint saffron flush is lingering above the green and opal sea, while the upper part of the church tower still keeps the warm glow of sunset. The stars are beginning to appear, and a mellow half moon is rising in a deep violet sky. Lamps are twinkling above the dusky cliffs, and along the curve of the shore.

The Reader will kindly imagine himself on a seat at the end of the Pier, where the Band is playing, and scraps of conversation from his neighbours and passing promenaders, reach his ear involuntarily.

Fair Promenader (roused to enthusiasm by the surroundings). Oh, don't it look lovely at night? (Impulsively.) I can't 'elp sayin' so. Her Companion (whose emotions are less easily stirred). Why? The Fair P. (apologetically). Oh, I don't know exactly—these sort o' scenes always do take my fancy.

Her Comp. (making a concession to her weakness). Well, I must say it's picturesque enough—what with the gas outside the 'All by the Sea, and the lamps on the whilk stalls.

First Girl (on seat—to Second). Here comes that young SPIFFING. I do hope he won't come bothering us! (Mr. S. gratifies her desire by promenading past in bland unconsciousness.) Well, I do call that cool! He must have seen us. Too grand to be seen talking to us here, I suppose!

Second Girl. I'm sure I wouldn't be seen talking to him, that's all! Why, he's on'y— [They pick him to pieces relentlessly.]

First Girl. Take care—he's coming round again. Now we shall see. Mind you don't begin laughing, or else you'll set me off!

[As a natural consequence, Mr. S.'s approach excites them both to paroxysms of maidenly mirth.]

Mr. S. (halting in front of them). You two seem 'ighly amused at something. What's the joke?

Second Girl (as the first is compelled to bury her face behind her friend's back). Don't you be too curious. I'll tell you this much—(coquettishly)—it's at your expense!

Mr. S. Oh, is it? Then you might let Me 'ave a 'aporth?

First Girl. BELLA, if you tell him, I'll never speak to you again.

[As there is nothing particular to tell, Miss BELLA preserves the secret.]

Mr. S. (reconnoitring his rear suspiciously). There's nothing pinned on to my coat-tails, is there? (Renewed mirth from the couple.) Well, I see you're occupied—so, good evenin'.

[Walks on, with offended dignity.]

Second Girl. There! I knew how it would be—he's gone off in a huff now!

First Girl. Let him! He ought to know better than take offence at nothing. And such a ridic'ous little object as he's looking, too! What else can he expect, I'd like to know!... Don't you feel it chilly, sitting still?

Second Girl (rising with alacrity). I was just thinking. Suppose we take a turn—the other way round, or he might think—

First Girl. We'll show him others have their pride as well as him.

[They disappear in the crowd.]

Mr. Spiffing (repassing a few minutes later, with one of the young Ladies on each arm). Well, there, say no more about it—so long as it wasn't at Me, I don't mind!

[They pass on.]

A Wheezy Matron (in a shawl). She was a prettier byby in the fice than any o' the others—sech a lydylike byby she was—we never

'ad no bother with her! and never, as long as I live, shall I forgit her Grandpa's words when he saw her settin' up in her 'igh cheer at tea, with her little cheeks a marsk o' marmalade. "LOU-ER JYNN," he sez, "you mark my words—she's the on'y reelly nice byby you ever 'ad, or will ave!"

Her Comp. An' he wasn't given to compliments in a general way, neither, was he?

Anxious Mother. I can't make him out. Sometimes I think he means something, and yet,— Every morning we've been here, he's come up to her on the Pier, and brought her a carnation inside of his 'at.

Her Confidante. Then depend upon it, my dear, he has intentions. I should say so, certingly!

The Mother. Ah, but CARRIE tells me she's dropped her glove, accidental-like, over and over again, and he's always picked it up, —and handed it back to her. I reelly don't know what to think!

The Confidante. Well, I wouldn't lose heart—with the moon drawin' on to the full, as it is!



"Some people will tell yer, now, that Margit's vulgar."

A Seaside Siren (conscious of a dazzling complexion—to a suburban Ulysses). I wish I could get brown—I think it's so awfully becoming—but I never can!

Ulysses. Some people are like that. On'y turn red, you know, specially the nose—catches 'em there, y'know!

The Siren. I'm obliged to you, I'm sure! Is that meant to be personal?

Ulysses. Oh, I wasn't thinking of you when I said that.

The Siren. You're very complimentary. But do tell me—am I like that? (She presents her face for his inspection.) Candidly, now.

Ulysses (conscientiously). Well, I don't notice anything particular—but, you see, colours don't show up by moonlight.

[The Siren coldly intimates that her Mother will be waiting supper for them.]

An Habitue. Some people will tell yer, now, that Margit's vulgar. They must be precious 'ard to please, that's all! I'm as partickler as what most are, and I can assure yer if there was anything o' that sort about, I shouldn't come down 'ere reglar, season after season, like I do!

His Companion. In course not—and no more shouldn't I, neither!

Along the Esplanade.

Female Voice (from the recesses of a glazed shelter). But if you're on the sands all day, how is it I never see you?

Male Voice (mysteriously). Would you like to know? Really? You shall. (With pride.) I'm one of the Niggers!

Fem. V. (deeply impressed). Not "GUSSE," or "Uncle ERNIE!"

Male V. (with proud superiority). Not exactly. I conduct, I do—on the 'armonium.

Fem. V. (rapturously). Oh! I 'ad a sort o' feeling, from the very first, that you must be Somebody!

A Lodging-House Keeper. Yes, nice people they was—I don't know when I've 'ad such nice people. I'll tell you what they did... They come on a Thursday—yes, Thursday it was—and took the rooms from the Saturday followin' to the next Saturday—and then they stopped on to the Saturday after that. I do call that nice—don't you?

A Mystic Plaintiff from a Bench. Many and many a time I've borrowed the kittles for them when the School Inspector was comin'—and now for them to turn round on me like this! It's a shame, it is.

A Lady of Economical Principles (at a Bow-window, addressing her Husband at the railings). Why, my dear feller, why ever did you go and do that—when there was a bed empty 'ere for him?

The Husband (sulkily). No one ever said a word to me about there being a bed. And I've taken one for him now at the Paragon, anyway—so that's settled!

The Economical Lady. I call it downright foolishness to go paying 'alf-a-crown a night for a bed, when there's one all ready 'ere for him! And you don't know how long he may mean to stop, either!

The Self-invited Visitor (suddenly emerging from the shadow).—You'll be 'appy to know, Mum, that your 'ospitality will not exceed the 'alf-crown. Good evenin'. *[Retires to the Paragon.]*

The Econ. L. (regretfully). And a lobster ordered in for supper a-purpose for him, too!

A Street Musician (with a portable piano). I will next attempt a love-song. I feel full of love to-night. Oh, Ladies and Gentlemen—*(earnestly)*—take advantage of a salubrious night like this!

Anyone who has not yet contributed will kindly embrace this opportunity of placing his offering upon the instrument; after which I shall endeavour to sing you "*In Old Madrid*." Oh, what a difficult ditty it is, to be sure, dear Ladies and Gentlemen—especially as it makes the twenty-seventh I've sung since tea-time—however, I will do my best. *(He sings it.)* That will conclude my *al-fresco* Concert for this evening. And now, thanking you all for your generous patronage of my humble efforts, and again reminding those who have not yet expressed their appreciation in a pecuniary form, that I am now about to circulate with the hat for the last time, I wish you all farewell, and balmy slumbers!

[He collects the final coins, and wheels away the piano. The crowd disperses; the listeners in the lodging-house balconies retire; and the Crescent is silent and deserted.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of the Baron's "Merry Men All" has been reading and enjoying Mr. BARRY PAIN'S *Stories and Interludes*. The book has a wondrously weird and heavily-lined picture in front, which is just a little too like a "Prophetic Hieroglyphic" in *Zadkiel's Almanack*. An emaciated and broken-winged devil is apparently carrying an engine-hose through a churchyard, whilst a bat flits against a curious sky, which looks like a young grainer's first attempt at imitating "birds'-eye maple." Upon a second glance it seems possible that the "hose" is a snake, the tail of which the devil is gnawing. The gruesome design illustrates a yet more gruesome Interlude, entitled, "*The Bat and the Devil*." But it gives no fair idea of the contents of the volume, some of which are charming.

Read *White Nights*, stories within a story, told by a tragical "Fool," of the breed of Hugo's *Rigoletto*, and Poe's *Hopfrog*—with a difference. They are told with force and grace, and with unstrained, but moving pathos. Read "*The Dog That Got Found*," a brief, sketch indeed, but abundantly suggestive. Poor *Fido*—the "dog that got to be utterly sick of conventionality," and came to such bitter grief in his search for "life, poignant and intense!" He might read a lesson to many a two-legged prig, were the bipedal nincompoop capable of learning it.

The Glass of Supreme Moments is, perhaps, needlessly enigmatical, and *Rural Simplicity, Concealed Art*, and *Two Poets*, strike one as superfluously "unpleasant." Mr. PAIN seems slightly touched with the current literary fad for making bricks with the smallest possible quantity of straw. One half-pennyworth of the bread of incident to an intolerable deal of the sack of strained style and pessimist commentary, make poorish imaginative pabulum, though there seems an increasing appetite for it amongst those who, unlike *Lucas Morne* in *The Glass of Supreme Moments*, plume themselves upon possession of "the finer perceptions." *The Magic Morning* is a "scrap" elaborately aucead and garnished; the fleeting flavour may possess a certain sub-acid piquancy, but such small dishes of broken meats are hardly nourishing or wholesome.

Mr. PAIN has a delicate fancy and a graceful style, a bitter-sweet humour, and a plentiful endowment of "the finer perceptions." He has done some good work here, and will do better—when he finds his subject, and loses his affectations. Read *White Nights*, again says the Baron's "retainer."

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

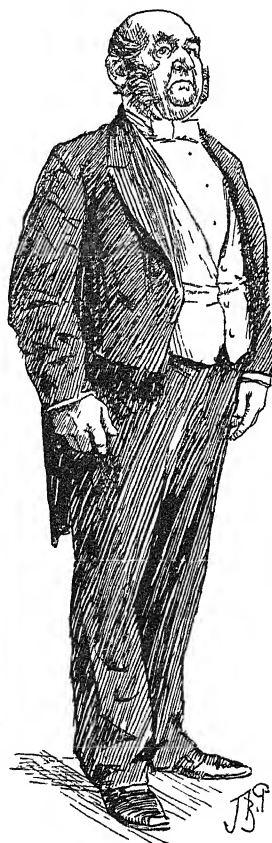
COMING BARONETCY TO BE MUSICALLY NOTED.—Song for a "Lullaby" or a "Good Knight" from *Don Giovanni*, and dedicated by nobody's permission to Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, would be "*Barty! Barty!*" Will Sir EDWARD SOLOMON be in it? Probably this is "another night."

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

NO V.—BUTLERLESS.

Oh! bring my Butler back to me;
I stray and lapse alone!
If this be freedom, to be free
Were something best unknown.
He used to look so grand and grave—
So sad when I was slack;
'Twas difficult to misbehave—
Oh, bring my Butler back!

In him was nothing flash nor green—
A Seneschal confessed;
Most people deemed his reverend mien
Some family bequest.
And yet but three short, happy years
Had seen him on our tack,
And made us verge on VERE DE VERES—
Oh, bring my Butler back!



A Pedigree in
s w a l l o w -
tails,
He gave our
household
"tone"

My soul ple-
beian trips
and fails
(See stanza
first) alone.

I fall on low
Bohemian
ways,
I doff my even-
ing black;
I dine in blazer
all ablaze—
Oh, bring my
Butler back!

I breakfast now
and smoke in
bed;
I wrench the
bell for coals;
Nomaster-hand
and master-
head
The day's
routine con-
trols.
No stately form
in homage
curved,
Our commis-
sariat's lack,
Veneers with,
"Dinner, Sir,
is served"—
Oh, bring my
Butler back!

A few old friends drop in at times,
But ah! their zest is gone;
No organ voice with awe sublimed
BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.
They sound to me quite commonplace,
Who seemed a ducal pack:
'Twas he who lent them rank and race—
Oh, bring my Butler back!

And they must think me very queer,
Each unennobled guest:
I munch my chop, I quaff my beer
At meal-times unrepressed,
I laugh a laughter rude and loud;
My little jokes I crack;
The parlour-maid with mirth is bowed—
Oh, bring my Butler back!

Yes! bring that paragon to me—
'Tis true he drank my wine;
But, as I found it disagree,
I don't so much repine:
'Tis true we missed a little plate
When he gave us the sack.
But "all things come to them that wait"—
Oh, bring my Butler back!

That gorgeous grace, that smile severe,
That look of Lords and Barts,
These are the charms that most endear
His image to our hearts.
The standard of my broken life
With him has gone to rack,
And, if it were not for my wife,
I'd bring my Butler back!

FINE, OR REFINE?

[An Educational Journal recently suggested the formation of a "Guild of Courtesy," with especial view to refining the manners and language of the youth of the working classes.]

HAIL, noble Guild! By all means drive
Expletives from our highways;
They are the ruin of our roads,
The byword of our byways!

And rowdies too—to teach them grace
A philanthropic art is;
These subjects for the Guild may well
Be called the "Guilty parties".

The lumbering horse-play of the streets,
Can we its spirits soothe?
Will blarneying do? Or can "the Rough"
Be "taken with the smooth"?

And there's the working girl: can we
From yells and rompings wean her?
For the demeanour of a Miss
Is oft a mis-demeanour.

O worthy Guildsmen! Take in hand
All ages and all classes!
Show how to hearts Good Manners' arts
Supply the freest passes.

Do not such terms as these of hope
Your undertaking rob—
The "common people"—"lower class,"
"The vulgar," and "the mob"?

And there's our worship of the purse;
'Gainst it pray have a tilt
Oh, gild our manners! But take care
They are not silver-gilt!

ALL AT SEA.—The KAISER is reported to be so delighted with his visit to the Isle of Wight, that he proposes to repeat the journey next year. Fond of military display, if he goes to Ryde he will be appropriately accompanied by an escort of German Mounted Marines.



INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES.

Count Peter von Strubel (just arrived in England, in time for Her Grace's Concert). ACH! TOTCHESS! HOW IS II ZAT IN ENKLAND YOUR LATIES ARE ZÖH PEAUDIFUL, AND YOUR CHENDLEMEN ZÖH OCKLY?"

Her Grace. "TO-NIGHT NEARLY ALL THE LADIES ARE ENGLISH, COUNT, AND THE GENTLEMEN ARE MOSTLY FOREIGN, AS IT HAPPENS!"

READING THE STARS À LA MODE.

(Extract from the Note-book of the Secretary of the Earth and Mars Intercommunication Company, Limited.)

August 10, 1899.—Open this book just to jot down briefly the results of our efforts to hold a conversation with the people living in the adjacent planet. Get a better notion by this means of what we are doing than the minutes can afford. Shall leave this book as an heirloom to my successors in office. In 1892, when we were last nearest Mars (only at a distance of 35,000,000 miles or thereabouts), we came to the conclusion that the Marsians were trying to speak to us. They seemed to be making signals. With the assistance of our new telescope (six times as powerful as that of seven years ago), we made out what we took to be at first an old man waving a white hat. On more careful inspection, found that the old man was a volcano in a state of eruption. White hat evidently the smoke. Could distinctly locate the ocean. Unable to discover more, as the planet went off for another seven years' cruise.

August 10, 1906.—Jot down, in compliance with the wishes of my predecessor, the transactions of the Company. By the way, my new berth is a very pleasant one. Have nothing to do except every seven years, when we all have to watch Mars like anything. This time we have a first-class telescope. Fifty times as powerful as the one of seven years ago. Can count the hairs on a man's head at ten miles' distance. Mars seems quite close to us. There is a first-class hotel on one of the mountains, and apparently a very good paper, which by the way (like everything else on the planet), is red. Distinctly made out a man in a boat. Could not attract his attention. Stupid donkey! Have to wait for another seven years.

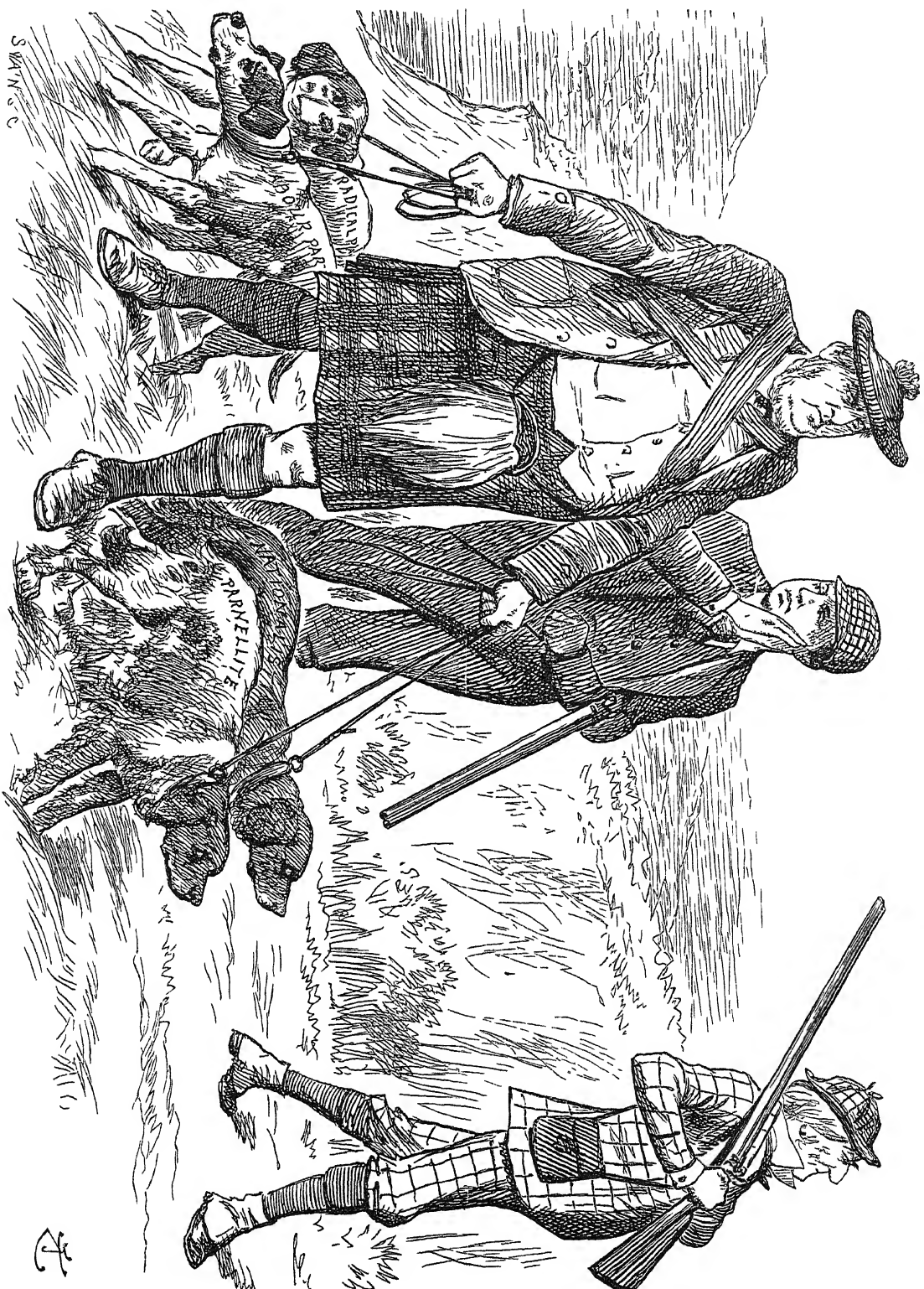
August 10, 1913.—Again ready. Better telescope than one in use seven years ago. Find we can now read the Marsian newspapers. They are written in same language as our own. Nothing in them worth quoting. Evidently "silly season" over there as well as here. Account of the Sea Serpent. Let off patent sky-shattering rockets, but the inhabitants of the adjacent planet failed to observe them. They have arranged bonfires in geometrical order, so far as we can

understand it, as a signal (if it is one); they seem to wish to observe something like "*Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*." Interesting. Popular song of fourteen years ago just reached our nearest neighbour in the Solar System. Cannot observe more, as the planet is off for another seven years.

August 10, 1920.—We ought to do something this time. Improved telescope; can see everything. So excellent that we can almost hear the Marsians talking. Great advance, too, in through-space-hurling machinery. We applied this new power to a pea-shooter, and, at the first shot, was sufficiently fortunate to hit a Marsian policeman on the nose. He first arrested an innocent person for the assault, but, on our repeating the signal, he looked up, and shook his fist at the Earth. Eventually he traced the source of the pea-shooting. They then began to watch our signals. They were just about to reply when we started off for another seven years.

August 10, 1927.—I take up my predecessor's book to continue these observations. Deeply interested to see if the inhabitants of the neighbouring planet would remember the date, and be on the look out for us. Yes, there they were. We have just signalled "*How are you?*" But it has received, as yet, no reply. The Marsians seem to be signalling, but not in our direction. We have just tried another message, "*Good morning; do you use soap?*" Ah, this has woke them up! They do understand us. They have replied, "*Don't be rude.*" We are greatly encouraged by this, and have signalled "*The planet Mars, we believe?*" This has elicited no response. Strange! We have begged for a reply, and it has just come. Here it is:—"*Don't bother; can't attend to you just now. We are talking with the planet Jupiter.*" Time up! Off for another seven years!

August 10, 1934.—Just one line to add to the other communications of my predecessors. The Earth and Mars Intercommunication Company, Limited, has been merged into the London, Jupiter, Venus, Mars, and North Saturn Aerial Railway Company. During the present near approach of Mars to the Earth, an excursion electric air-torpedo train will leave the Victoria Station for Pars the Capital of Mars. The excursion will be personally conducted by Baron Cook of Ludgate Circus. Return tickets, Second Class, £1,000; First Class (with hotel coupons), Half an ounce of coal.



“WILL THEY WORK?”

LORD ROSEBERRY (*aside to Mr. Harcourt, the Gille*). “WONDER WHAT SORT OF A BAG HE’LL MAKE—OVER THOSE DOGS!”

HOW IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SETTLED.

(Supplementary and Imaginary Despatch not yet received at the Foreign Office.)

It will be remembered that I had the honour to report that amongst my *suite* I had the pleasure to be accompanied by Herr Von Popoff, the celebrated Germano-Russian *prestidigitateur*. When I received a despatch from the Foreign Office informing me that I was premature in destroying the Draft Treaty, although that Draft Treaty contained provisions that were entirely different to those which the Sultan had already at the time accepted and promised to sign, I made up my mind to return to His Sheriffian Majesty with a view to setting things right. I considered it advisable to be accompanied by Herr Von Popoff, as I counted upon that eminent conjuror's valuable aid to assist me in carrying out what I venture to submit, was my praiseworthy object.

When we reached the room the Sultan was occupying, we found His Sheriffian Majesty regarding with some indignation, the remains of the Draft Treaty that had been brought back to him by the messengers the Sultan had sent to me.

His Majesty was very angry, and had given orders for the immediate execution of Herr Von Popoff and myself, when my talented assistant gently placed his hand upon the head of the swarthy and irate Sovereign, and by a clever pass produced an egg. This amused and amazed the Sultan immensely, and his Sheriffian Majesty desired that the feat should be repeated. This request received immediate practical acquiescence as the wonder-worker deliberately extracted eggs from the Sultan's arms, legs, and whiskers. Having obtained some dozen eggs by this means, Herr Von Popoff borrowed a turban from the Prime Minister, and breaking the eggs into his improvised saucepan, mixed the mess into a compact mass with the assistance of a scimitar kindly lent for the occasion by the Commander-in-Chief.

"High cock-alorum jig, jig, jig!" exclaimed the Wizard, and in a trice, the eggs had disappeared, and in their place appeared a pound-cake. I have the honour to report that the cake was then cut into small portions and passed round for consumption. His Sheriffian Majesty was good enough to partake of the rather stale comestible. The remainder of the cake was devoured by the *suite*.

By this time the Sultan was in great good humour, when unfortunately his eyes fell upon the remains of the destroyed Draft Treaty which were still lying unheeded on the palace floor. Seeing them his Sheriffian Majesty rolled his eyes savagely, and sent for the Lord High Executioner.

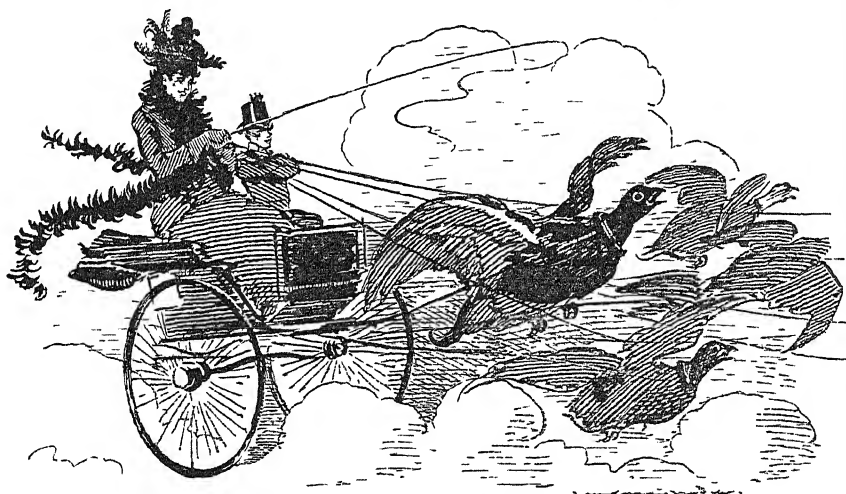
It was at this crisis that Herr Von Popoff showed great presence of mind and absolute coolness. Without a moment's hesitation he requested that the fragments of paper might be given to him. Taking them in his right

hand, he placed them in the turban he had previously used for manufacturing his pound-cake, and once more repeated his magic formula.

To the general surprise (and I must not omit my own individuality from the universal astonishment) he produced a new Treaty, which I then had the honour of handing to the Sultan for signature.

The Treaty (which was subsequently discovered to contain several important concessions to the country I have the honour to represent) was then signed, and the *prestidigitateur* and I retired loaded with honours.

I have, in conclusion, to beg permission to wear the Sheriffian Order of the Diamond-eyed Pig of the Second Class. The Sun-Star of the Emerald Life-sized White Elephant of the Double First-Class has already been accepted by Herr Von Popoff, as that gentleman, being a foreign subject, has no need to desire official authorisation to use his recently-acquired and extremely bulky decoration.



"GROUSE DRIVING."

THIS IS WHAT SHE IMAGINED IT TO BE IN HER DREAM OF THE 12TH OF AUGUST.

MEMORABLE.

SIR,—So many punning Epitaphs have recently appeared in the *Times à propos* of "Bob Lowe," that I am sure you will now allow me to produce and publish what was rejected by your Editor, long before the decease of the above-mentioned eminent Statesman. I thought it, and still think it, uncommonly good; but the then Editor said, "No—it is unseemly to joke about the decease of a living celebrity." Now on the good old maxim of "*Nil nisi bonum*," I beg you will produce this, as I'm sure it is, and always was, uncommonly *bonum*, and like good wine, all the better for keeping. Here it is:—

ON THE LATE B. L.

Bob! has he gone above the sky?

We hope that it is so.

Yet when above, however high,

He'll always be B.-Lowe.

I've seen nothing to equal this; at least, being a judge of such things, I may safely say so, adding humbly, "A poor thing, but mine own." Yours, L. S. FRIT D'ESCALIER.

ACCIDENTAL JOKE.—When does an explosion do no harm? When a husband blows his wife up—and she deserves it.

INFRA DIG.

SWEET, in a sordid age, it is to find
One Abdiel to enticement bravely blind,
One class not thrall to Plutus. But, hurroo!
England rejoice aloud, for thou hast *two*.
Sweet are the uses of—Advertisement,
To huckster souls, whose god is Cent-per-

cent.
The Mart, the Forum, and—alas!—the Fane.
Self-trumpeting, in type, cannot restrain;
The leaded column and the poster smart
Seduce the Histrio; e'en the thrall of Art
Bows to the modern Baal of Pot and Paste,
That deadly foe of Modesty and Taste.

The Poet poses publicly, the Scribe
Knows how to vaunt, to logroll, and to bribe.
But there be those share not the general
taint;

The pestle-wielding Sage, the silk-gowned
Saint.

Redeem our fallen race from the dark shade
That would confuse Professions with mere
Trade.

No, briefs and bills of costs may loom too big,

Harpagon hide be-
neath a horsehair
wig,

Sangrado thrive on
flattery and shrewd
knack.

And *Dulcamara*, safe
in silence, quack;
But—chortle, oh ye
good, rejoice, ye
wise!

Physic and Law will
never—*Advertise!*

"THE PARIAH."—
In the latest copy to
hand of that wonder-
ful penn'orth of gos-
sip and information,
Sala's Journal, Vol.
I. No. 16, and in the
very first line of the
light and leading
article, our "G.A.S." asks "Is Woman a Pariah?" Of course she is not, we reply, not even if she be the very masculinest of females. Some, if they are "Riahs" at

all, are "Ma-riahs." "Riah," it may be remembered, is the abbreviated form of the name as in the once popular Coster's song of "*What cheer Riah?*" Whether spelt with or without an "h" is of no consequence, the Coster not being particular.

TO DR. LOUIS ROBINSON.

(Who said at the British Association that a Baby was an animal as interesting as any which had been brought from the uttermost parts of the Earth.)

QUITE right, Dr. ROBINSON, perfectly right,
No longer the need to repair to the Zoo;
No longer we'll see with increasing delight
The quarrelsome Monkey, the blithe Kan-

garoo.
But the "animal's interest" shall charm us
instead,

Though it's scarcely a charm you've dis-
covered,—at least
There's many a father who's pointedly said,
That his interesting Babe was a "mere
little beast!"

SEASONABLE BUT UNFAIR.—When you have
to pay heavily for light refreshments.



ATAVISM.

Proud Mother. "BUT REALLY NOW, DR. BIRCH, DON'T YOU THINK IT RATHER EXTRAORDINARY THAT WE SHOULD HAVE THREE SUCH CLEVER SONS?"

Dr. B. "WHY, NO, MY DEAR MADAM; NOW YOU HAVE TOLD ME WHAT A REMARKABLY CLEVER GRANDMOTHER THEY HAD!"

THE NEXT VIVÂ VOCE.

["Due consideration will be given in the selection of Candidates for Scholarships to proficiency in athletics."—*Daily Paper.*]

Examiner (courteously). Have you studied any Latin author?

Candidate (with hesitation). I once looked into CORNELIUS NEPOS, but never could construe half a dozen lines.

Exam. What have you studied in Greek?

Can. Tried the first page of VALPY, and got through the present of *τῆς*—then gave it up.

Exam. Do you know anything about Mathematics?

Can. Fancy I have heard of the Rule of Three, but hanged if I know much about Fractions.

Exam. (a little despairingly). Can you give the dates of the four WILLIAMS in English History?

Can. No. Suppose followed one another, as shillings of the time of WILLIAM THE FOURTH still in use. Suppose WILLIAM THE FIRST must have been about the end of the Eighteenth Century.

Exam. (with new hope). Do you know anything about Geography?

Can. Not without a *Continental Bradshaw*.

Exam. (nothing daunted). Can you tell me the name of the spot which is supposed to be the centre of the universe?

Can. I haven't the faintest idea, but suppose you mean Monte Carlo.

Exam. (as a last resource). Do you know anything about Law?

Can. Nothing at all, except 'that one of my friends had to pay five pounds, the other day, for assaulting a Policeman.

Exam. (losing his temper). Then what on earth do you know?

Can. Only how to break the record of the quarter mile.

Exam. (brightening up). And can you play Cricket?

Can. (contemptuously). Can I play Cricket? Why I carried my bat out for 184 against Loamshire, with GRACE bowling his swiftest.

Exam. (cordially grasping his hand). My dear Sir, after the satisfactory examination you have just undergone, I shall have much pleasure in recommending you for a Scholarship.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 8.—Think I mentioned, just before Prorogation, how DUNBAR BARTON, offended at disregard paid to his warnings by Ministers, protested that he would never speak again, and should thenceforth be known as DUM BARTON. Finding him to-night fagged out, prepared to move Address, reminded him of the incident.

"Quite so, TOBY," he said; "you're perfectly right. I never did speak again in that House. This is a different thing. Besides, I'm not going to make a speech, but to read a paper."

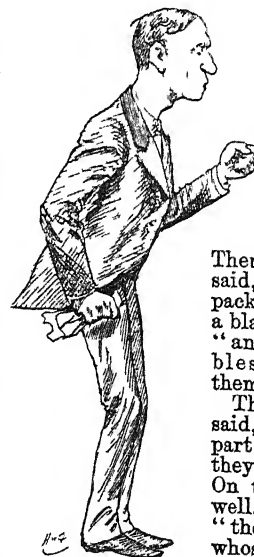
Rather quibbling this; but temptation to accept invitation to move Address at opening of new Session understood to be irresistible. Believe I'm the only Member who ever begged to be excused. W. H. CROSS seconded Address; speech much mystified House; remains to this day disputed point whether he meant to be funny, or was merely maladroitness. Fancy he really meant it. GRAND CROSS in Peers' Gallery, looking on with fond affection. Life been for him, of late, a troubled sheet of water. His counsel about not dissolving Parliament till very last moment, over-ruled; consequence is, Government are going out; how India is to get on without him, GRAND CROSS really doesn't know. Situation not soothed by reprehensible frivolity of Prince ARTHUR. Meeting GRAND CROSS just now, moodily crossing Corridor, Prince said,—"Well, we're not the only parties changing places. I see, from the newspapers, that the planet Mars has already gone into Opposition."

GRAND CROSS severely shook his head. There are some things too sacred for a joke; his leaving the India Office is one. Moreover, not free from certain jealousy in the matter. Fact is, been, so to speak, "on the joke" himself. Modest merit, like murder, will out. No use attempting to burke what is open secret. All those funeral jokes in young Cross's speech—his "course of obituary notices" as ASQUITH happily put it—were really GRAND CROSS's. CROSS *père* composed them in the seclusion of Eccle Riggs, and made them over to his son.

"Would never do, WILLIAM HENRY, for a man in my position to publicly make a joke. I am not sure how it befits the Junior Counsel for England in the Behring Sea Arbitration. But we must risk that.

There they are," he said, handing him a packet of manuscript in a black-edged envelope, "and may a father's blessing accompany them."

There was, as I have said, some hesitation on part of House as to how they were to be received. On the whole, went off well. The reference to "the Government, at whose last hours we have now arrived," and the proposal to write their epitaph, brought down the House. GRAND CROSS sitting in Gallery nervously watching result, decidedly encouraged. In larger



Asquith, Q. C.

epitaph, brought down the House. GRAND CROSS sitting in Gallery nervously watching result, decidedly encouraged. In larger



OFF TO THE COUNTRY AGAIN.

leisure of Opposition we shall probably have more of these vicarious flashes of latent humour.

Business done.—Address moved, met with Vote of No Confidence, submitted by ASQUITH in brilliant speech.

Tuesday.—Imminence of change in Ministry brings into prominence and close proximity what is likely to happen in Ireland when Home Rule is established. Irish Members of all sections on the alert. SAUNDERSON in his war-paint, which assumes shape of luminous white waistcoat. Always know, when the Colonel puts that on, he means business. Made to-night good Derrydown speech punctuated



Honest John Burns.

by howls of execration from Irish brethren opposite. That is just what Colonel enjoys; moved him to higher flights of oratory. His lurid picture of ASQUITH, Q.C., "sitting on the lips of Irish volcano," extremely effective. Irish Members cruelly and effectually retorted by putting up REDMOND JUNIOR to reply. Colonel gallantly smiled, but it was a gashly effort. Device evidently effective. REDMOND did admirably; nothing could have been better than his grave remark, to presumably alarmed House, that, having for seven years sat opposite Colonel, he was able to assure them that he was "perfectly harmless—perfectly harmless."

"Now that," said ASHBORNE, in London just now winding up his ministerial affairs, "is the cruellest thing I ever heard said of SAUNDERSON."

Later, more serious evidence of seething condition of feeling in Ulster brought under notice of House. Ross, Q.C., was returned at General Election, in place of CHARLES LEWIS—a character useful as a study for young Members, showing how a man of considerable ability, and distinct Parliamentary aptitude, may prove a hopeless failure. Ross born and brought up in Derry; accustomed to controversial practices. Familiar from boyhood with the concrete form dialectics are apt to take when indulged in beyond space of half an hour.

"If they mean business," Ross said confidentially to Honest JOHN BURNS, "they'll find the Derry Boy in it."

So, before coming down to House, he carefully filled his trouser-pocket with convenient-sized paving-stones. When he got up just now, House stared with amazement at curious appearance presented by the Orator. Ross, pleased with attention created, threw back his coat, placed hands on hips, stiffened his legs, and made the most of the paving-stones. Members opposite whispered, and tittered.

"Let them laugh that win," said Ross. "In case of a row, a paving-stone in trouser-pocket is worth a Krupp's Battery in the bush."

So it proved. Prevention better than cure. Nobody threw anything at New Member for Derry, and, when he had concluded successful Maiden Speech, went out and emptied his amazing pockets into his locker.

"I'll save 'em up for a rainy day, as the man said when he pawned his landlord's umbrella," was Mr. Ross's remark as he hurried off home, at least a quarter of a hundredweight lighter.

Business done.—More debate on Address.

Thursday.—Splendid House; full from floor to topmost tier of seats in Strangers' Galleries. The last scene in history of Government. All the actors on. Boxes full; Stalls full; Pit full. Contrary to LORD CHAMBERLAIN's regulations, chairs placed in gangways. Great rush for these, as affording novel position. MATHERS, who got front seat, says it was very nice, but not without compensating disadvantage. "Expected every minute, you know, the man coming round for your penny, as they do in the Parks."

CHAMBERLAIN had first call; greatly cheered by Conservatives when he stood before footlights. Little bit of farce to begin with. ALPHIEUS CLEOPHAS rose with JOSEPH. Submitted as point of order that, in moving Adjournment on Tuesday night, JOSEPH had exhausted his right to speak. House howled. Just as if, Lyceum crowded to see IRVING play *Charles the First*, JOHNNIE TOOLE came before Curtain and explained that, as CHARLES THE FIRST was indubitably beheaded some hundreds of years ago, IRVING would be out of order in appearing to-night. Very well done, and added something to interest of moment. But unnecessary. JOSEPH equal to occasion without adventitious aid.

A fine speech, equal to the magnificent audience. Even DON'T KEIR-HARDIE took off his cap to listen. JOSEPH never better with his quick sharp thrust, his lunging blow, and his apt tripping up. As usual, best where speech broken in upon with rude interruption. Note the incident when launched upon his peroration,

carefully prepared and perilously adventured upon. House not passionately fond of perorations. Will suffer them only from Mr. G. and one or two others. CHAMBERLAIN rarely rises to peroration point. To-night a great occasion. Solemn enough even for peroration. Rising with its swelling tide, he came to ask "the wisest and the most sensible among you to consider the situation." Standing at the moment with face turned to Liberals above Gangway; from Irish camp behind his back rose shouts of ironical cheers and noisy laughter, "Boo-oo!" CHAMBERLAIN stopped perforce, and with scornful gesture of thumb over his shoulder at mob behind, said, "Yes, to the others I do not speak," then went on and finished his sentence.

"A great day this, for JOSEPH," I said after, to SAUVRE OF MALWOOD.

"Ah," said THE PERSONAGE, meditatively stroking a chin made for Cabinets. "Yes, he's very important; he reminds me of a story I heard when I was in Scotland. There was a funeral going on in a quiet street in Glasgow. Among the company present was observed a man whom nobody seemed to know, but who was bustling about as if he were in charge of most things. At last the undertaker, jealous of his own position, suggested he had better take a back seat. 'Losh man!' cried the Unknown, his eyes blazing with indignation, 'I'm brither to the corpp.' Dissident Liberalism is dead; but JOE is brither to the corpp, and we must bear with him a little."

That's all very well; but they haven't done with JOSEPH yet. There may come times of distress and famine when he will be heard of from Egypt.

Business done.—The Government's. Wound up by a majority of 40 in turbulent House of 660 Members.

OVIDIUS REMARK.

(From a confirmed Tea-Drinker, who, suffering from Gout, has been forbidden his favourite beverage.)

DEAR TOPER.—Alas, no more of "The generous" for some time to come, and, what afflicts me most is, I am cut off from my Tea! "What, no soap! So he died." Substitute "Tea" for "Soap,"

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.



Ovid quite at Tomi.

Tomi not quite at Tomi at Ovid.

and there I am. My boy TOMMY, who is at home for the holidays, reminds me of what OVID said at Tomi, not to TOMMY, as they were not contemporaries. "Nec tecum vivere possum, nec sine te." For "te" read "tea," and that's my case to a T. Oatts' Ours.

Goughy Street, Old Portman Square.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.—Dear Mr. Punch,—Now for another glance at Racing. Next week we have meetings at Stockton and Wolverhampton, and the most important race is the Stockton Handicap, for which I will append my usual poetic selection:—

Stockton Handicap Selection.

A difficult river to cross, I am | But, if rider and horseman be
told, [Styx; | equally bold, [Pyx"!
Is the one that is known as the | You can do it by aid of "The
This will rejoice the hearts of my followers, who have been "selectionless" for some weeks, and have therefore been unable to bet, unless they have accepted the absolutely unreliable information given by all the other sporting writers, but never by, yours truly,
Nash Hotel, Bournemouth.
LADY GAY.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

TWO-PENN'ORTH OF THEOSOPHY.

(A Sketch at the Islington Arcadia.)

SCENE—The Agricultural Hall. A large Steam-Circus is revolving with its organ in full blast; near it is a "Razzle-Dazzle" Machine, provided with a powerful mechanical piano. To the combined strains of these instruments, the merrier hearts of Islington are performing a desultory dance, which seems to consist chiefly in the various couples charging each other with desperate gallantry. At the further end of the Hall is a Stage, on which a Variety Performance is in progress, and along the side of the gallery a Switchback, the rolling thunder of which, accompanied by masculine whoops and feminine squeaks, is distinctly audible. Near the entrance is a painted house-front with two doors, which are being pitilessly battered with wooden balls; from time to time a well-directed missile touches a spring, one of the doors opens, and an idiotic effigy comes blandly goggling and sliding down an inclined plane, to be saluted with yells of laughter, and ignominiously pushed back into domestic privacy. Amidst surroundings thus happily suggesting the idyllic and pastoral associations of Arcady, is an unpretending booth, the placards on which announce it to be the temporary resting-place of the "Far-famed Adepts of Thibet," who are there for a much-needed change, after a "3500 years' residence in the Desert of Gobi." There is also a solemn warning that "it is impossible to spoof a Mahatma." In front of this booth, a fair-headed, round-faced, and Spectacled Gentleman, in evening clothes, and a particularly crumpled shirt-front—who presents a sort of compromise between the Scientific Savant and the German Waiter has just locked up his Assistant in a wooden pillory, for no obvious reason except to attract a crowd. The crowd collects accordingly, and includes a Comic Coachman, who, with his Friend—a tall and speechless nonentity—has evidently come out to enjoy himself.

The Spectacled Gentleman (letting the Assistant out of the pillory, with the air of a man who does not often unbend to these frivolities). Now, Gentlemen, I am sure all those whom I see around me have heard of those marvellous beings—the Mahatmas—and how they can travel through space in astral bodies, and produce matter out of nothing at all. (Here the group endeavour to look as if these facts were familiar to them from infancy, while the Comic Coachman assumes the intelligent interest of a Pantomime Clown in the price of a property fish.) Very well; but perhaps some of you may not be aware that at this very moment the air all around you is full of ghosts.

The Comic Coachman (affecting extreme terror). 'Ere, let me get out o' this! Where's my friend?

The Sp. G. I am only telling you the simple truth. There is, floating above the head of each one of you, the ghostly counterpart of himself; and the ghost of anybody who is smoking will be smoking also the ghost of a cigar or a pipe.

The C. C. (to his attendant Phantom). 'Ere, 'and me down one o' your smokes to try, will yer?

The Sp. G. You laugh—but I am no believer in making statements without proof to support them, and I shall now proceed to offer you convincing evidence that what I say is true. (Movement of startled incredulity in group.) I have here two ordinary clean clay pipes. (Producing them.) Now, Sir, (to the C. C.) will you oblige me by putting your finger in the bowls to test whether there is any tobacco there or not?

The C. C. Not me. None o' those games for me! Where's my friend?—it's more in 'is line!

[The Friend, however, remains modestly in the background, and, after a little hesitation, a more courageous spirit tests the bowls, and pronounces them empty.]

The Sp. G. Very well, I will now smoke the spirit-tobacco in these empty pipes. (He puts them both in his mouth, and emits a quantity of unmistakable smoke.) Now, in case you should imagine this is a deception, and I produce the smoke from my throat in some manner, will you kindly try my esoteric tobacco, Sir? (To a bystander, who, not without obvious misgivings, takes a few whiffs and produces smoke, as well as a marked impression upon the most sceptical spectators.) Having thus proved to you the existence of a Spirit World, allow me to inform you that this is nothing to the marvels to be seen inside for the small sum of twopence, where I shall have the honour of introducing to you Mlle. SCINTILLA, who is not only the most extraordinary

Scientific Wonder of the World, but also the loveliest woman now living!

The C. C. 'Ere, I'm comin' in, I am. I'm on to this. Where's my friend? he'll pay for me. He promised to take care o' me, and I can't trust myself anywhere without 'im.

[He enters the Show, followed by the Tall Nonentity, and the bulk of the bystanders, who feel that the veil is about to be lifted, and that twopence is not an exorbitant fee for initiation. Inside is a low Stage, with a roughly painted Scene, and a kind of small Cabinet, the interior of which is visible and vacant; behind the barrier which separates the Stage from the Audience stands Mlle. SCINTILLA, a young lady in a crimson silk blouse and a dark skirt, who if not precisely a Modern Helen, is distinctly attractive and reassuringly material.]

The C. C. Oh, I say, if this is a Mahatma, I like 'em!

[The Sibyl receives this tribute with a smile. The Sp. G. (appearing on the Stage as Showman). Now, Ladies and Gentlemen! (There is one Lady present, who stands at the side, by way of indicating that she declines to give the proceedings any moral support whatever.) You all know that Adepts have the power of disintegrating material objects and re-integrating them when they please. I have here a hollow mask. (He exhibits a Pantomime demon head.) I place it upon the roof of this cabinet, which as you perceive is empty. I raise it—and underneath you will see materialised a wonderful young lady who consists of a head and nothing else. (He discovers the head of a very human young person with short curly hair.) Now those of you who are unmarried would find this young lady an admirable wife for a man of small income, for,

having no body, she will cost him nothing whatever for her food or frocks.

The C. C. (with a touch of cynicism). She'd make it up in 'ats and bonnets, though; trust 'er!

The Showman. She is extremely sweet-tempered; and, when she observes a number of good-looking gentlemen in the front row, as there are to-night, she will smile affectionately at them.

[The Head gives a very practical confirmation of this assertion, and the Lady in the corner sniffs with strong disapproval.]

The C. C. 'Ere, I say—where's my friend? I want to take my 'ook out o' this—the young Lady's 'ed is a smilin' at me, and it ain't good enough, yer know—she's left too much of herself at 'ome to suit me!

The Showman (after extinguishing the Head, which is giggling helplessly, in the Mask). Now this other young Lady, Mlle. SCINTILLA, known to her friends as "SPARKS," is equally wonderful in her way. It may surprise you when I inform you—(here he puts his arm affectionately round the Sibyl's neck)—that, beautiful as she is, she has never been kissed in her whole life!

The C. C. (with chivalrous indignation). What? 'Ere, if that's all!

[He intimates, in pantomime, his perfect readiness to repair this omission at once.]

The Showman. This is owing to the fact that she is impregnated with electricity to such an extraordinary degree, that any contact with her lips will produce a shock which would probably prove fatal!

The C. C. Oh, where is that friend o' mine? (To the Sibyl.) I come out without my lightnin' conductor this evenin', Miss; but I've got a friend somewhere in 'ere as 'll be 'appy to represent me.

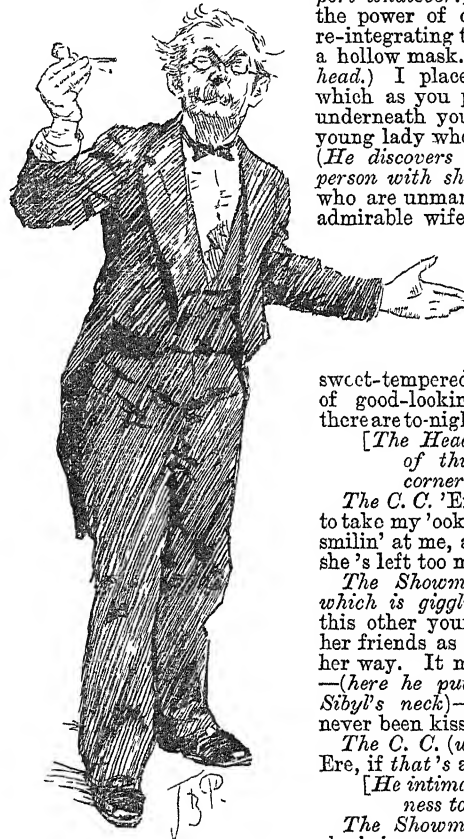
[The Tall Nonentity tries to efface himself, but is relieved to find that the Sibyl does not take the offer seriously.]

The Showman. As a proof that I am not speaking without foundation, this young lady will allow you to feel her hands, when you will at once become aware of the electric current.

[The Sibyl leans across the barrier, and tenders a decidedly pretty palm for public pressure, but there is the usual reluctance at first to embrace the opportunity. At length a seeker after truth grasps the hand, and reports that he "can feel a somethink," whereupon his example is followed by the others, including the C. C., who, finding the sensation agreeable, pretends to be electrified to such an extent that he is unable to let go—which concludes the entertainment.]

Spectators (departing). She may have 'ad one o' them galvanic belts on for all you can tell. But, mind yer, there's a lot in it, all the same. Look at the way he brought smoke out o' them clays.

The C. C. (to his Friend). That was a lark, Jem! But look 'ere—don't you go tellin' the Missus; she ain't on the Me'atmer lay—not much, she ain't!



"I have here two ordinary clean clay pipes."



HONOURS EASY.

Sir E. L. (gaily). "BARONETTED? OF COURSE, MY BOY—RIGHT THING TO DO! THANKS. TA-TA!" [*Careers away, to keep up his circulation.*
Mr. P. "AND YOU, MR. LABBY?" *H. L. (languidly).* "OH—AH—AS FOR ME—I'M OUT OF IT—THAT'S THE TRUTH."

WOT CHER, LABBY?

[*"Mr. LABOUCHERE, so he says, has come to London to enjoy the smiles of the new Ministry."*—*Morning Paper.*]

ENJOY them, dear LABBY, smile back, if you can—

Though your lip has a curl that portends something sinister—
 It is painful, I take it, to flash in the pan,

While a rival goes off with a bang as a Minister.

But you (you're a cynic, that's one of the ways,

And by no means the worst, to get credit for kindness),

You can smile at this struggle for titles and praise,

You can laugh at your friends while you envy their blindness.

A time, so I fancy you saying, will come;

They are not done with LABBY, for all their sweet smiling;

And they're vastly mistaken who think he'll be dumb,

Or abandon his amiable habit of riling.

"GREAT SCOTT!"—*Mr. Punch's* congratulations to the new Bart. of Scott's Bank, Cavendish Square, with the classic name of HORACE. His friends will be able to adapt MACAULAY's lines, and tell—

"How well HORATIUS kept the Bank,
 In the brave days of old."

Of course, be it understood that "keeping the Bank" has nothing whatever to do with Monte Carlo, or with any game of speculation. *Ad multos annos!* And to adapt again—

"On HORACE's head Honours accumulate!"

BALFOUR AND SALISBURY.—The late Government couldn't help having a good dash of spirit in it, seeing it was a "B. and S." mixture. Now, "B. and S."—off! *Vide Mr. Punch's* Cartoon this week.

IN OFFICE WITH THE LABOUR VOTE.

(How to deal with an Aukward Matter, according to Precedent.)

SCENE—A Smoking-Room and Lounge. Eminent Statesman discovered filling a pipe. Private Secretary in attendance.

Em. S. Now I think all's ready to begin. Mind, my lad, and have the tea and decanters in readiness when I ring for them. Enough chairs?

Pri. Sec. Only half-a-dozen expected, Sir; so I thought if I got six that would be enough.

Em. S. Quite so. And now, my dear fellow, show in the Deputation.

[Private Secretary opens door, when enter several Workmen in their Sunday best, headed by Fussy M.P.]

Fussy M.P. (with effusion). My dear Sir, this is a great pleasure. I hope I see you well. (Shakes the hand of Eminent Statesman with profuse cordiality.) And now, if you will allow me, I will introduce these Delegates. It would have pleased them better if they could have had an Autumn Session, but they are quite prepared to be satisfied with an interview, as it is in the Recess. (Speaking in the soft tones of the House at Westminster.) Sir! My Right Hon. Friend! It is my privilege as well as my duty—a most pleasant one—to introduce what I may aptly declare to be the most representative body of men it has ever been my good fortune to meet. I, my dear Sir—

Em. S. (interrupting). Thank you very much, but I fancy we can get on better by talking it over quietly. It's very hot, so if you don't mind, I will take off my coat and sit in my shirt-sleeves. [Removes his coat.]

Fussy M.P. (taken aback). My dear Sir!

Members of the Deputation. Thankee, Sir! We'll follow suit.

[They remove their coats.]

Em. S. Now you would like to smoke? Well, my Private Secretary will hand round cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco. Don't be shy, Consider my house Liberty Hall. Well, tell me—what's it all about?

First Mem. of Dep. (pointing to Fussy M.P.). Why he said as how he would do all the speaking.

Em. S. Very likely, and do it (bowing to him) very well. But I would far rather that you should speak for yourselves. Come let us meet as old friends. Now—what do you want?

Second Mem. of Dep. Why, Sir, if you put it in that pleasant way, I may say, payment for hours of labour put in by some one else.

Em. S. Yes, very good. Capital



NEVER SATISFIED.

Grumpy Husband. "HOW BADLY INFORMED NEWSPAPERS ARE! WHY, HERE THEY SAY, 'SIR THOMAS GRIMSBY ENTERTAINED US AND A NUMBER OF OTHERS AT DINNER LAST NIGHT!' ENTERTAINED! WHY, I NEVER WAS SO BORED IN MY LIFE!"

Em. S. Yes, I know the old-fashioned plan; but I prefer the new. Pray go on. How will you get your work done gratuitously?

Fourth Mem. Oh, come! That's putting it a little too strong! We are not accustomed to it. What does it all mean?

Em. S. I think I can answer you. My good friends, until you can get an idea of what you really want, you can do nothing—nor can I. So now, if you have another appointment to keep, please don't let me detain you. All I can wish you I do wish you. May you all prosper in your undertakings. And now, farewell!

First Mem. Well, Sir, if you won't see us any more, good-bye!

Em. S. Good-bye! Mind the steps! Good-bye! [The Deputation leave. Eminent Statesman turns his attention to other matters with a smile of satisfaction.]



"EXCELSIOR! OR STRAIGHT UP!"
—Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT was knighted last week. N.B.—Would have been mentioned earlier, if we had had the straight tip.

'ARRY IN VENICE.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Ow 'ops it, my 'early?
Yours truly's still stived up in Town.

Won't run to a 'oliday yet, mate. I'm long-
ing to lay on the brown
By a blow from the briny, but, bless yer,
things now is as bad as they're made.
Hinfuenzas, Helections, and cetrer, has
bloomin' nigh bunnicked up Trade.

My screw's bin out down by a dollar; along
of 'ard times, sez our bloke.

I *did* mean doin' It'll this year; but sez
Luck, "Oh, go 'ome and eat coke!"
Leastways, that's as I hunderstand 'er. A
nasty one, Luck, and no kid;

Always gives yer the rough
of 'er tongue when
you're quisby, or short
of a quid.

When I 'eard about Venice
in London, I thinks to
myself, mate, thinks I,
'Ere's a 'oliday tour on the
cheap! 'Ere's a barney
as 'ARRY must try.

No Continong this year,
that's certain, old man,
for the likes of poor me;
But whilst I've a bob I've
a chance for a boss at
the Bride o' the Sea.

Them posters of IMRE
KIRALFY's for gorgeous-
ness quite takes the cake.
Friend IMRE's a spanker,
you bet, and quite fly to
the popular fake.

"Stupendious work," IMRE
calls it, and I. K. is
O. K. no doubt.

Your old Country Fair Show
takes a back seat when
ikey young I. K.'s
about.

Oh, the jam and the mustard,
my pippin, the crimsing,
the blue, and the gold!

Scissorsree, CHARLIE, rain-
bows ain't in it, and
prisums is out in the
cold.

I do like a picteresk poster, as
big as a bloomin' back
yard,

With the colour slopped on
quite regardless; if that
ain't 'Igh 'Art, wy it's
'ard.

'Owsomever I mustn't feelo-
serphise. Off to Olympia
I 'ooks,

To see Venice the Bride of the Sea, as set
forth in them sixpenny books.

Bless his twirly merstache, he's a twicer,
this IMRE KIRALFY, dear boy,
And he give me a two hours' *spektarkle* old
LEIGHTON hisself might enjoy.

Bit puzzling the "Pageant" is, CHARLIE,
until that Synopsis you've read;
Wish I'd mugged it all up overnight; but I
can't get it straight in my 'ead.

Sort o' mixture of *Shylock* and BYRON, with
bits of *Othello* chucked in,
Muddled up with "Chioggian wars," as
seemed mostly blue fire and bright tin.

But the scenes wos 'splendiferous, CHARLIE.
About arf a mile o' stage front,

With some thousands of 'eroes and supers, as
seemed all the time on the 'unt.

Lor! 'ow they did scoot up and down that
there stage at the double, old man,

All their legs on the waggle, like flies, and
their armour a-chink as they ran!

Old *Shylock* turns up quite permiskus, and
always upon the full trot;

He seemed mixed up with Portias, and Doges,
smart gals, and the dickens knows wot.

All kep waving their arms like mad semy-
phores, doin' the akrybat prank,
As if they was swimming in nothink, or 'ail-
ing a 'bus for the Bank.

I sez to a party beside me, "Old man, wot
the doose does it *mean*?"

Sez he, "A dry attic, yer know, of wich
Venice, yer see, wos the Queen.

That cove in a nightcap's the Doge; for an
old 'un he can move about.

They had G. O. M.'s, mate, in Venice; of
that there is not the least doubt.

'Ad a seat in my ship, and seemed skeery.
I cheered 'er up—wot do *you* think?

"No danger," sez I, "not a mossel! Now
is there, old lollipop-legs?

Sit 'ere, Miss, and trim the old barky! Go
gently now, young 'Am-and-Eggs!

'Ow much for yer mustard-striped kicksies?
Way-oh! Wy, you nearly run down

The Ryhalto that time, you young josser.
Look hout, Miss, he'll crack your sweet
crown!"

Larf, CHARLIE? She did a fair chortle. I
'ave sech a way with the shes.

We 'ad six sixpennorths together—I tell you
'twos go-as-you-please!

Modern Venice, took out of a toy-box, with
palaces fourteen foot 'igh.

And Bridges o' Sighs cut in
pasteboard, is larks all
the same, and no fly.

Sort o' cosy romanticky feel-
ing a-paddling along
them canals,

With the manderlines
twangling all round,
and the larf of the gayest
of gals

Gurgling up through the
Hightalian hair—
though it do 'ave a
cockneyfied sniff,—

Wy it's better than spooning
at Marlow with MOLLY
MOLLOY in a skiff.

I felt like Lord BYRON, I tell
yer; I stretched myself,
orty-like, hout,

And wished it could go on all
night, wich my pardner
did ditto, no doubt.

Modern Venice in minichure,
CHARLIE, ain't really so
dusty, you bet;

I wos quite a Bassanio in
brecks, and I ain't lost
the twang of it yet.

My Portia wos POLLY MARIA;
she tipped me her name
fair and free;

And a pooter young mossel
o' muslin, I never 'ad
perch on my knee.

No side on 'er, nothink low-
lived, CHARLIE, lady-
like down to the
ground,

I called 'er my fair "Bride of
Venice." In fact, we
wos 'appy all round.

She said I wos 'er form to a
hounce, and if anyone
looked more O. K.,

In a nobby Gondoler than me, well that chap
'adn't travelled 'er way;

Wich wos Barnsbury Park—so she whispered,
with *sech* a sly giggle, dear boy!

I sez "Bully for IMRE KIRALFY! His Show
is a thing to henjoy!"

And so it is, CHARLIE, old hoyster. The
music is twangly, I own,

And if I've a fancy myself, 'taint hexactly
the Great Xylophone;

But the speeches of musical scratch-backs
the dancers keep time with so pat,

In that fairy-like Carnival Bally, fetched
POLLY, ah, all round 'er 'at!

That 'at wos a spanker, I tell yer; as big as
the Doge's State-Barge,

And like all the "Four Seasons" in one!
"Well," sez POLLY, "I do like 'em large,

Them Venetian pork-pies ain't *my* fancy, no
room for no trimmings above.

They wouldn't suit Barnsbury Park, though
they might do 'The Castle of Love'!"



"That's VETTORE PISANI, the Hadmiral;
t'other is General ZENO
Defending the State, I persoom, and they're
'aving a fust-class old beano.

Wy PEDRO THE SECOND, of Cyprus, and
Portia is made a rum blend

With Turps Siccor's Revels, and so on, no
doubt we shall twig at the hend."

I sez, "Thankee! that's werry instructive.
You do know a lot, mate, *you* do!"

Then the fight at Chioggia came on. Sech a
rum pully-haully all through.

But the Victory Percession wos proper, and
so was the All Frisky feet,

And the way as they worked the gondolers,
them streaky-legged chaps, wos a treat.

But the best o' the barney came arter. I
took a gondoler, old man,

Sort o' wobbly black coffin afloat, and per-
pelled on the rummiest plan

With one oar and a kind of notched post.
But a dressy young party in pink

Sort o' needled her somehow, I fancy; but, bless yer, I soon put *that* straight.

Gals is wonderfull touchy on togs! Covent Garden piled high on a plate With a blue hostrich-feather all round it, mayn't be man's hidea of a tile,

But I flattered her taste a rare bat, and soon 'ad her again on the smile.

Well, "Venice the Bride of the Sea," is wuth more than one visit, old pal,

And I've got a hengagement next week to go there with the same pooty gal.

I'm going to read up the subjeck, I'll cram for it all I can carry, For I'm bound to be fair in the know if young POLLY should question
Yours, 'ARRY.

INNS AND OUTS.

No. I.—"MISTER."

In a "Grand Hôtel" again; abroad; never mind which or where; have experienced many Inns and many outings, but find all Grand Hôtels much the same. "Lawn-tennis, English Church in the Spacious Grounds, good station for friends of the *Fisch-Sport*."—But the quintessence of Grand-Hotelism is "Mr." in his Bureau.

The main thing about "Mr." is his frock-coat ("made in Germany"). It is always buttoned; he is never without it; I believe he sleeps in it. Divest him of this magician's robe (so to speak) and he would be powerless.

The Hôtel omnibus clatters in; "Mr." confronts us, smiling and serene, with his two Secretaries of Legation. He discriminates the Inn-comers at a glance.—"Numero 10, 11, 12, *entresol*;" for Noah-like Paterfamilias with Caravan; "Numero 656, for se Leddy's med;" "Numero 80, for me, the *soi-disant Habitué*;" it's the room I'm supposed to have always had, so I pretend to like it. One Unremunerative-looking Pedestrian, in knickerbockers, is assured that, if he waits half a day or so, he may get an attic—"Back of se house; fine view of se sluice-gate and cemetery."—U.-L. P. expostulates; he has telegraphed for a good room; it's *too* bad.—"Ver' sawy, but is quite complete now, se Hôtel." U.-L. P., furious; "Hang it," &c. "Mr." deprecates this ingratitude—"Ver' sawy, Sor; but if you don't like," (with decision), "se whole wide wurld is open to you!" Pedestrian retires, threatening to write to the *Times*. Preposterous! as if the Editor would print anything against "Mr."! "Mr.'s" attitude majestic and martyred; CASABLANCA in a frock-coat! Bless you! he knows us all, better than we know ourselves. He sees the Cook's ticket through the U.-L. P.'s Norfolk-jacket.

When "Mr." is not writing, he is changing money. The sheepish Briton stands dumb before this financier, and is shorn—of the exchange, with an oafish fascination at "Mr.'s" dexterous manipulation of the *rouleaux* of gold and notes. Nobody dares haggle with "Mr." When he is not changing money, he is, as I have said, writing, perhaps his Reminiscences. It is "Mr." "What gif you se informations;" and *what* questions! The seasoned Pensionnaire wants to know how she can get to that *lovely* valley where the Tiger-lilies grow, without taking a carriage. The British Matron, where she can buy rusks, "real English rusks, you know." A cantankerous tripper asks "why he never has bread-sauce with the nightly chicken." And we all troop to "Mr." after breakfast, to beg him to affix postage-stamps to our letters, and to demand the precise time when "they will reach England," as if they wouldn't reach at all without "Mr.'s" authority. It gives the nervous a sense of security to watch "Mr." stamping envelopes. It is a way of beginning the day in a Grand Hôtel.

"Mr." gives you the idea of not wishing to make a profit; but he gives you nothing else. You wish to be "*en pension*!"—"Ver' well, Sor, it is seventeen francs (or marks) the day;" but you soon discover that your room is extra, and that you may not dine "apart;" in a word, you are "Mr.'s" bondsman. Then there is the persuasive lady, who perhaps, *may* be stopping a week or more, but her plans are undecided—at any rate six days—"Will 'Mr.' make a reduction?" "Mr." however, continues his manuscript, oh ever so long! and smiles; his smile is worse than his bite! I, the *Habitué*,

approach "Mr." with a furtive clandestine air, and observe cheerily, "I hope to remain here a month." "Certainly, Sor; is better you do; will be se same as last year; I gif you se same appartement, you see,"—This with an air of favour. I thank him profusely—for nothing. My bill turns out to be higher than if I had been over-charged separately for everything. "Mr." is the Master of the Arts of extras. He does not wish to make a profit; oh no! but—ahem—he makes it. As for the outsiders who straggle in casually for luncheon and want to be sharp with "Mr." afterwards, they are soon settled. One who won't be done, complains of a prince's ransom for a potato-salad.—"If you haf pertatas, you pay for pertatas."—TALLEYRAND could not have been more unanswerable.

"Mr." is immense at entertainments; it is "Mr." who organises "Se Spanish Consairt," "Se Duetto of se Poor Blinds," and, of course, "Se Bal"; he is very proud of his latest acquisition—the Orchestrion that plays the dinner down. To see "Mr." dispatch itinerant minstrels would do our County Council good.

"Mr." knows our compatriots *au fond*; he makes no extra charge for toast at breakfast, and you only pay half-a-crown for a pot of George the Third Marmalade, to lubricate it withal. Five-o'clock tea comes up at six, just as at home. He makes much of Actors, Peers, and Clergymen. Sunday is a great day for "Mr." He directs everyone to the English Church in "The Grounds"—(fifteen benches and one tree, with a fountain between them); and then goes off to play cards, but always in his frock-coat. The "Chaplain" gets his breakfast-egg gratis; and a stray Bishop writes, "Nothing can exceed the comfort of this Hôtel," in that Doomsday Book of Visitors.

When you depart—and, abroad, this is generally about daybreak—"Mr." is always on the spot, haughty, as becomes a man about to be paid, but considerate; there is a bouquet in petticoats for the *Entresol*—even, for me, a condescending word. "When you see Mr. SHONES in London, you tell him next year I make se Gulf-Links." I don't know who the dickens JONES may be, but I snigger. It all springs from that miserable fiction of being an *Habitué*. "Sans adieux!" ejaculates "Mr.," who is great at languages; so am I, but, somehow, find myself saying "Good-bye" quite naturally. *A propos* of languages, "Mr." is very patient with the Ladies who will speak to him in so-called French or German, when they say, "Où est le Portier?" or "*Es ist sehr schön heute*," he replies, in the genuine tongue. I once overheard a Lady discussing the chances of rest and quiet in the "Grand Hôtel." "Oui c'est une grande reste," said she. It only puzzled "Mr." for a moment. "Parfaitement, Madame; c'est ravissant, n'est-ce pas?" and then "Mr." sold her the little Hand-book, composed by the Clergyman, on which he receives a commission.

NEED I SAY MORE?

I LOVED—and need I say she was a woman?
And need I say I thought her just divine?
Her beauty (like this rhyme) was quite uncommon.
Alas, she said she never could be mine!

My Uncle was a Baronet, and wealthy,
But old, ill-tempered, deaf, and plagued with gout;
I was his heir, a pauper young and healthy;
My Uncle—need I say?—had cut me out.

I swore—and need I say the words I muttered?
Sir HECTOR married KATE, and changed his will.
Dry bread for me! For her the tea-cake buttered.
I starved—and, need I say, I'm starving still!

"A CARPET KNIGHT"—Sir BLUNDELL MAPLE. Likewise that Sir B. M. is "a Knight of the Round Table." [N.B. Great rush to let off these. Contribution-Box joke-full of 'em. Impossible, therefore, to decide "who spoke first." Reward of Merit still in hand.]

SUGGESTION.—The Music-and-Hartland Committee will permit the performance of brief "Sketches" in the Music Halls. Wouldn't "Harmonies" by our own WHISTLER be more appropriate?





AN EARNEST POLITICIAN.

"I'M VERY GLAD SIR PERCY PLANTAGENET WAS RETURNED, MISS!"

"WHY,—ARE YOU A PRIMROSE DAME?"

"NO, MISS,—BUT MY 'USBAND IS!"

TIP TO TAX-COLLECTORS.

(After Herrick's "Counsel to Girls.")

A SONG OF THE EXCHEQUER.

AIR—"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may."

GATHER ye Taxes while ye may,
The time is fleetly flying;
And tenants who'd stump up to-day,
To-morrow may be shying.

That annual "Lump," the Income Tax,
Still higher aye seems getting;
The sooner that for it you "ax,"
The nearer you'll be netting.

That payer's best who payeth first
The Exchequer's pert purse-stormer:
As the year wags still worse and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not lax, but keep your time,
And dun, and press, and harry;
Tax-payers shirk, nor deem it crime,
If long Collectors tarry.

"WHERE SHALL WE GO?" is of course an important subject in the holiday-time, and one to which *Sala's Journal* devotes a column or two weekly; but a still more important one is "*How shall we go it?*" and having totted up the items there comes the final question, "*Where shall we stay?*" And the wise, but seldom-given answer is—"*At Home.*" In any case, the traveller's motto should always be, "*Wherever you go, make yourself quite at Home*"—and stay there, may be added by the London Club Cynic, who wants everything all to himself.

THE LOST JOKE.

(A Song of a Sad but Common Experiencer.)

AIR:—"The Lost Chord."

SEATED one day in my study
I was listless and ill at ease,
And my fingers twiddled idly
With the novel upon my knees.
I know not where I was straying
(On the poppy-clustered shore,
But I suddenly struck on a Sparkler
Which fairly made me roar.

I have joked some jokes in my time, Sir,
But this was a Champion Joke,
And it fairly cut all record
As a humoristic stroke.
It was good for a dozen of dinners,
It was fit to crown my fame
As a shaper of sheer Side-splitters,
For which I have such a name.

It flooded my spirit's twilight
Like the dawn on a dim dark lake,
For I knew that against all rivals
It would fairly "take the cake."
I said I will try it to-morrow,—
I won't even tell my wife,—
It will certainly fetch Lord FRUITFUL,
And then—I am made for life!

It links two most distant meanings
Into one perfect chime—

Here my servant broke the silence,
And said it was dinner-time!

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That great Lost Joke of mine,
Which had slipped from my mind en-
tirely

When I sat me down to dine.
It may be that something some day
May bring it me back again;



But I only wish—confound it!—
I had fixed it with pencil or pen.
It may be that luck—bright Angel!—
May inspire me once more with that
stroke,
But I fear me 'tis only in Limbo
I shall light on my great Lost Joke!

Mrs. R., who has been busy with her juniors, tells us that she has been horrified to learn from her Nephew, who has been fighting the Slave-hunters on the Congo, that in that country they "preserve" the bodies of their enemies. He writes to her—"I have 'potted' several Arabs."



“AU REVOIR!”

SCENE—No. 10, Downing Street. Exterior.

S-L-SB-RY AND B-LF-R. “TA! TA! TAKE CARE OF THE HOUSE, OLD MAN! BACK AGAIN SOON!”

[Exeunt “B. and S.”]



FROM THE PARTICULAR TO THE GENERAL.

"I SAY, OLD CHAPPIE—WHAT TREMENDOUS HIGH CHAIRS YOU'VE GOT—ONE'S FEET POSITIVELY DANGLE!"

THE SONG OF THE BAR.

WORK, work, work!
Sang HOOD, in the "Song of the Shirt,"
Of the seamstress slave who worked to her
grave
In poverty, hunger, and dirt.
Work, work, work!
The Bar-maid, too, can say,
Work for ten hours, or more;
Oh, for "eight hours" a day!
Is she a happier slave
Where gilding and mirrors abound?
Of what can she think when eternal drink
Is the cry of all around?
Stand, stand, stand!
Serving sots from far and near;
Stand, stand, stand!
More whiskey! More brandy! More beer!
Possibly some one may say,
"What can that matter to us?
She is frail, frivolous, gay;
She is not worth a fuss."
Prig, all her life is a snare,
You, so excessively good,
Would pity her rather if there
Once for ten hours you stood.
How would you feel at the end?
You may not think she is fit,
Quite, for your sister's friend—
Is she too wicked to sit?
Stand stand, stand!
In the smoke of pipe and cigar,
Always to think of eternal drink;
Oh, pity the Slave of the Bar!

BY A RIBBON GIRL WHO HAS BEEN TO FRANCE.—"Sure the town itself must be full of go-a-head young women that a decent female wouldn't be seen spaking to—else why is it called *Belle-Fast*?"

THE OPERA IN THE FUTURE.

(As suggested by "Musical Pauvers.")

SCENE—Interior of Covent Garden on a Subscription Night. The house is filled in the parts reserved for Subscribers. The remainder of the Auditorium is less crowded. The Overture is over, when there is a loud cry for the Manager. Enter before the Curtain Courteous Gentleman, who bows, and waits in an attitude of respectful attention.

Person in the Amphitheatre. I say, Mister, look 'ere, after charging me sixpence for a seat, I'm 'anged if they don't want an extra penny for a bill of the play.

Courteous Gentleman. Highly improper, Sir. I will look into the matter to-morrow, and if you are kind enough to identify the attendant who has attempted this overcharge, I will have him dismissed. And now, with your permission, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, we will go on with the Musical performances.

[The Opera continues. At the end of the Third Act there is another cry for the Manager. The Courteous Gentleman re-enters before the Curtain, as before.

Very Stout Person in the Amphitheatre Stalls. I say, look here—I paid two shillings for this seat, and the back's coming off.

Cour. Gen. Perhaps, Sir, you have been leaning with a weight it is unable to bear.

Very S. P. Never mind about that. As I pay two shillings for my seat, I expect you to stop the show until it's mended.

Cour. Gen. As the show (as you call it, Sir) costs about two pounds a minute, I fear that would be rather an extravagant proceeding. If I may suggest, I would counsel you to change your seat to a more perfect one.

Very S. P. I like that! and get turned out by someone who had reserved it. No,

thankee! But there, after all, I am rather heavy, so let's say no more about it.

Cour. Gen. I am infinitely obliged to you.

[Exit. The Opera continues until the commencement of the last Act, when there is a frantic cry for the Manager. The Courteous Gentleman again appears before the Curtain.

Voices from the Cheaper Parts of the House. Here, cut it short! Let's get to the end. Let's see how the story finishes!

Cour. Gen. I am at your disposal.

Spokesman. Well, look here, Mister. There's a lot of us here who want to catch the 11.40 train, so can't you cut the performance?

Cour. Man. Although your proposal, Sir, may cause some trouble and complications, I will honestly do my best. [Bows and exit. Curtain.

TO THE ROLLER-SKATING FIEND.

O BOY!—O injudicious boy!—

Who, swayed by dark and secret reasons,
Dost love thine elders to annoy

At sundry times and frequent seasons,
Why hast thou left thy tempting top—

Thy penny-dreadful's gory garble—
Thy blue and-crimson lollipop—

Thy aimlessly meandering marble?

Thy catapult, so sure of aim,

In cold neglect, alas! reposes,
And even "tip-cat's" cherished game

No longer threatens eyes and noses;
Thy tube of tin (projecting peas)

At length has ceased from irritating;
But how much worse than all of these

Thy latest craze—for roller-skating!

For, mounted on twin engines dread,
Thou rushest (with adventures graphic)

Where even angels fear to tread,
Because there's such a lot of traffic.

At lightning-speed we see thee glide,
(With malice every narrow shave meant),

And charge thine elders far and wide,
Or stretch them prone upon the pavement.



Round corners sharp thou lov'st to dart,
(Thou skating imp! Thou rolling joker!)

And hit in some projecting part
The lawyer staid, or solemn broker.

Does pity never mar thy glee,
When upright men with torture double?

Oh, let our one petition be
That thou may'st come to grievous
trouble!



Everard Hopkins

A FATAL OBJECTION.

"MOTHER, ARE THE WONDERTILTS VERY RICH?"
 "MOTHER, I HOPE WE SHALL NEVER BE RICH?"
 "IT MUST BE SO VERY EXPENSIVE!"

"YES, SILVIA, VERY."
 "WHY, DARLING?"

ADVERTISING IN EXCELSIS.

SCENE—Interior of the Universal Advertisement Stations Company's Offices. Managing Director discovered presiding over a large staff of Clerks. Enter Possible Customer.

Possible Customer. "I see from the papers that it is proposed to turn the Suez Canal to account by erecting hoardings—have you anything to do with it?"

Managing Director. No, Sir; but we do a very large cosmopolitan business of the same sort. Have you anything to advertise?"

Pos. Cus. Well, yes—several things. For instance, I am bringing out a new sort of Beer. Can you recommend me good stations for that?"

Man. Dir. Certainly, Sir. We have contracted for the whole of the best positions in the Desert of Sahara. If you get out a good poster in Arabic, it should be the means of furthering the trade amongst the Arabs.

Pos. Cus. Thanks. Then I have a fresh Pill. What about that?"

Man. Dir. Well, Sir, pills (excuse the pleasantry) are rather a drug in the market;

but I think we might try it amongst the Esquimaux. We have some capital cross-roads in the Arctic Regions, and a really commanding position at the North Pole.

Pos. Cus. What can I do with a newly-patented Disinfectant?

Man. Dir. We have the Spire of Cologne Cathedral, and both sides of the Bridge of Sighs; in fact, if you like to push the sale in Venice, we would offer you the front of the Doge's Palace on the most advantageous terms.

Pos. Cus. Then I have an Everlasting Boot.

Man. Dir. I must confess, Sir, that boots (you will excuse the pleasantry) are rather worn out; but perhaps the Himalayas (where we have all the summits vacant) might suit your purpose.

Pos. Cus. Well, I will give your suggestions my best consideration.

Man. Dir. (anxious to trade). Can't I tempt you, Sir, with a million bills or so? We have all the best Royal Palaces in Europe, and the most frequented of the Indian Temples. There is scarcely a spot of any historical interest that we have not secured for our hoardings. Just added the Field of

Waterloo, the Temple Gardens, and site of ancient Carthage to our list. We can do it very cheaply for you, Sir, if your order is a large one.

Pos. Cus. How about the papers?"

Man. Dir. Well, we insert advertisements in them, too. Shall we begin with three columns in all the leading journals of the world?"

Pos. Cus. No, thank you. I think I will commence on a somewhat smaller scale. (Gives document.) Here is an order for three inches for one insertion on the leader-page of the *Pimlico Pump*. [Exit.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 15th.—Lords met to-day in charmingly casual way. Since they were last here, Government been defeated; the MARKISS out, Mr. G. in, and all that means or portends. Not many present, but the MARKISS in his place smiling in unaffected joyousness, just as Prince ARTHUR did in Commons when the end came.

"Very odd," said PICKERSGILL, pressing his hat to his bosom; "it seems nothing amuses the CECILS and their family belongings so much as a reverse at the Poll."

The MARKISS in such exuberant good humour at seeing KIMBERLEY opposite to him, could not resist temptation to try on little joke. It was not, he said, either desirable or usual that he, as outgoing Minister, should say anything on present occasion. But perhaps KIMBERLEY would oblige, and would give House full exposition of intentions of new Ministry with respect to foreign and domestic affairs. KIMBERLEY gravely answered, that not yet being Minister of the Crown, nor having had opportunity of consulting with his colleagues, he was unprepared to make statement on subject.



"Very odd!"

In this dilemma DENMAN came to front. "My Lords—" he said. What more he would have uttered is lost to posterity. MARKISS had moved adjournment of House, and HALSBURY, who has had long practice on this particular wicket, promptly bowled DENMAN out, by putting question and declaring it carried. DENMAN stood moment



THE NEW CABINET.

looking, more in sorrow than anger, at noble Lord. hurrying out with unwonted agility.

"They made a mistake," he murmured; "especially HALSBURY. All I wanted was to propose vote of thanks to him for the grace and dignity with which he has presided over Debates in this House, and the manner in which he has, by his dispensation of patronage, preserved the highest traditions of his office, and even raised its lofty tone. Too late now, too late;" and the old gentleman putting his crumpled papers in his pocket, and wrapping his soiled pocket-handkerchief round the knob of his walking-stick, strode sadly forth.

Perhaps it was sight of this pathetic figure that sobered the MARKISS. Anyhow, as we walked out together, found him in subdued mood, more fitting the occasion than that assumed when addressing House. "All over at last, TOBY," he said; "and I may go down to Hatfield, take off my coat, and have a day's, or even a week's serene pleasure in my workshop. I'm nobody of any account now, *ni* Premier, *ni* Foreign Minister. Do you remember the lines written by an unknown hand on the ruins of Berytus, which TRYPHON, King of Syria, sacked a hundred and forty years before the Star rose at Bethlehem? I was thinking of them just now, even when I was chaffing KIMBERLEY:—

'Stay not your course, O Marins, or me,
Nor furl your sails—is not my harbour dry?
Nought but one vast, forsaken tomb am I.
But steer for other lands, from sorrow free,
Where, by a happier and more prosperous shore,
Your anchor ye may drop, and rest your oar.'"

"Not at all," I said.

Rather an inadequate remark, I see, when I come to write it down. I'd say something better if the MARKISS would repeat the lines.

Business done.—MARKISS announces Resignation of Ministry.

"Bless me!"

House of Commons, Thursday.—House seems to have been meeting all day. Began at three o'clock; sitting suspended at half-past; resumed at 4:30; off again till nine; might have been continued indefinitely through night, only thunderstorm of unparalleled ferocity burst over Metropolis, and put an end to further manœuvring. "Bless me!" tremulously murmured Lord SALISBURY's Black Man, as a peal of thunder shook Clock Tower, and lighted up House of Lords with lurid flame, "if these are home politics, wish I'd stayed in far-off Ind."

At first gathering in Commons, parties changed sides. "The sheep to the right, the goats to the left," as WILLIAM FIELD, Esq., M.P., said, daintily crossing the floor.

This remark does not imply anything rude. Fact is FIELD, when at home in Dublin, holds lofty position of President of Irish Cattle-Traders' and Stock-Owners' Association. Similes from the stockyard come naturally to his lips. Promises to be acquisition to Parliamentary life. Is certainly lovely to look upon, with his flowing hair, his soft felt hat, the glossy black of his necktie contrasting with glossy white of his boundless shirt-front. Thought at first he was a poet; rather disappointing to find he's only a butcher. Whatever he be, he's refreshing to the eye, wearied with monotony of last Parliament.

Writes moved for new Elections consequent on acceptance of Office. Lobby seems full of new Whips, whom JACOB grimly eyes. CAUSTON with unusually troubled look on manly brow. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Afraid you'll be chucked?"

William Field, Esq., M.P.

"Oh, no!" he said; "Southwark's safe enough. But they're such doose of fellows down there. Remember at General Election one took me neat. After I had made speech to crowded meeting, lot of questions put. Answered them all satisfactorily. At last one fellow got up, asked me, in voice of thunder, 'Are you in favour of temperance?' Rather ticklish thing that, you know. As many

against it as for it. Looked all round the room; seemed remarkably decent lot; the man who was heckling me a little rubicund as to the nose; but that might be indigestion. Anyhow, felt unless I could satisfy him, I'd lose his vote. 'Are you in favour of temperance?' he roared again. 'Yes, I am;' I said, heartily. 'Then I ain't!' he roared back; and stamped his way out of the room. That's the sort of fellows they are down at Southwark. Never know where you have 'em. Generally turns out they have you."

Business done.—Thunderstorm and Prorogation.

THE BUILDER AND THE ARCHITECT.

THE sun was shining on the fog,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The London day look bright—
And yet it seemed as though it
were

The middle of the night.

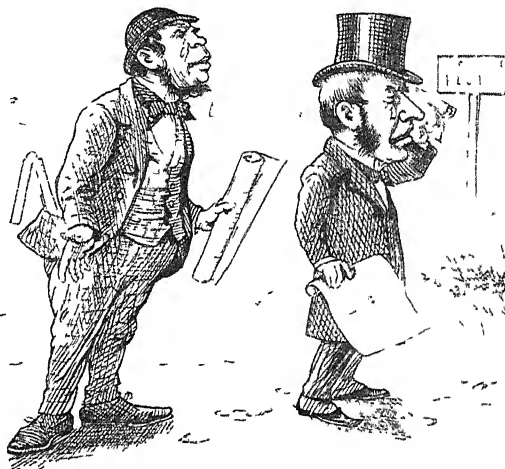
The Builder and the Architect
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such eligible land:

"If this were only built upon,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

The Builder and the Architect
Went on a year or so [ground
Building damp villas on damp
Conveniently low:
And still some little houses stood
Quite empty in the row.

"I cannot think," the Builder
said,

"Why people should complain
Of mortar made of mud from roads,
Or roofs that let in rain,
Or sewer-gas that comes from an
Unventilated drain."



"Oh, Tenants, come and live
with us!"
The Builder did entreat,
"And take a little villa in
This countrified retreat,
Where stand straight rows of
houses,
So very new and neat!"

The elder Tenants looked at him,
But never a word said they;
The elder Tenants winked their
eyes,
As though they meant to say,
"Old birds, like we, are never
caught
By chaff in such a way."

But four young Tenants hurried
up,
Each eager to rent one;
Their looks were pale, their faces
white,
Like muffins underdone—
Which was not odd, because, you
know,
They never saw the sun.

"A fair return," the Builder said,
"Two hundred, say, per cent.,
Is all the profit that I want
On anything I've spent. [dear,
Now, if you're ready, Tenants
I'll take the quarter's rent."

"But not from us," the Tenants
cried,
"The houses are so new, [cried,
They've made us all so very ill
We don't know what to do."
"The County Court," the Builder
said, "Is very near to you."

"I tell you what," the Builder
said,
"I fear that I must seize
Your furniture, unless you pay;
So fork out, if you please."
And even he, in that damp air,
Began to cough and sneeze.

"Oh, Tenants," said the Architect,
"Just think what I have done,
Designing such æsthetic homes!"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd perished every one.

Under Consideration, August 21.

No appointment could be more appropriate and in accordance with the fitness of things than to make a GARDNER the new Minister of Agriculture. Of course it has been suggested that a Rural Dean should succeed to the vacant Chaplaincy.

✂ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

NOT GOING AWAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Cookson Gaze, Q.C. Because MARIA votes East-bourne vulgar, and the girls (sorry now I sent them to that finishing-school at Clapham) laugh so consumedly whenever I open my mouth to address a native if we go to Trouville or Dinard.

C. Jumper. Because the Governor thinks three days in the year enough for anybody.

Eastend Dr. Because that fiver will just give little SALLY the breath of sea-air she wants, and she'll never make a good cure unless she has it.

Reg. Rake. Because wife says she shall certainly accompany me.

Barmaid. Because I've just been ill for a fortnight from overwork, and the Company say they can't give any more leave.

Eastend Clergyman (of any church). Because there are hundreds who want it more than I do, and I must help them to get a change first.

Major Hornblower. Because MACCRACSHOTT (the only man who has asked me) was in the smoking-room the night I was fool enough to tell that Snipe and Rhinoceros Story of PETTON'S in the first person.

Quiverful. Because there's another pair.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD CRICKETER'S TOMBSTONE.—“Out at 70.”



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Obliging Country Butcher. “LET ME CUT IT INTO CUTLETS FOR YOU, MA’AM, —LEAVING JUST ENOUGH BONE FOR YOU TO HOLD ‘EM BY, WHILE YOU’RE EATING ‘EM!”

MUSICAL NOTES.

Popping a Question.—The *Daily News*, in its last week’s “Music and Musicians,” informs us that “Mr. CHAPPELL has now definitely decided that the season of Monday Popular Concerts shall this year commence on a Tuesday.” Sure then it must be Mister O’CHAPPELL, the CHAPPELL by the hill-side, who arranges to have his first “Monday Pop” on a Tuesday? If he be going out shooting on his own native heath, his name O’CHAPPELL, then there’s no reason why he shouldn’t have his first pop on a Tuesday, only it couldn’t be his Monday Pop, could it now? Or if he drinks Mr. P.’s health in Pommery ’80 (*grand vin!*), or let’s say Poppery ’80, he could do so on a Tuesday, only it would no longer be the “Monday Pop.” That’s all. Sure ’tis mighty confusing and upsets the week entirely. If Tuesday is to have all the Pop, what’s to become of Monday? For further particulars inquire at the Pop-shop, Bond Street.

The next great Musical Event is at the Gloucester Festival—it is Dr. HUBERT PARRY “on the Job.” This, though the work of a thoroughly English Composer, may yet be considered as an “Article de Parry.”

“MARS IN OPPOSITION.”—“Mother says I mustn’t.”

THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

(Extracts from the Diary of a Lover of the Beautiful.)

First Extract.—Really an excellent notion to buy an estate, instead of picking up what Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING calls a “smeared thing.” Got one, too, pretty cheap. Twenty miles from a railway station, but so much the better. RUSKIN hates railway stations, and so do I. Never can make them look picturesque. The Agent tells me my place is famous for its sunsets; also good moonlight effects on occasions. Pretty village, too, in the background. Altogether, most satisfactory. After all, Nature is much better than Art.

Second Extract.—Dullerton-on-the-Slush is a charming spot, but it has its drawbacks. Pretty, but damp. Fog interferes a good deal with the sunsets, and hides the moon at the wrong moment. Village deliciously out of repair. But tenants unreasonable. Offered to put up some red brick roofs for them, which would have looked charming, but they insist upon having slates. Wish they would consent to having a few cows in the fields, but they say they prefer pigstyes. Have consulted a builder and a gardener, and they think that they could “run up” a sty between them, and cover it over with shrubs. Tenants object. They say the pigs would not like it, and might eat the shrubs with fatal results. All this annoying, but still the view from my dining-room window charming. It reminds me not a little of CONSTABLE, LINNELL, not to say Old CROMIE.

Third Extract.—Further troubles. Tenants are really very disagreeable, and they have no feeling for Art. They have cut down a lot of ornamental trees, and they won’t grow the right sort of crops,—I mean from a picturesque point of view. As agriculturists they may be all right, but that’s not my point. I did not buy the estate to try how “roots” would thrive. Then they will burn

weeds, and hang out clothes to dry—clothes without any regard to contrast of colour. Eyesores meet me everywhere. I am really not sure whether I acted wisely in trusting to a House-agent instead of a Picture-dealer. “Pictures by Nature” are not as reliable as they should be.

Fourth Extract.—This is really too bad! A perambulating Circus has pitched its tent on the Village Green! When I say tent, I make a mistake; it is a beastly ugly iron thing, that looks simply hideous, and from the durable stoutness of its construction, it evidently is going to be a fixture for some time. My tenants support the Circus people, and my Agent tells me, that if I interfere, my life will be made a burden to me. It appears my tenants are “a very unruly lot when they are irritated.” Pleasant!

Fifth Extract.—The Circus won’t go. And now I find I can’t get any of my rents. My agent tells me, that my tenants never would settle with their last landlord. Besides, they expect me to pay for the damage done to their dwellings by the floods. They say it was my fault, because I would put up a bank and plantation in my back garden. Only light in the general gloom is, the prospect my Agent holds out to me of getting rid of the property for me to another lover of the picturesque. Scarcely fair; but after all, or rather before all, must take care of Number One.

Last Extract.—Hurray! Sold my estate to another fellow. However, on looking over my accounts, I fancy I should have found it cheaper if, in the first instance, I had bought a chromo lithograph!

EPITAPH.—An Alpining Traveller sends us, on the “Bar” Hotel lately destroyed at Grindelwald, the following adapted and reversed quotation:—

“Good-bye to the Bar—
And it’s moaning” we are!



"SUMMER VOLUPTAS."

Toby (sings). "My BARQUE IS ON THE SEA!"

SONGS OUT OF SEASON.

No. I.—DISORGANISED.

STILL in London now you'll find me,
Still detained against my will;
And I wish, distinctly, mind me,
To accentuate the "still";
It's a sort of consolation,
As I sit, and fume, and frown,
That the greatest botheration
Of my life is out of town.

He who used to grind "*She Wore a
Wreath of Roses*" every day,
And "*Selections from Dinorah*,"
And—"Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay."

With his execrable smiling,
And exasperating din,
Must, I needs infer, be ruling
Some one else with grind and grin.
He who seemed, in fact, delighted,
And a kiss—the fiend!—would blow,
When I got a bit excited,
And exclaimed "*Al Diavolo*!"
Who, with unabashed assurance,
Only beamed the more, and kissed,
If, incensed beyond endurance,
In his face I shook my fist.
He has earned his little outing,
This excruciating cove,
And his instrument is flouting
Bath, or Scarborough, or Hove.

For the moment I can get a
Peaceful interim, and fice—
But he cherishes vendetta,
This Italian count, to me.

Yes! Perhaps, indeed, 'twere kinder,
Had he ne'er relaxed his track;
He'll return, that grinning grinder,
Reinvigorated, back!
Then, as I remarked before, a
Spell of doom for me remains,
With "*Selections from Dinorah*,"
And his other worse refrains.

WHY I DON'T GO OUT OF TOWN FOR THE
AUTUMN?—Because I've been pretty well
everywhere, but always quite well in London.

THE GERMAN WATERS.

A PROMENADE with tongues alive)
That every phrase of OLLENDORFF use;
And "Luther's Hymn" at half-past five
To drag you from the arms of Morpheus;
Fat Germans in their awful "Fracks,"
Pale Frenchmen, too, a bit *décolletés*,
And dapper Britons with attacks
Of livers and digestions faulty.

A garden fair with "Quellen" foul—
Ach, Himmel! How they tastethose "Quel-
Then rolls and coffee, next a prowl [en]"!
Among the shops with JANE or ELLEN,
The mid-day meal at *table d'hôte*,
All windows closed—a climate hellish!—
With dishes too crackjaw to quote,
And sometimes difficult to relish.

An afternoon of drowsy drives—
How these poor foreigners love driving
To places where, when one arrives, [ing]"!
There's nought for which it's worth arriv-
A "Belvedere"—like Primrose Hill,
A "Gartenhaus," tobacco-scented;
Yet there they smoke, and moon, and swill,
Quite adipose, and self-contented.

A "Kursaal," very large, and fine;
A Theatre, small, and shabby-splendid;
More beer, more music, ditto wine
(This latter can be much commended).
The Military (each salutes!)
With HANNCHEN on their arm or MARIE;
I wonder where they get those boots—
I mean, of course, the Military.

Lawn-Tennis and an "English Club,"
Frequented now by Lords and Princes,
Where every snobbing likes to rub
His elbows with a Peer, who winces;
The tittle-tattle of the cliques,
Some half-proposals for our daughters—
Such is the life that makes for weeks
A fortune—for the German Waters!

CHOOSING HIS WORDS.

(Made in Germany.)

ACCORDING to the *Hochheische Zeitung*, His Imperial Majesty said that although the sky was apparently cloudless, the atmosphere might be charged with electricity. He knew what that electricity denoted. There were thunderbolts in the clouds and thunderbolts on earth. Those on earth meant war and invasion. He warned those who threatened the Fatherland, that there were a million

of swords ready to spring forth from a million of scabbards. It was well enough to be neighbourly when those who lived in your vicinity were benevolently inclined. But when they showed a disposition to be offensive, then it was necessary to sharpen your swords and keep your powder dry. They had already con-



Nose everything.

quered France, and were not afraid of Russia. Besides, the Army contained young soldiers who would be the better for a real campaign. He himself had no objection to visiting Paris and St. Petersburg, as a German Emperor should—at the head of a German Army. Still he might again remark, it was splendid weather, he saw nothing but blue sky.

According to the *Nichtgeboren Zeitung*, His Imperial Majesty said that, although



BRIC À BRAC.

Lady Cræsus. "OH, WHAT A SWEET TABLE! WHERE DID YOU GET IT, MY DEAR? OH, I SEE HERE'S THE MAN'S CARD." (*Spelling the label.*) "'TABLE—LOUIS QUINZE.' LOUIS QUINZEY! WHAT A HORRID NAME! AND WHY HASN'T HE PUT HIS ADDRESS?"

the sky was apparently cloudless, he recognised dangers a-head. He was willing to put himself forward as the Leader of the toilers. It was their duty to secure the best possible constitution, and then to force that constitution upon all neighbouring people if needs be, at the point of the bayonet. He was not an alarmist, and said exactly what he meant. He had no wish to beat about the bush. War was the Hand-servant of Peace, and the sooner that servant came back the better. He did not wish to threaten, but he told Russia and France that Germany was ready to begin, when and where they chose to meet him. But he might again remark it

was splendid weather, and he saw nothing but blue sky.

Authorised Version (all others declared to be misleading and inaccurate).—His Imperial Majesty merely observed that it was a fine day.

ON BOARD A YACHT.—The conversation at lunch-time had turned on recent publications. A learned Theban from Oxford inquired of the Skipper, if he had seen the "*Rig-Veda*." "What sort of Rig's that?" asked the Skipper, a bit puzzled. But the Oxonian wisely declined a rigmorole explanation, and told him that all further inquiries must be made to Professor MAX MULLER.

FEELING THEIR WAY.

(A Study in the Art of Genteel Conversation.)

SCENE—The Drawin'-room of a Margate Hotel. Time—evening.

Mrs. ARDLEIGH (of Balham), and Mrs. ALLBUTT (of Brondesbury), are discovered in the midst of a conversation, in which each is anxious both to impress the other, and ascertain how far she is a person to be cultivated. At present, they have not got beyond the discovery of a common bond in Cookery.

Mrs. Allbutt. You have the yolks of two eggs, I must tell you; squeeze the juice of half a lemon into it, and, when you boil the butter in the pan, make a paste of it with dry flour.

Mrs. Ardleigh. It sounds delicious—but you never can trust a Cook to carry out instructions exactly.

Mrs. All. I never do. Whenever I want to have anything specially nice for my husband, I make a point of seeing to it myself. He appreciates it. Now some men, if you cook for them, never notice whether it's you or the Cook. My husband does.

Mrs. Ard. I wonder how you find time to do it. I'm sure I should never—

Mrs. All. Oh, it takes time, of course—but what does that matter when you've nothing to do? Did I mention just a small pinch of Cayenne pepper?—because that's a great improvement!

Mrs. Ard. I tell you what I like Cayenne pepper with, better than anything—and that's eggs.

Mrs. All. (with elegant languor). I hardly ever eat an egg. Oysters, now, I'm very fond of—fried, that is.

Mrs. Ard. They're very nice done in the real shells. Or on scollops. We have silver—or rather—with a magnanimous impulse to tone down her splendour, silver-plated ones.

Mrs. All. How funny—so have we! (Both women feel an increase of liking for one another.) I like them cooked in milk, too.

[The first barrier being satisfactorily passed, they proceeded, as usual, to the subject of ailments.]

Mrs. Ard. My doctor does do me good, I must say—he never lets me get ill. He just sees your liver's all right, and then he feeds you up.

Mrs. All. That's like my doctor; he always tells me, if he didn't keep on constantly building me up, I should go all to pieces in no time. That's how I come to be here. I always run down at the end of every Season.

Mrs. Ard. (feeling that Mrs. ALLBUTT can't be "anybody very particular" after all). What—to Margate? Fancy! Don't you find you get tired of it? I should.

Mrs. All. (with dignity). I didn't say I always went to Margate. On the contrary I have never been here before, and shouldn't be here now, if my doctor hadn't told me it was my only chance.

Mrs. Ard. (reassured). I only came down here on my little girl's account. One of those nasty croopy coughs, you know, and hoops with it. But she's almost well already. I will say it's a wonderful air. Still, the worst of Margate is, one isn't likely to meet a soul one knows!

Mrs. All. Well, that's the charm of it—to me. One has enough of that during the Season.

Mrs. Ard. (recognising the superiority of this view). Indeed one has. What a whirl it has been to be sure!

Mrs. All. The Season? Why, I never remember one with so little doing. Most of the best houses closed—hardly a single really smart party—one or two weddings—and that's positively all!

Mrs. Ard. (slightly crushed, in spite of a conviction that—socially speaking—Balham has been rather more brilliant than usual this year).

Yes, that's very true. I suppose the Elections have put a stop to most things?

Mrs. All. There never was much going on. I should rather have said it was Marlborough House being shut up that made everything so dull from the first.

Mrs. Ard. Ah, that does make such a difference, doesn't it? (She feels she must make an effort to recover lost ground.) I fully expected to be at Homburg this year.

Mrs. All. Then you would have met Lady NEURALINE MENTHOL. She was ordered there, I happen to know.

Mrs. Ard. Really, you don't say so? Lady NEURALINE. Well, that's the first I've heard of it. (It is also the first time she has heard of HER, but she trusts to be spared so humiliating an admission.)

Mrs. All. It's a fact, I can assure you. You know her, perhaps?

Mrs. Ard. (who would dearly like to say she does, if she only dared). Well, I can hardly say I exactly know her. I know of her. I've met her about, and so on. (She tells herself this is quite as likely to be true as not.)

Mrs. All. (who, of course, does not know Lady NEURALINE either).

Ah, she is a most delightful person—requires knowing, don't you know.

Mrs. Ard. So many in her position do, don't they? (So far as she is concerned—they ALL do). You'd think it was haughtiness—but it's really only manner.

Mrs. All. (feeling that she can go ahead with safety now). I have never found anything of that sort in Lady NEURALINE myself (which is perfectly true). She's rather odd and flighty, but quite a dear. By the way, how sad it is about those poor dear CHURCHES—the Countess, don't you know!

Mrs. Ard. Ah (as if she knew all the rest of the family), I don't know her at all.

Mrs. All. Such a sweet woman—but the trouble she's had with her eldest boy, Lord MANGO! He married quite beneath him, you know, some girl from the provinces—not a county-family girl even.

Mrs. Ard. (shocked). Dear, dear! not a county family!

Mrs. All. No; somebody quite common—I forget the name, but it was either GHERKIN or ONION, or something of that sort. I was told they had been in Chili a good while. Poor MANGO never had much taste, or he would never have got mixed up with such a set. Anyway, he's got himself into a terrible pickle. I hear Capsicums is actually to be sold to pay his debts.

Mrs. Ard. You don't say so! Capsicums! Gracious!

Mrs. All. Yes, isn't it a pity! Such a lovely old place as it was, too—the most comfortable house to stay at in all England; so beautifully warm! But it's dreadful to think of how the aristocracy are taking to marry out of their own set. Look at the Duke of DRAGNET—married a Miss DUCKWEED—goodness only knows where he picked her up! but he got entangled somehow, and now his people are trying to get rid of her. I see so many of these cases. Well, I'm afraid I must wish you good evening—it's my time for retiring. (Patronisingly.) I've quite enjoyed this conversation—such a pleasure in a place like this to come across a congenial companion!

Mrs. Ard. (fluttered and flattered). I'm sure you're exceedingly kind to say so, and I can say the same for myself. I hope we may become better acquainted. (To herself, after Mrs. ALLBUTT has departed.) I've quite taken to that woman—she's so thoroughly the lady, and moves in very high society, too. You can tell that from the way she talks. What's that paper on the table? (She picks up a journal in a coloured wrapper.) Society Snippets, the Organ of the Upper Ten. One Penny. The very thing I wanted. It's such a comfort to know who's who. (She opens it and reads sundry paragraphs headed "Through the Keyhole.") Now how funny this is! Here's the very same thing about the dulness of



"Dear, dear! not a county family!"

the Season that she said. That shows she must be really in it. And a note about Lady NEURALINE being about to recruit at Homburg. And another about her reputation for eccentricity, and her "sweetness to the select few privileged to be her intimates." And here's all about Lord MANGO, and what a pleasant house Capsicum is, and his marriage, and the Duke of DRAGNET's too. Her information was very correct, I must say! (*A light begins to break in upon her.*) I wonder whether—but there—people of her sort wouldn't require to read the papers for such things.

[*Here the door opens, and Mrs. ALLBUTT appears, in some embarrassment.*

Mrs. All. (*scrutinising the tables*). Oh, it's nothing. I thought I'd left something of mine here; it was only a paper—I see I was mistaken, don't trouble.

Mrs. Ard. (*producing Society Snippets*). I expect it will be this. (*Mrs. ALLBUTT's face reveals her ownership.*) I took it up, not knowing it was yours. (*Meaningly.*) It has some highly interesting information, I see.

Mrs. All. (*slightly demoralised*). Oh, has it? I—I've not had time to glance at it yet. Pray don't let me deprive you of it. I dare say there's very little in it I don't know already.

Mrs. Ard. So I should have thought. (*To herself, after Mrs. ALLBUTT has retired in disorder.*) Fancy that woman trying to take me in like that, and no more in Society than I am—if so much! However, I've found her out before going too far—luckily. And I've a good mind to take in this *Society Snippets* myself—it certainly does improve one's conversation. She won't have it *all* her own way *next* time!

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

No. IX.—"IN THE MORNING."

THE Music-hall Muse, if not exactly impeccable moral, is, at least, good at moralising. Not only to toppers, Totties, larkly Benedicts and spreeish servant-maids, is there pregnant meaning in the warning words "But oh! what a difference in the morning!!" As may thus—*pace* "NORTON ATKINS" and "FELIX MCGLENNON"—be made manifest:—

ATR—"*In the Morning!*"

I'd sing of the singular triumphs we see,
At night, at night!
In Politics, Pleasure, Love, Art, L. S. D.,
At night, at night!
The "Johnnies" of Sport and the "Oof-birds" of Cash,
The Statesmen who shine, and the Beauties who mash,
Are in champagne spirits and cut quite a dash,

At night, at night!
But oh! don't their hearts ache,
In the morning?
Then cometh disillusion and self-scorning.
Things look their natural size
Unto hot awaking eyes,
For no gingerbread is gilded,
In the morning!

A Premier potent may perorate free,
At night, at night!
And pretty Primroses will shout and agree,
At night, at night!
He'll say those brave Orangemen Home Rule will quash,
He'll hint that raised Tariffs trade rivals must smash,
And his eloquence sounds neither rabid nor rash,

At night, at night!
But oh! what a difference
In the morning!
He vows he merely meant a friendly warning,
But fuss and fad 'twill boom,
And his colleagues growl with gloom
O'er the "Times" upon their tables,
In the morning!

Observe what the Specials call "News of the Day"

At night, at night!
The Dalziel Telegrams startle, and slay,
At night, at night!
There's war in the East, or the CZAR is laid low,
Financiers have failed—Fifty Millions or so!
Or they've found Jack the Ripper in far Jericho,
At night, at night!
But oh, what a difference

In the morning!
Those Latest Wires were lies, small facts adorning.

"It is not as we stated,
For the cable's mutilated,"
And "we hear 'tis contradicted"
In the morning!

Regard the young Clerk who's been out for the day,
At night, at night!
First to the Derby, and then to the play,
At night, at night!
He "spotted a winner" at twenty to one,
His winnings will far more than pay for his fun;
He's happy, free-handed, and "sure as a gun,"
At night, at night!
But oh, what a difference
In the morning!



"He curses speculation in the morning!"
The bookie bolts, his "gaffer" gives him
He's not worth half-a-dollar, [warning,
His prospect's "out of collar,"
And he curses speculation
In the morning!

Behold the young playwright who hears his own piece,

At night, at night!
He thinks that (ironic) applause will ne'er cease,
At night, at night!
His "little one-act thing" is stodgy and slow,
[a glow,
But the Pit is good-natured, the youth's in
And he thinks—with some "cuts"—it will be "a great go,"
At night, at night!

But oh, what a difference

In the morning!
The critics call the thing "an awful warning,"
They "guy," and sneer, and scoff,
And his bantling's taken off,
"To make room for some old farce, Sir!"
In the morning!

TAKING THE OAT-CAKE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was very much interested in the statement I saw in the papers the other day, that the best preservatives of a Lady's complexion are—Oatmeal and Oranges! I at once began the diet, but have not succeeded very well at present. Porridge, even with milk and cream, and plenty of sugar, is such *commonplace* stuff, and one can't really be expected to eat oatmeal *raw*, though Scotch gamekeepers are said to do so. But then they are out in the open air all day, and I am not. Oranges are nice enough—but oh, Mr. Punch, what a lot of them one has to take before one feels as if one had had a meal! As I have stopped all other food, I am becoming rather weak. My complexion is, I think, improved—at all events, it is far less red or pink than it used to be—but I really haven't the strength to go out of doors to show it off. Even writing is a burden—so I will close, hoping that my experiences may benefit others who like to try the regimen.

LYDIA LANGUISH.

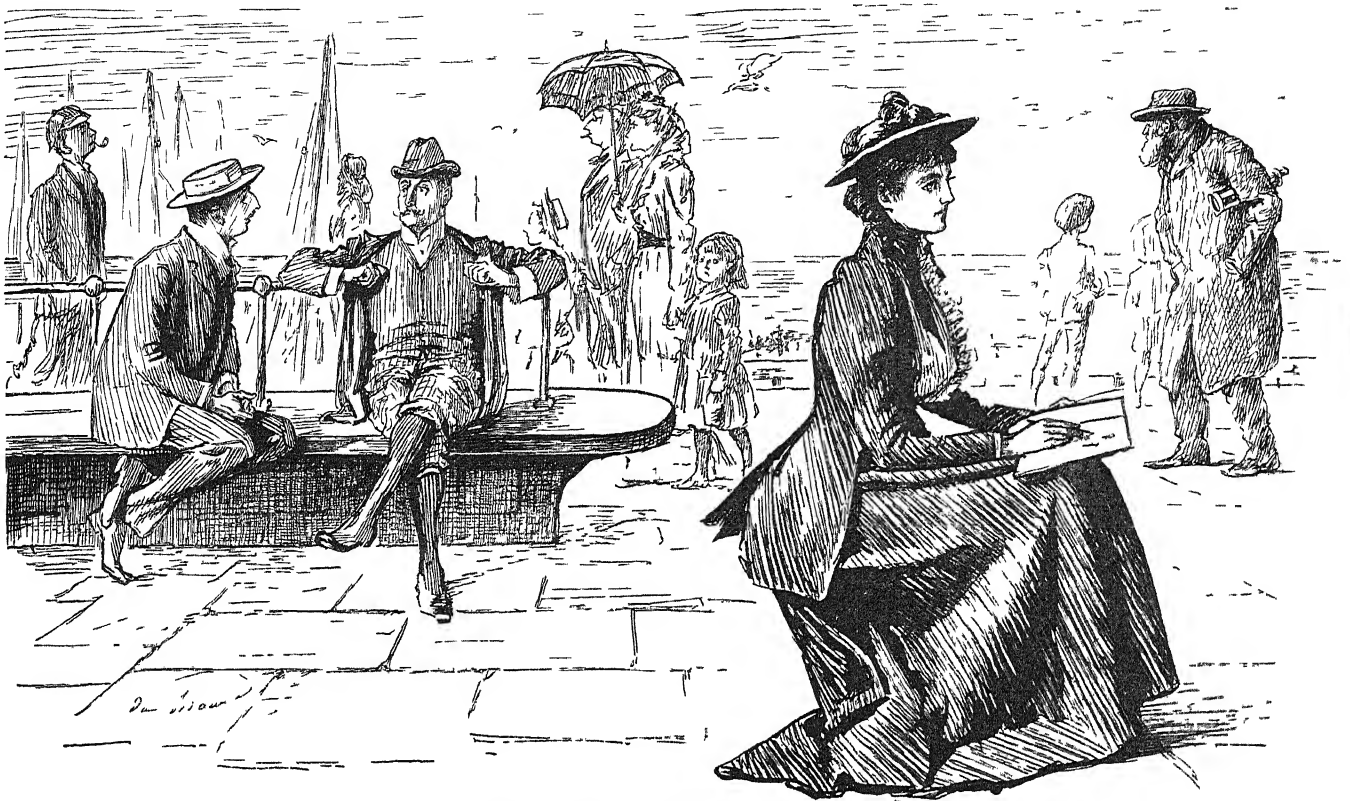
P.S.—My Doctor has just stopped the diet!

DEAR SIR,—We are sure that the Oatmeal-and-Orange prescription is an invaluable one for the complexion. We recently tried it on a Street Arab, and after one or two doses—accompanied by the employment of soap and water—he developed such a beautiful pink-and-white skin, that his parents failed to recognise him. This was unfortunate in one way, as he has now become chargeable on the rates. Talking of rates, we may mention that we supply finest Midlothian Campaign Oatmeal at a more reasonable figure than any other firm in the trade. Price-list on application. Yours obediently,

Edinburgh. McCANNY & Co.

SIR,—I am not less than fifty years' old, and marked with small-pox, and therefore I think that Oatmeal and Oranges would be sure to do my complexion good. As mine is perhaps a rather unusual case, I am trying the remedy in a peculiarly thorough way. I have an Oatmeal-bath twice a day, during which I suck six oranges. My breakfast consists of porridge and marmalade. I have engaged a policeman to knock at my front door three times every night, to wake me. I then sit up in bed and consume oat-cakes soaked in orange-juice. I also dress in yellow, and I have written to Belfast to ask if I can be admitted to an Orange Society there, but hitherto I have received no reply. You will, I think, agree with me that I am giving the new treatment a fair trial.

Yours truly,
TABITHA NUPKINS.



UNLUCKY COMPLIMENTS.

Shy but Susceptible Youth. "ER—COULD YOU TELL ME WHO THAT YOUNG LADY IS—SKETCHING?"

Affable Stranger. "SHE HAS THE MISFORTUNE TO BE MY WIFE!"

Shy but Susceptible One (desperately anxious to please, and losing all presence of mind). "OH—THE MISFORTUNE'S ENTIRELY YOURS, I'M SURE!"

THE RAMSGATE SANDS.

It's hey for the sands, for the jolly Ramsgate Sands,
Where the children shout and tumble, spade and bucket in their hands.

Where sandy castles rise in scores, I trow a man might float
A fleet of six-inch pleasure-skiffs on many a deep-dug moat.
Where, while the banjos discord make, the German bands make noise,

And nursemaids by the hundred shepherd flocks of girls and boys.
Where the boys tuck up their trousers, and the girls tuck up their frocks,

A paddling tribe who scorn their shoes and customary socks.

Ye loud-voiced men of cocoa-nuts, what is it that you say?
"Come try yer luck, roll, bowl, or pitch; the lydies stand 'alf-way."

One youth I saw who took his stand, a clerk of pith was he.
He shut one eye and aimed with care, then let the ball fly free.
Twice, thrice, nay, thirty times he flung, his BETSY standing by,
And scornfully advising him to close his other eye.
Yet, when at last he had to own he could not do the trick,
No solitary cocoa-nut had toppled from its stick.

Papa is in his glory here, that proud and happy man,
But in spite of all his efforts, he can't get coloured tan.
Yet every week-day morning, from ten o'clock till one,
He turns that British face of his unflinching to the sun.
Mamma she sits beside him; I overheard her say,
"Lor, Pa, you'll soon be brown as brown, you're not so red to-day."

But wives can't flatter tints away, and when he leaves the place,
I'd guarantee to light my pipe at Pa's tomato face.

A front-row stall I quick secured, a green and gaudy bench,
And paid my humble penny to a very buxom wench.
The tide was running out amain, and slowly, bit by bit,
She moved her back seats forward till she left me in the pit.
Stout Mr. Briggs, the hair-dresser, the Bond-Street mould of form,
Sat next me with his family, and seemed to find it warm;

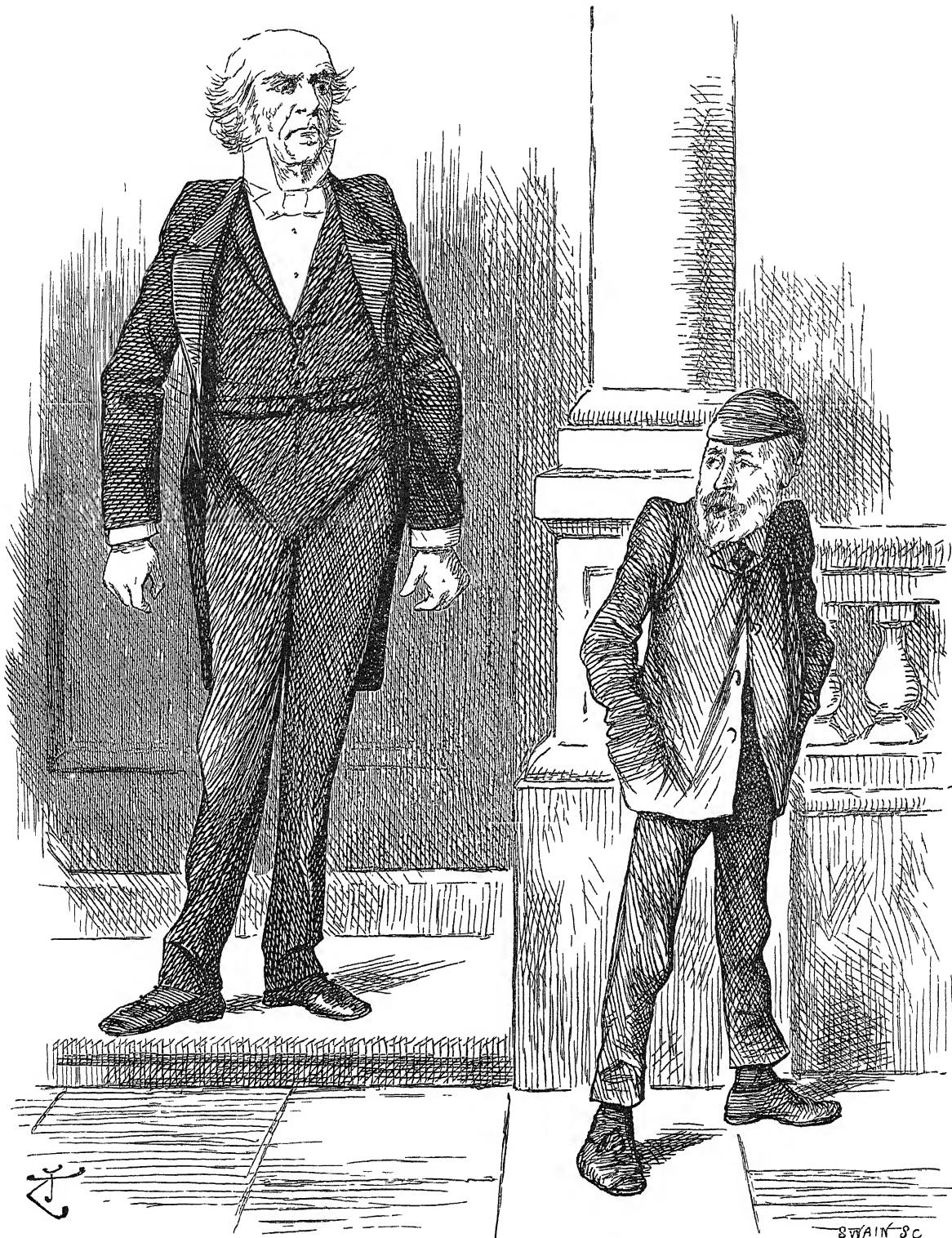
And, while admiring Mrs. B. hung on her Briggs's lips,
He favoured me, as is his wont, with all the sporting tips.

But the most delightful object I saw upon that shore
Was a ruddy-faced and chubby-legged philosopher of four.
Though his sisters capered round him, the sage refused to budge,
He continued quietly digging just as solemn as a judge,
And if he fell, as men may fall, he spurned their proffered aid,
But lay awhile and pondered, while he clutched his wooden spade;
Then, having thought some problem out, and found that life was vain,
He slowly raised his three-foot form, and set to work again.

And so the round of pleasure goes; a man could scarce believe
How swift the merry hours spin by from dewy morn to eve.
The goat-carts never want for fares fresh from their nurses' arms,
All day the patient donkeys bear some maid's or matron's charms.
The haughty ones may carp and sneer, we know their sorry style,
But we who revel on this shore can hear them with a smile.
We may be vulgar; what's the odds? We're cottage-folk, not
"Grands,"

And our simple pleasures please us on the jolly Ramsgate Sands.

DRURIOLANUS'S NEXT.—*The Prodigal Daughter* is to be produced, when she's of proper age to come out, at Drury Lane. Who gave her that name? Is it her "*Pettitt nom*," or was it her Godfather, Sir DRURIOLANUS LE GRAND, or was it the joint effort of GRAND *et* PETTITT, so as to satisfy all comers Great and Small? *The Prodigal Son* has already served as the title of an Opera directly founded on the Scriptural parable of the Prodigal, and has recently been used as the title of the now famous *ballet d'action*. There was also a *Père Prodigue*—which the English schoolboy thought was French for an uncommonly big Marie Louise specimen; so there is justification and authority for bringing this new member of *The Prodigal* family before the Public. Having once started, there may be no end to the family of Prodigals. There will follow—*The Prodigal Aunt*, *The Prodigal Uncle*, *The Prodigal Second Cousin by First Husband's Marriage*, and so on, *ad infinitum*.



“THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY.”

MASTER LABBY (*to the Butler*). “WON’T GIVE ME A SITUATION, WON’T YER? THEN I’LL BREAK YER WINDOWS! YA-AH!!”

THE LAND OF THE (RATHER TOO) FREE.

SCENE—The Landing-Stage of an English Port.

Custom-House Officer (through an interpreter). Do you speak English?

Emigrant (ditto). No.

Cust.-H. Off. (as before). Have you any money?

Emi. (ditto). Not a kopeck.

Cust.-H. Off. Where do you come from?

Emi. Polish Russia.

Cust.-H. Off. Have you any family?

Emi. A sick wife and eight sick children.

Cust.-H. Off. Do any of you know a trade?

Emi. None of us.

Cust.-H. Off. Are you well enough to work?

Emi. No.

Cust.-H. Off. Have you any friends in England?

Emi. Don't know a soul.

Cust.-H. Off. Have you any luggage?

Emi. Only the Cholera!

A COMPENDIOUSLY GRAMMATICAL TREE.—A Yew Tree. First it may be a 'Igh Tree, but it is a Yew Tree. It is either a He Tree or a She Tree. If small, it represents the first person plural by being a "Wee Tree;" the second person plural is the Manager and Manageress of the Haymarket, "Ye Trees;" and the third person plural would be expressed by a Devonshire Gardener indicating this talented couple as "They Trees."

TEE, TEE, ONLY TEE!

(Song of the Golf Enthusiast. After Thomas Moore.)



AIR—"Thee, thee, only thee."

THE dawn of morn, the daylight's
sinking,
Shall find me on the Links, and think-
ing

Of Tee, Tee, only Tee!

When rivals meet upon the ground,
The Putting-green's a realm en-
chanted,

Nay, in Society's giddy round

My soul, (like Tooting's thralls) is
haunted

By Tee, Tee, only Tee!

For that at early morn I waken,
And swiftly bolt my eggs and bacon,
For Tee, Tee, only Tee!

I'm game to start all in the dark
To the Links hurrying—resting
never.

The Caddie yawns, but, like a lark,
I halt not, heed not, hastening ever
To Tee, Tee, only Tee!

Of chilly fog I am no funkier,
I'll brave the very biggest bunker
For Tee, Tee, only Tee!

A spell that nought on earth can break
Holds me. Golf's charms can ne'er
be spoken;

But late I'll sleep, and early wake,
Of loyalty be this my token,
To Tee, Tee, only Tee!

INNS AND OUTS.

NO. II.—THE HEAD-WAITER.

I ENTITLE him as self-pronounced. If "Mr." is the Grand-Hôtel Jupiter, the Head-Waiter is its Mercury. Nothing modern is so versatile as the Head-Waiter. The first thing about the Head-Waiter is his cigars. These are covered with tinsel and colours: very gay—almost as gay as the Head-Waiter. They are of unpronounceable and unknown brands. They vary in price and size, but agree in flavour—liquorice, tempered by ink. Like the fabled fruit, they crumble to ashes in your mouth. If you are only a bird of passage, you will often find a box or so in your room. "Great opportunity—veritable Pestarenas of Nockudaun—one whole box for a sovereign English," the Head-Waiter assures you. The memory of that man is astounding; he remembers all the numbers, all the wines, all the names, and all the Lady's-maids. For he is a bit of a Leporello, is the Head-Waiter.

After dinner, where he takes a dozen orders, makes a dozen recommendations, and tells a dozen lies at once, you may see him philandering by the Lake with MARY ANN, JEANETTE, and KLARA, all jealous, and all adoring, teaching each the language of the other, and all the art of love. I have often envied him. The Head-Waiter's life is a "happy one." He is ubiquitous; Egypt, The Riviera, Switzerland, and Italy, see him by turns; in each he has a white waistcoat, of which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might be proud, infinite occupation, and infinite diversion; his nimbleness, his light-heartedness, his languages, and his cigars, are inexhaustible.

How we besiege him in the morning! "Luncheon, ADOLF, for a party of seven, in a basket—a nice basket, you know—and don't forget the corkscrew." "Yes, yes, I know—and you take the bottle-bier—it is much better nor the warne. Ha! Ha!" What a laugh!—a roguish, child-like merriment of a Greek-godlike character—or want of it. Old Ladies talk to him quite trustingly at first sight; it's "ADOLF, have you such a thing as a bottle of gum—gummi, gum, you understand"; or, "Could you get me another cushion"? He can, and does. As for the children, they love him; he romps with them, and does conjuring tricks, and warbles innumerable songs. That man gets through more in one day

than the Prime Minister of England—and, between you and me, I believe he is fully as capable—and yet he finds time to write a letter to his old mother at Hamburg—I have seen him do it. Perhaps it was about the cigars! The only people who hate ADOLF are the

Under-Waiters; he rules them with a rod of iron, marshalling their heated battalions at *table d'hôte*, and plundering them of their sweethearts; if he breaks anything (hearts included), it is they who have to pay. It is ADOLF's only weakness—he is a bully to underlings of his own trade. But then he has been an Under-Waiter once himself, and suffering brutalises; however, he is outside the sphere of morality, and I could pardon him almost anything.

From time to time his fascinations induce an Englishman or Englishwoman to take this treasure home as a servant. But ADOLF in livery, and ADOLF with his magic order-book, are two very different people. Little things are missing; he becomes quarrelsome; the gipsy-spirit returns—and he is off again, blithe as ever, on his travels. "London very naice," he says, as you buy that infernal Pestarena; "Porebier, very naice; 'Ampton Court, very naice; I know dem, hein? But, is no sunshine, no air, no gaiety." And ADOLF cannot exist without sunshine, air, and gaiety. Also he prefers being his own master, which, as Head-Waiter, he practically is.

How insinuating he is about the food, "Some naice fishes? Dey was laiving dis morning." And then, how accommodating! I was once in the Grand Hôtel during the usual "exceptional season," when it rained unintermittently for a fortnight; the place was empty; "tristeful," as ADOLF styled it. The genius played billiards with me every day, and always won, though I rather fancy myself; and then how mindful he is of your individual bettings. "I gif you dis place by de window—to do you joy!" he ejaculates. The simple creature, he is constantly trying to "make you please."

I always present ADOLF with ten shillings—five on arrival, and five on departure. This procures me many harmless little privileges; and when old BROWN calls him an impertinent brute, I know that BROWN and ten shillings are difficult to part.

There is nothing ADOLF will not do for you for a sovereign—but I cannot run to this; and yet this is the impression he has made.



"One whole box for a sovereign English."



A LITTLE VAGUE!

Affable Landlady (to her new Artist Lodger). "AND I SUPPOSE, SIR, YOU COMES FROM APROAD?"
Foreign Lodger "So! I COME FROM AUSTRIA."
A L "DO YOU HINDERD, SIR? FROM HOSTRIA! AH! NOW THAT'S WHERE THE HOSTIICHES COMES FROM, I SUPPOSE?!"

AN OLD AND NEW PEER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Look here! I've done good service in my time, and no one likes to see himself deprived of an honoured title, or forced to take a back seat. I've been trodden under-foot over and over again—but I've borne it with fortitude, and never, never given way. Now, what do I hear? That a Gentleman, a Government Whip, for whom I have the highest esteem and respect, is now to assume the title which, by right of position, place, time, and prescription, belongs to me, and to me only. I can bear much, but, after so many years of devoted service, during which, with all my opportunities, I have never once made any attempt to leave my place to go higher up or to go lower down, or, in either case, to go with the tide, I cannot, and, indeed, will not, yield my title to anyone, however good and useful to his Party he may have been, but proudly declaring myself as good as my "Sprig of Nobility," even as this one who cometh up as a Flower I beg, protestingly, to remind the world at large that I am "*Nulli Secundus*," and *de facto et de jure*,

THE ONLY BATTERSEA PEER.

P S—Spell it with an "i" or "e," it's all one. If my "i" is put out, and "he" has got in instead, that's a mere quibble or quibble.

MEMBERS WE SHALL MISS.

OUR Old Parliamentary Artistic Hand been at it again; looking with eyesight blurred with sorrow on familiar forms of some Members stranded at General Election. Dis-membered, and, for some time at least, not to be re-membered. COWLEY LAMBERT always been a rover. Went Midland Circuit for short time, and having made the Circuit, made for home. Then he accomplished "A Trip to Cashmere and Ladak." Opportunity now for varying itinerary, and making a "Trip to Ladak and Cashmere." Must be moving

PULSTON seems quite pleased to find LLEWELLYN sitting there, all unconscious of his doom. PULSTON a little astonished himself when things went bad at Carnarvon. Only short time ago made Constable of Castle, thought P. C. PULSTON sure to come in at head of poll, but, "from information received," appears he didn't.



Cowley Lambert.



H Campbell.

somewhere. Wrote himself down in *Dod* "a Progressive Conservative." Has now progressed out of sight of the Chair. This particular CAMPBELL is neither coming nor going. He's gone.



E H Llewellyn.



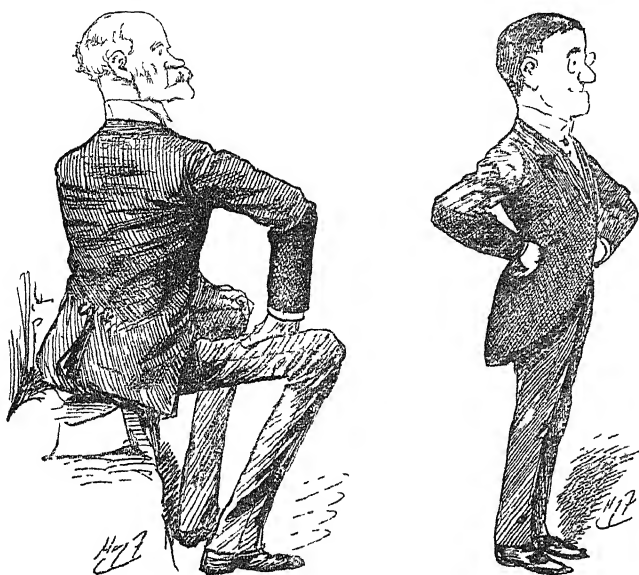
Sir J. H. Puleston.

Observe the eye of HAVELOCK-ALLAN on the alert. He cannot see behind his back, but instinctively knows there is an Irish Member in the vicinity. His teeth close, his moustache curls, his eyes glare. He once publicly, in course of debate, sat upon an Irish Member, not metaphorically, but physically. Irish Member, when he wriggled from under, appealed to SPEAKER on point of order. SPEAKER ruled proceeding decidedly out of order. "But I sat on him, TOBY, dear boy," HAVELOCK said, triumphantly; "and I shall retain the impression to end of my life."



THE GRAND OLD GARDENER.

"So will he," I observed, when HAVELOCK was safe out of hearing. He doesn't like retorts.



Sir H. Havelock-Allan.

A. A. Baumann.

The sketch of BAUMANN evidently taken at the moment he heard the announcement of poll at North Salford. Seems to have knocked him rather of a heap. Was known in House as Cupid's Bowman; a smart able, useful Member, whom we shall all be glad to see back again.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"OVER the Hills and far away!" follow yours faithfully CLEMENT SCOTT." This is the full title, and signed advice to the public given on the frontispiece of his little shilling book published by EELINTON. It is dedicated to Sir EDWARD LAWSON—"right thing to do my boy!"—and appropriately so, as if the Baron's memory runneth not to the contrary, most if not all the articles in this author's little holiday-book have appeared at some time or other in the *D. T.*, and do not suffer any D.I. rioration by being bound up together in this shilling volume. It tells of a visit to Hayling, where he picked up health, strength, and an aspirate, when he went there ailing; he



[A Poppylar Writer in Poppy Land.

tells of Suffolk, where a branch of the Great Punchian Family is settled, known as The Suffolk Punches; he prattles of *Honeymoon Land*, where he met the man with seven wives, each of whom had a cat, and to each cat there was a kit, and to each wife a kit too, it is to be hoped, in the shape otherwise of a *trousseau*, and of many other pleasant restful places and refreshing jaunts he tells delightfully. "But of all the pleasant places in which his lines have fallen, commend me," quoth the Baron,—"and the lines he has written will send many to these pleasant places—(But O the Trippers!)—of all these give me the *Flower Farm at Holy Vale* and the *Valley of Ferns*." If the reader cannot go to all the sweet resorts herein mentioned, let him be induced by the first article to visit *Holy Vale*, and he will find CLEMENT SCOTT an admirable guide for "the Scilly Season." Of course

our NOT-YET-DUN-SCOTUS hath visited the Cyril-Flower-Farm on the Norfolk Coast. Advice: Stand not on the money—order of your going, but go at once, and stop there. As to money, remember your Uncle dwells in Poppy Land, quoth their true friend,

THE TRAVELLED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—A youthful shootist bought the Poppyland book because he thought that it would tell him all about where to go popping. Also a bashful suitor was misled by the title, hoping that in Poppy Land he would learn how to "Pop—the question." The Learned Author has not said one word about the "weasels that go pop," which, of course, are natives of Poppy Land.

"THE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE."

It surely sounds a pretty phrase,
Some poesy for woe it wins,
Commemorating roundelays
And troubadours and mandolins:
We seem to view some minstrel-boy
Beside his shattered musicmote,
The shattered string, the ruined
joy—
The Rift within the Lute.

How swift the slip from tune to
twang! [did;
Sweets bitter grow, as aye they
For e'en the Roman poet sang
"Surgit amari aliquid."

Our pigmy worries
turn us grey;
And sorrows fierce
are less acute;
Our hearts are rid-
dled every day
With Rifts within
the Lute.

You envy FORTU-
NATUS—rich—
A charming bride
—subservient
friends.

To rival him were
something which
The dream of Awa-
rice transcends
That charming
bride a mother
owns

Whom FORTUNA-
TUS brands a
brute:

She mars his life's entrancing
tones—
His Rift within the Lute!

Then, PEREGRINE—he journeys
far;

Unshackled, he by toil's routine:
By turns he quaffs a samovar
Or sherbet, as he shifts his
scene.

"Strong as a horse!"—ah! there's
the string
That snaps asunder—"to re-
cruit."

He wanders, manufacturing
A Rift within his Lute.

And DULCINEA! What a life!
Adorning crowds, adornments
rare,

And many fain to call her wife,
And sue her smiles in Belgrave
Square.

And yet her Fetch-and-carry
swears

He heard her, while he pressed
his suit,
Sigh, "Bored to desperation!"—
there's

A Rift within that Lute.

What need more trivial ills to
quote,
The freshly-furnished house
that shines,



The coxcomb's fashionable coat,
Both brushed and polished "to
the nines,"

Both yielding to some fatal flaw;
A crack; a fiend who plays the
flute;

Both, both examples of the law
Of Rift within the Lute.

Whate'er the dulcet instrument
We favour, still the lilt will
stop;

And with a gorgeous chalice blent
Oft lurks the tiny poisoned
drop.

I'm not so spry myself to-night;
I'll try a dose of arrowroot.

You'll own that Indigestion's
quite
A Rift in any Lute!

"WALKER ART GALLERY."—Show commences this week at Liverpool. *The WALKER* was a Genius. But is this show all "Walker," or the genuine article? Has Mr. J. L. TOOLE, of *Walker, London*, anything to do with it? No doubt it's quite "O.K." WALKER, Liverpool.

POLITICAL PRIZE RING RIDDLE.—Why was the win of the Gladstonian Party at Newcastle like the triumph of a single-fisted pugilist over his two-handed opponent? Because the victory was achieved with one "MORLEY."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

WHY I DON'T WRITE PLAYS.

(From the Common-place Book of a Novelist.)

BECAUSE it is so much pleasanter to read one's work than to hear it on the Stage.

Because Publishers are far more amiable to deal with than Actor-Managers.

Because "behind the scenes" is such a disappointing place—except in Novels.

Because why waste three weeks on writing a Play, when it takes only three years to compose a Novel?

Because Critics who send articles to Magazines inviting one to contribute to the Stage, have no right to dictate to us.

Because a fairly successful Novel means five hundred pounds, and a fairly successful Play yields as many thousands—why be influenced by mercenary motives?

Because all Novelists hire their pens in advance for years, and have no time left for outside labour.

And last, and (perhaps) not least, Why don't I send in a Play? Because I have tried to write one, and find I can't quite manage it!

ACCORDING to recent accounts, the attitude of the Salvation Army in Canada may be fairly described as "Revoltant."



EQUIVOCAL.

Rising Young Physician (who cured so many Patients in last year's Epidemic).
"NOT MUCH CHANCE OF MORE INFLUENZA IN ENGLAND THIS WINTER, I FANCY!"
His Wife. "LET US HOPE FOR THE BEST, DEAREST!"

A DIARY OF THE DEAD SEASON.

(Suggested by the Contents Bills)

Monday.—First appearance of "the Epidemic." Good bold line with reference to Russia. Not of sufficient importance to head the Bill, but still distinctly taking.

Tuesday.—Quite a feature. Centre of the Bill with sub-lines of "Horrible Disclosures" and "Painful Scenes." Becoming a boom. To be further developed tomorrow.

Wednesday.—Bill all "Epidemic." Even Cricket sacrificed to make room for it. "News from Abroad." "Horrors at Hamburg." No idea it would turn out so well. A perfect treasure-trove at this quiet season of the year!

Thursday.—Nothing but "Epidemic."—"Arrival in England"—"Precautions Everywhere." Let the boom go! It feeds itself! Nearly as good as a foreign war!

Friday.—Still "the Epidemic," but requires strengthening. "Spreading in the Provinces," but still, not like it was. Falling flat.

Saturday.—A good sensational Murder! The very thing for the Contents Bills. Exit "the Epidemic," until again wanted.

SONGS OF SOCIETY;

I.—INTRODUCTORY. TO MY LYRE.

[*"Smoothly written vers de Société, where a boudoir decorum is, or ought always to be, preserved; where sentiment never surges into passion, and where humour never overflows into boisterous merriment."*—*Frederick Locker's Preface to "Lyn a Elegantium."*]

DEAR Lyre, your duty now you know!
If one would sing with grace and glow
Songs of Society,
One must not dream of fire, or length,
Or vivid touch, or virile strength,
Or great variety.

Among the Muses of Mayfair
A Bacchanal with unbound hair,
And loosened girdle,
Would be as purely out of place
As Atalanta in a race
O'er hedge or hurdle:

Our Muse, dear Lyra, must be trim,
Must not indulge in vagrant whim,
Of voice or vesture.
Boudoir decorum will allow
No gleaming eye, no glowing brow,
No ardent gesture.

Society, which is our theme,
Is like a well-conducted stream
Which calmly ripples.
We sing the World where no one feels
Too pungently, or hates, or steals,
Or loves, or tipples.

And should you hint that down below
The subtle siren all men know
Is hiding *her* face,

Our answer is: "That may be true,
But boudoir bards have nought to do
Save with the surface."



And therefore, though Society feel
The Proletariat's heavy heel
Its kibe approaching,

Some luxuries yet are left to sing,
The Opera-Box, the Row, the Ring,
And Golf, and Coaching.

Not e'en the Socialistic scare
The dandish and the debonair
Has quite demolished;
Whilst Privilege hath still a purse,
There's yet a chance for flowing verse,
And periods polished.

If IBSEN, BELLAMY, and GEORGE,
Raise not the boudoir critic's gorge
Beyond all bearing,
Light lyrics may she not endure,
On social ills above her cure,
Below her caring?

Muse, with Society we may toy
Without impassioned grief or joy,
Or boisterous merriment;
May sing of Sorrow with a smile;
At least, it may be worth our while
To try the experiment.

QUITE THE TREBLE GLOUCESTER CHEESE!
—The Three Quires' Festival this week. Do
the Three Quires appear in the Cathedral?
If so, as each quire means twenty-four sheets,
there'll be quite a "Surplice Stock."

CONTRIBUTION BY OUR OWN "MULEY
HASSAN."—*Puzzle*—To find "three Single
Gentlemen rolled into one?" *Answer*—Sir
EVAN SMITH. *Explanation*—Sir, You, an'
SMITH. [*Exit MULEY HASSAN going to Bray.*]

WHY ought a Quack's attendance on a
patient to be gratis?—Because he is No-Fee-
sician.



"LA-BOUCHE-RE(-NARD) ET LES RAISINS."



A MERE PREJUDICE.

Tourist. "I SEE YOU EMPLOY A GOOD MANY WOMEN ABOUT HERE, FARMER."

Farmer. "HAVE TO DO, HARVEST-TIME, SIR; BUT FOR MYSELF I MUCH PREFER MANUAL LABOUR!"

MORE REASONS FOR STOPPING IN TOWN.

Commodore Buncombe. Because I know those infernal Tentonnors, and — Chartreuse jaune only makes me worse.

William Sikes. Because of the gross incompetence of my Counsel, and the ridiculous adverse prepossessions of the Jury at my recent appearance in public at the C. C. C.

McStinger. Because there's bonny braw air on the braes of Hampstead, and it costs but a bawbee to get intil it.

Fitz-Fluke. Because, since that awkward affair at the Roulette Club, my country invitations haven't come in.

Capel Courtney. Because those beastly bucket-shops have collared all our business.

Bumpshus, M.P. Because the Lords of the Treasury (shabby crew of place-hunters) declined to adopt my suggestion, and to place a trooper, thoroughly well found, victualled, and overhauled, at the disposal of any Members of the Lower House whose profound sense of duty, and of the importance of the Imperial Federation idea, impelled them to take a six-months' trip round the world at the nation's expense.

Theodore John Hook Straight. Because of the old trouble—"got a complaint in the chest."

PHILLIPOPOLIS.

Toper Major (over their third bottle of a Grand Vin). I shay, ol' f'ler, neksh year thinksh'll go see ex'bishun at Ph-Phipp—at Philip-poppo—



Toper Minor. I know, ol' f'ler. You mean Philipoppoppo—poppo— *Toper Major.* Thatsh it—shame place. Have 'nother bo'll! [They drink.]

"THE SPEECH OF MONKEYS."—Professor R. L. GARNER, who is a great hand at "getting his Monkey up" (he was naturally a bit annoyed at being, quite recently, accidentally prevented from giving his Monkey lecture), is about to commence operations by adapting the old song of "Let us be Happy Together" to Monkey Language, when it will re-appear as "Let us be Apey Together." It will be first given at Monkey Island on Thames.

CRICKETERS WHO OUGHT TO BE GOOD HANDS AT PLAYING A TE.—"The Eleven of Notts."

UN-BROCKEN VOWS.

WALPURGIS Brocken Night at Crystal Palace last Thursday—Grand! Jupiter Pluvius suspended buckets, and celestial water-works rested awhile to make way for Terrestrial Fire-works. "Todgers's can do it when it likes," as all Martin-Chuzzlewitters know, and Brock can do it too when he likes. *A propos* of DICKENS' quotation above, it is on record that Mr. Pickwick was once addressed as "Old Fireworks." Where? When? and How? Mr. Pickwick, we are led to infer by the commentary thereon, somewhat objected to the term, unless our Pickwickian memory fail us—which is not improbable—but Mr. Brock would appropriate it to himself with pleasure, and be "proud o' the title" as the Living Skeleton said. Despite wind and weather, and *contretemps* generally, Brock has never broken faith with the public. "Facta non verba" is his motto: and "Facta" means (here) Fire-works.

"GREAT BRITAIN AND THE GILBERT ISLANDS."—Captain DAVIS of H.M. Screw Cruiser *Royalist*, on May 27, formally annexed "The Gilbert Islands." Where was SULLIVAN? Or is it that Sir ARTHUR, having been annexed as a Knight, was unable to interfere? Will D'OYLY CARTE explain?

THE MENAGERIE RACE.

SCENE—The terrace in front of Hauberk Hall, which the LARKSPURS have taken for the Summer. TIME—An August afternoon. Miss STELLA LARKSPUR—a young lady with great energy and a talent for organisation—has insisted upon all the Guests taking part in a Menagerie Race.

The Rev. Ninian Headnote, the Local Curate (to Mr. PLUMLEY DUFF—after uneasily regarding Miss STELLA, as she shakes up some pieces of folded paper in a hat). Can you give me any idea of the precise nature of this amusement—er—nothing resembling a gambling transaction, I suppose?—or I really—

Mr. Plumley Duff. Well, I'm given to understand that we shall each be expected to take an animal of some sort, and drive it along with a string tied to its leg. Sounds childish—to me.

The Curate (relieved). Oh, exactly, I see. Most entertaining, I'm sure! (He coos.) What wonderful ingenuity one sees in devising ever-fresh pastimes, do we not? Indeed, yes!

Miss Stella. There, I've shuffled all the animals now. (Presenting the hat.) Mr. HEADNOTE, will you draw first?

The Curate. Oh, really. Am I to take one of these? Charmed! (He draws.) Now I wonder what my fate— (Opening the paper.) There the Monkey! (His face falls.) Is there a Monkey here? Dear me, how very interesting!

Dick Gatling (of H.M. Gunboat "Weasel"). Brought him over my last cruise from Colombo. No end of a jolly little beast—bites like the—like blazes, you know!

Miss Stella (to her Cousin). Now, DICK, I won't have you taking away poor Jacko's character like that. He's only bitten BENNS—and, well, there was the gardener's boy—but I'm sure he teased him. You won't tease him, will you, Mr. HEADNOTE?

The Curate. I—I shouldn't dream of it, Miss STELLA,—on the contrary, I— (To himself.) Was it quite discreet to let myself be drawn into this? Shall I not risk lowering my office by publicly associating myself with a—a Monkey? I feel certain the Vicar would disapprove strongly.

Dick (to Colonel KEMPTON). Drawn your animal yet, Sir?

The Colonel (heatedly). Yes, I have—and I wish I'd kept out of this infernal tomfoolery. Why the mischief don't they leave a man in peace and quietness on a hot afternoon like this? Here am I, routed out of a comfortable seat to go and drive a confounded White Rabbit, Sir! Idiotic, I call it!

The Curate. Pardon me, Colonel KEMPTON; but if you object to the Rabbit, I would not at all mind undertaking it myself—and you could take my Monkey—

The Colonel. Thanks—but I won't deprive you. A Rabbit is quite responsibility enough for me!

The Curate (to himself, disappointed). He's afraid of a poor harmless Monkey—and he an Army man, too! But I don't see why I—

Miss Gussie Grissell. Oh, Mr. HEADNOTE, isn't it ridiculous! They've given me a Kitten! It makes me feel too absurdly young!

The Curate (eagerly). If you would prefer a—a more appropriate animal, there's a Monkey, which I am sure— (To himself, as Miss G. turns away indignantly.) This Monkey doesn't seem very popular—there must be someone here who—I'll try the American Lady—they are generally eccentric. (To Mrs. HEBER K. BANGS.) I hope Fortune has been kind to you, Mrs. BANGS?

Mrs. Bangs. Well, I don't know; there are quadrupeds that can trot faster over the measured mile than a Tortoise, and that's my animal.

The Curate (with sympathy). Dear me! That is a trial, indeed, for you! But if you would prefer something rather more exciting, I should be most happy, I'm sure, to exchange my Monkey—



"It makes me feel too absurdly young!"

Dick Gatling (bustling up). Hallo, what's that? No, no, Mrs. BANGS—be true to your Tortoise. I tell you he's going to romp in—Esop's tip, don't you know? I've backed you to win or a place. I say, what do you think I've drawn—the Mutton! Just my luck!

The Curate. DICK, just come this way a moment—I've a proposition to make; it's occurred to me that the Monkey would feel more—more at home with you, and, in short, I—

Mr. Plumley Duff (plaintively, to Miss CYNTHIA CHAFFERS). I shouldn't have minded any other animal—but to be paired off with a Goose!

Miss Chaffers (consoling). You're better off than I am, at all events—I've got a Puppy!

Mr. Duff. Have you? (After a pause—sentimentally.) Happy Puppy!

Miss C. He'll be anything but a happy Puppy if he doesn't win.

Mr. Duff. Oh, but he's sure to. I know I would, if I was your Puppy!

Miss C. I'm not so sure of that. Don't they lodge objections, or something, for boring?

Mr. Fanshawe. Can anybody inform me whether I'm expected to go and catch my Peacock? Because I'll be hanged if—

The Curate. Oh, Miss STELLA, it's all right—Mr. GATLING thinks that it would be better if he undertook the Monkey himself; so we've arranged to—

Miss Stella. Oh, nonsense, DICK! I can't have you taking advantage of Mr. HEADNOTE's good-nature like that. What's the use of drawing lots at all if you don't keep to them? Of course Mr. HEADNOTE will keep the Monkey.

[The unfortunate Curate accepts his lot with Christian resignation.]

Dick. Well, that's settled—but I say, STELLA, where's my Mutton's moorings—and what's to be the course?

Stella. The course is straight up the Avenue from the Lodge to the House, and I've told them to get all the beasts down there ready for us; so we'd better go at once.

THE START.

The Competitors. STELLA, my dear, mustn't Miss GRISSELL tell her kitten not to claw my Tortoise's head every time he pokes his poor nose out? It isn't fair, and it's damping all his enthusiasm!... Now, Colonel KEMPTON, it isn't the Puppy's fault—you know your Rabbit began it!... Hi, STELLA, hold on a bit, my Mutton wants to lie down. Mayn't I kick it up!... DUFF, old chap, your Goose is dragging her anchor again, back her engines a bit, or there'll be a foul. ... Miss STELLA, I—I really don't think this Monkey is quite well—his teeth are chattering in such a very... All right, padre, only his nasty temper—jerk the beggar's chain. More than that!

Chorus of Spectators at Lodge Gates. My word, I wonder what next the gentry'll be up to, I dew. Ain't Miss STELLA orderin' of 'en about! Now she's started 'en. They ain't not allowed to go 'tittin' of 'en—got to go just wheeriver the animiles want. Lor, the guse is takin his genlm'n in among the trees! Well, if iver I did! That theer tartus gits along, don't he? Passon don't seem com'fable along o' that monkey. I'll back the young sailor gent—keeps that sheep wunnerful stiddy, he do. There's the hold peacock puttin' on a bust now. Well, well, these be fine doin's for 'Auberck 'All, and no mistake. Make old Sir HALBERD stare if he was 'ere, &c., &c.

The Colonel (wrathfully to his Rabbit, which will do nothing but run round and round him). Stop that, will you, you little fool. Do you want to trip me up! Of all the dashed nonsense I ever—!

Mrs. Bangs. My! Colonel, you do seem to have got hold of a pretty insubordinate kind of a Rabbit, too!

The Colonel (looking round). Well, you aren't getting much pace out of your Tortoise either, if it comes to that!

Mrs. Bangs. He puts in most of his time in stoppages for rest and refreshment. I'm beginning to believe that old fable's a fraud. Anyway, it's my opinion this Tortoise isn't going to beat any hare—unless it's a jugged one.

Dick Gatling (in front, as his Sheep halts to crop the turf in a leisurely manner). We've not pulled up—only lying—to take in supplies. We're going ahead directly. There, what did I tell you! Now she's tacking!

The Curate (in the rear). Poo' little Jacko, then—there, there, quietly now! Miss STELLA, what does it mean when it gibbers like that? (*Sotto voce.*) I wonder, if I let go the chain—

Mr. Duff (hauling his Goose towards Miss CHAFFERS). It's no use—I can't keep this beast from bolting off the course.

Miss C. Do keep it away from my Puppy, at all events. I know it will peck him, and he's perfectly happy licking my shoe—he's found out there's sugar-candy in the varnish.

Mr. Duff (solemnly). Yes, but I say, you know—that's all very well, but it's not making him race, is it? Now I am getting some running out of my Goose.

Miss C. Rather in-and-out-running, isn't it? (*Cries of distress from the rear.*) But what is the matter now? That poor dear Curate again!

The Curate (in agony). Here, I say, somebody! do help me! Miss STELLA, do speak to your monkey, please! It's jumped on my back, and it's pulling my hair—ow!

[*Most of the Competitors abandon their animals and rush to the rescue.*]

Dick Gatling (coming up later). Why on earth did you all jack up like that? You've missed a splendid finish! My Mutton was forging ahead like fun, when FANSHAW'S Peacock hoisted his sail, and drew alongside, and it was neck and neck. Only, as he had more neck than the Mutton, and stuck it out, he won by a beak. Look here, let's have it all over again!

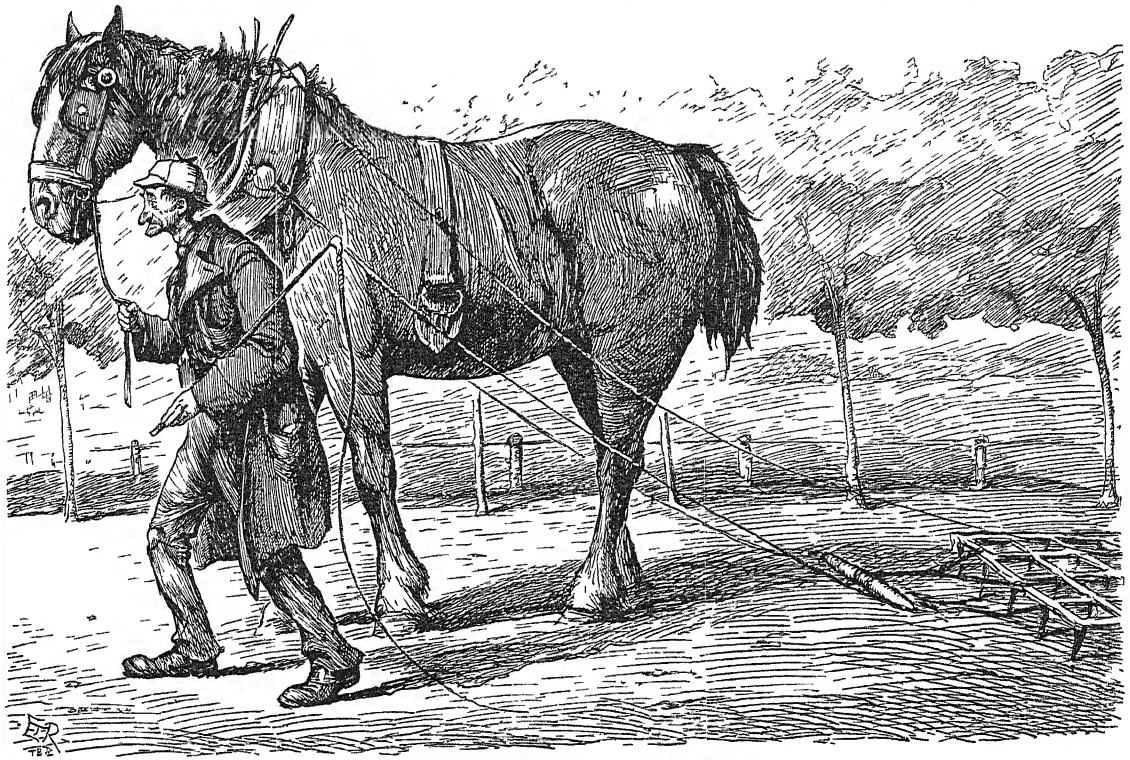
[*But the Monkey being up a tree, and the Colonel having surreptitiously got rid of his Rabbit among the bracken, and the Tortoise having retired within his shell and firmly declined to come out again, sport is abandoned for the afternoon, to the scarcely disguised relief of the Curate, who is prevented from remaining to tea by the pressure of parish-work.*]

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

ONCE more I am back in my London "*pied-à-terre*"—(but how it can be a *pied-à-terre*, I don't quite know, considering it's a flat on the fourth floor!—*ridiculous* language French is to be sure!)—and very glad to get home again I assure you. I have spent the last few weeks in the Isle of Wight, which is a British Possession in the latitude of Spithead—(I don't know why Spithead should want any latitude, but it seems to take a good deal!)—sacred to Tourists, *Char-à-bancs*, and Pirates—the latter disguised as Lodging-letters!

While there we suffered severely from Regattas; which swarm in the Island at this season, and are hotly pursued by the visitors, with the deadly telescope. I myself was bitten once by the Regatta Bacteria, and very painful it was. My friend, Baron VON HODGEMANN, owner of the *Angelsea*, persuaded me to go on board for a race, and we travelled the whole thirty miles sitting at an angle of forty-five degrees, and singing the war-cry of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club!—



THE ONLY MAN IN ROTTEN ROW.

SCENE FROM THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

To the mast-head high we nail the Burge,*
When the north wind snores its dismal dirge!
In the trough of the sea with a mighty splurge,
The quiv'ring Yacht beats down the surge,
And weathers the Warner Light!

This experience having inspired me with courage, I indulged in another flight of daring which required all the *aplomb* of a leader of Fashion to carry out successfully; and, though few of the "smart" Ladies of my set habitually indulge in the habit, I am happy to think I am encouraging them in a healthy and amusing pastime, which, in the Summer, may in time even rival Lawn Tennis! However—not to beat about the bush any longer—(what an utterly absurd expression this is!—as if it could hurt the bush to beat it!—to say nothing of the difficulty of keeping a bush always handy to beat!)—it is time I told you what this great achievement of mine was—I *went paddling*! There!—the secret is out!—the Fashion is set!—the new Summer Amusement discovered! The Rules of the Game are being written, and will shortly be published under the title, "*Routledge's Etiquette of Paddling, for Ladies of Good Standing.*" I need hardly tell you that the first thing necessary is to find a secluded bay, and it is also advisable to collect a few children to take with you—(there are usually plenty left about on the beach from which you can make a selection)—as a sort of excuse;—no other implements are required for the game, in fact, superfluities are a nuisance and only get wet—thus equipped—the game can be played with freedom—(not from pebbles)—combined of course with propriety, and will be found amusing and invigorating—(quotation from the preface to the Book of Rules written by the eminent German Doctor, HERR SPLASHENWASSER—inventor of the Water-Cure.

The next Race meeting requiring attention takes place at Doncaster this week, and the most important race, I take it—at least, I don't take it—but the *winner* will—another senseless expression—is naturally the St. Leger, for which I make a poetic selection, which has cost me weeks of anxious thought, no "leger" task!—(French joke)—owing to the number of horses engaged, so few of which will run!

Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

ST. LEGER SELECTION.

The best of the classic events of the year
We are told by the students of "form,"
Is a foregone conclusion, 'tis perfectly clear,
For the noble possessor of *Orme*.

* This should really be *Burgee*, but then it wouldn't rhyme, and a Poet may drop a *syllable*, if he or she mayn't drop an H!



THE WOMAN THAT WAS!

Monsieur le Maréchal (who, during the Forties, was a dashing young Military Attaché at the French Embassy in London). "AH, DUCHESS, AND DO YOU REMEMBER ZE SO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY MARY GWENDOLEN VERE DE VERE, ZAT EVERYBODY VENT MAD ABOUT VEN I VAS IN ENGLAND? VEN I TINK OF 'ER, MY 'EARTT BEAT EVEN NOW!"

The Duchess (née Mary Gwendolen Vere de Vere). "OH YES, MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL, I REMEMBER HER ONLY TOO WELL!"

M. le Maréchal. "VAT 'AS BECAME OF 'ER, MADAME LA DUCHESS?"

Her Grace (with a sigh). "ELLE N'EST PLUS!"

STUDIES IN THE NEW POETRY.

No. V.

It may be objected that *Mr. Punch's* fifth example does not strictly conform to the canons laid down by him in his prefatory remarks to No. I. *Mr. Punch* neither admits nor denies the charge. He is convinced, however, that those who do him the honour to read these Studies, might justly

complain if he failed to include in them an example of the work of a Poet who has shown our generation how rusticity and rhymes, cattle and Conservative convictions, peasants and patriotism, may be combined in verse. It is scarcely necessary to add that the author of the following magnificent piece is *Mr. A-FR-D A-ST-N*. Like others who might be named, he has not the honour to be an agricultural labourer; but no living man has sung at greater length

of rural life, and its simple joys. Many of his admirers have asserted that Britain ought to have more than one Laureate, and that *Mr. A-FR-D A-ST-N* ought to be among the number. Others are not prepared to go quite so far. They have been heard to complain that cows and trees, and woodmen and farms, and sheep and wains, and hay and turnips, do not necessarily suggest the highest happiness, and that it is not always dignified for an aspiring Poet to be led about helpless through the byeways of sense by those wilful, wanton playfellows, his rhymes. The two factions may be left to fight out their quarrel over the present example, which, by the way, is *not* taken from the collected edition of the Poet's works.

IS LUNCH WORTH LUNCHING?

(By *A-fr-d A-st-n*.)

Is Lunch worth lunching? Go, dyspeptic man,
Where in the meadows green the oxen munch.

Is it not true that since our land began
The horned ox hath given us steaks for lunch?

Steaks rump or otherwise, the prime sirloin,
Sauced with the stinging radish of the horse.
Beeves meditate and die; we pay our coin,
And though the food be often tough and coarse,

We eat it, we, through whose bold British veins
Bold British hearts drive bubbling British blood.

No true-born Briton, come what may, disdains
To eat the patient chewers of the cud.

Or seek the uplands, where of old Bo Peep
(So runs the tale) lost all her fleecy flocks;
There happy shepherds tend their grazing sheep
(Some men like mutton, some prefer the ox).

Ay, surely it would need a heart of flint
To watch the blithe lambs caper o'er the lea,
And, watching them, refrain from thoughts
Of mint,

Of new potatoes, and the sweet green pea.

Is Lunch worth lunching? The September sun
Makes answer "Yes;" no longer must
thou lag.

Forth to the stubble, cynic; take thy gun,
And add the juicy partridge to thy bag.

Out in the fields the keen-eyed pigeons coo;
They fill their crops, and then away they fly.
Pigeons are sometimes passable in stew,
And always quite delicious in a pie.

Or pluck red-currants on some summer day,
Then take of raspberries an equal part,
Add cream and sugar—can mere words convey
The luscious joys of this delightful tart?

Is Lunch worth lunching? If such cates
should fail,

Go cut of country bread a solid hunch,
Pile on it cheese, wash down with country ale,
And, faring plainly, yet enjoy thy lunch.

Yea, this is truth, the lunch of knife and fork,
The pic-nic lunch, spread out upon the earth,
Lunches of beef, bread, mutton, veal, or pork,
All, all, without exception all, are worth!

NINETY-NINE OUT OF A HUNDRED CANDIDATES MUST BE "PILLED."—The Living of "Easington-with-Liverton, Yorkshire, worth £600 per annum," is vacant. Is it in the gift of the celebrated Dr. COCKLE? or of Dr. CARTER, of Little-Liverpill-Street fame?



“BACK!”

PLAYFUL HEIFERVESCE AT HAWARDEN.

[Mr. GLADSTONE met with an extraordinary adventure in Hawarden Park one day last week. A heifer, which had got loose, made for Mr. GLADSTONE as he was crossing the park, and knocked him down. Mr. GLADSTONE took refuge behind a tree. The heifer scampered off, and was subsequently shot.]



G. O. M. sings :—

How happy could I be with heifer,
If sure it were only her play.
Is't LABBY? or Labour? Together
In one? I'll get out of the way.
Singing (to myself)—With my tol de rol de
rol LABBY, &c.

She comes! On her horns she is playing
A tune with a flourish or two!

Latest.—After dinner, Mr. GLADSTONE fell asleep in his chair! He was seen to smile, although his repose seemed somewhat disturbed. Presently he was heard to murmur melodiously the words of the old song, slightly adapted to the most recent event,—“*Heifer of thee I'm fondly dreaming!*” Then a shudder ran through his frame as he pronounced softly a Latin sentence; it was “*Labor omnia vincit.*” Then he awoke.

No cow-herd am I, but my staying
To play second fiddle won't do.
Singing (to myself)—With my tol de rol
tol-e-rate LABBY, &c.

Don't chivey her! I would allot her
“Three acres,” and lots of sweet hay.
Alas! while I'm talking, they've shot her!
Well! heifers, like dogs, have their day!
Singing (to myself, as before)—With my tol
lol de rol-licking LABBY, &c.

SONGS OUT OF SEASON.

No. II.—KEW-RIOUS!

It's a pleasure worth the danger,
Deems your gorgeous DE LA PLUCHE,
To become the main arranger
Of a drive in your barouche;
And your Coachman, honest JOE too,
When approached thereon by JEAMES,
Doesn't say exactly “no,” to
Such inviting little schemes.

JEAMES has doffed them “'orrid knee-
things;”

Plush gives way to tweed and socks;
And a hamper with the tea-things,
Fills his place upon the box;
With MARIA, JANE, and HEMMA,
He is playing archest games,
And they're in the sweet dilemma,
Who shall make the most of JAMES.

Mr. COACHMAN smokes his pipe on
His accustomed throne of pride,
And, through driving, keeps an eye 'pon
All the revellers inside.

Mrs. COACHMAN there is seated;
Children twain are on her lapped,
Who alternately are treated,
And alternately are slapped.

While the painters haunt your mansion,
And you're “Hup” “The Halps” or
“Rhind,”

Your domestics find expansion
In diversions of the kind;
And on such a day as this is,
They will drink the health at Kew,
Of “The Master and the Missis,
And their bloommin' kerridge too!”

THE PALLIUM AND ARCHIEPISCOPAL OATH
CONTROVERSY IN THE “TIMES.”—No wonder
this is a very dry subject, when they've got
such a strong THURST-ON among them. Our
advice, by way of moistening it, is, “Drop it!”

“CLERGY FEES” (see “Times” Corre-
spondence).—Growl of the Archiepiscopal
Ogre & Co. :—

“Fee, fi, fo, fum!

I smell the coin of a Clergyman!
Hath he fat glebe, be he ill-fee'd, ill-fed,
I'll grab his fees to butter my bread!”

A NIGHTLY CHEVALIER.

MUSIC-HALL Artists are not by any means “Fixed Stars.” During the evening they manage to accomplish the somewhat paradoxical-sounding feat of shining in the same parts, yet in different places and at different times, appearing everywhere with undiminished brilliancy. The Student of the Music-Hall Planetary system, has only by observation to ascertain the exact time and place of the appearance of his favourite bright particular Star, and then to pay his money, take his choice between sitting and standing, and like a true astronomer, he will—glass in hand, a strong glass too,—await the great event of the evening, calmly and contentedly.

If the Virtuous Westender wandering down the Strand, after having on some previous nights exhausted the Pavilion and the elaborately gorgeous Variety Shows given at the Empire and Alhambra, seeks for awhile a resting-place wherein to enjoy his postprandial cigar, and be amused, if such an one will drop into the classic Tivoli, he will find excellent entertainment, that is as long as their present programme holds the field. The Holborn and the Oxford may delight him on other nights, for it seems that much the same Stars shine all around; but for the present, taking Tivoli as synonymous with Tibur, he may, with Horatian humour, say to himself (“himself” being not a bad audience as a rule) :—

“Holborn Tibur amem ventosus, Tivoli Holborn,”

and he can then enter the Tivoli, now under the benign rule of that old Music Hall Hand, CAROLUS MORTONIUS, M.A., Magister Agens, while the experienced Mr. VERNON DOWSETT—“*Experientia Dowsett*”—manages the stage. Good as is the entire show, and especially good as is the performance of Mr. CHARLES GODFREY as an old Chelsea Pensioner recounting to several little Peterkins a

touching and heart-stirring tale of the Crimean War, yet for me, the Costermonger Songs of Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER are the great attraction. His now well-known “*Coster's Serenade*,” and his “*Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road*,” are supplemented by a song and dialogue about a Coster's son, a precocious little chap, about three years old, and “only that 'igh, you know,” in whom his father takes so great a pride that it works his own temporary reformation. It is so natural as to be just on the borderland between farce and pathos, and recalls time past, when ROBSON played *The Porter's Knot*, and such-like pieces. Now what more do Music Halls want than what Mr. CHEVALIER gives them? This is the very essence of a dramatic sketch of character, given in just the time it takes to sing the song,—that is, about ten minutes, if as much. The compact orchestra, under the directorship of Mr. ASHER, discourses excellent accompaniments, and the music of the CHEVALIER's songs—composed, I believe, by himself—is not the least among the attractions. The CHEVALIER, who, as he takes more than one turn every evening, may be termed a Knight Errant, is certainly the Coster's Laureate and accepted Representative in the West; the mine, which is his own, is inexhaustible. He is a magician in his own peculiar line, and may write himself ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

“AL FRESCO,” the Lightning Artist, whose full name is “ALFRED FRESCO,” writes to suggest that the Alhambra under Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD's management should start a Rotten Row Galop and Kensington Gardens Quadrille to follow as in a series the highly successful *Serpentine Dance*.

NOVEL QUARTETTE.—At the next Hereford Festival there will be performed a concerted piece by four Short Horns.



STARTLING DISCOVERY ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST.

Young Tripper (on his first visit to the Sea, becoming suddenly conscious of the ebbing Tide). "Hi! BILL! JACK! T'WATTER BE A RUNNIN' OFF! BY GUM, LADS, BUT AI BET SHE'S BRUSSEN SOMEWHERE!"

THE POOR VIOLINIST.—An Episode, in the Style of Sterne.

"*Le Luthier de Crémone*," observed EUGENIUS, "is a pathetic story."

"Indeed, EUGENIUS," replied YORICK, "it is extremely touching. I protest I never read, or hear it, without emotion."

"The violin," pursued EUGENIUS, "most sensitive, and, as it were, soulful of human instruments, lends itself, with particular aptness, to the purposes of literary pathos."

"Dear Sensibility!" said I, "source inexhausted of all that is precious in our (poetical) joys, or costly in our (dramatic) sorrows!"

"It were well," continued YORICK, drily, "if it were also the source inexhausted of more that is quick in our sympathy, and practical in our beneficence. It is scarcely in the columns of the daily news-sheet that Sensibility usually seeks its much-sought stimulus. And yet but lately, in the corner of my paper, I encountered a piteous story that 'dear Sensibility' (had it been more romantically environed) might deliciously have luxuriated in. I protest 'twas as pathetic as those of MARIA LE FEVRE, or LA FLEUR. It was headed, 'Sad Death of a Well-known Violinist.'"

"Prithee, dear YORICK, let me hear it," cried EUGENIUS.

"'Twas but the prosaic report of a Coroner's Inquest," pursued YORICK. "Sensibility would probably have 'skipped' the sordid circumstance. 'FREDERICK MARTIN, aged seventy-two, a well-known Violinist, and Professor of Music, formerly a member of the orchestra of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's and Covent Garden Theatres,' found life too hard for him. That is all. 'The deceased, a bachelor.'—Heaven help him!—'had of late been afflicted with deafness, which hindered his pursuit of his profession, and' (the witness an old friend feared) 'he was recently in straitened circumstances, but he was too proud and independent to ask or accept assistance.' The old friend, Mr. LEWIS CHAPUY, Comedian, had 'frequently offered him hospitalities, which he never accepted.' Offered him hospitalities! Worthy comedian! In faith, EUGENIUS, 'tis delicately worded. True 'Sensibility' here, supplemented by practical sympathy. Both, alas! unavailing. Somewhat of the doggedly independent spirit of the boot-rejecting Dr. JOHNSON in this poor deaf violinist apparently. Verily, EUGENIUS, the story requires but the 'decorative art' of the literary sentimentalist to make it moving, even to the modish. The ingeniously emotional historian of LA FLEUR would have made much of it."

"My gentle heart already bleeds with it," said I. "But the upshot, YORICK; the sequel, my friend?"

"'Tis short and simple," responded YORICK. "'The afflicted Violinist' occupied a room at 34, Compton Street, Brunswick Square, in which he lived alone. He suffered from lumbago, as well as from a proud spirit and a broken heart. He had a dread of 'coming to the Workhouse.' Spectral fear which haunts ever the sensitive and poverty-stricken! Unreasonable? Perhaps. But not the less agonising. What comfort may Political Economy and an admirable Poor Law yield to proud-spirited victims of poverty?"

"But surely," said I, "the compassion of the stranger would gladly have poured oil and wine into the wounds of his spirit—or into poor afflicted MARIA'S—had he only known."

"Doubtless," said YORICK. "But 'the great Sensorium of the World,' as—in 'mere pomp of words'—thou dost designate 'Dear Sensibility,' did not 'vibrate' to the case of this 'well-known Violinist'—until 'twas too late to vibrate to any useful purpose. He was 'found lying dead in his bed, fully dressed, with the exception of his hat and boots,' mute as the untouched strings of his own violin. 'He had died suddenly from syncope, or heart-failure.' Heart-failure, EUGENIUS. Doth not thy gentle heart fail at the thought? 'Dr. COLLEY found the body in an advanced stage of decomposition, and life had probably been extinct since the preceding Thursday night.' Prithee, Sir, is 'MARIA, sitting pensive under her poplar,' more pathetic than this poor broken musician, dying alone, in his poverty and pride?"

"Indeed, no!" I responded, musingly.

"Those," continued YORICK, "who go, like the 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance,' in quest of melancholy adventures, need not to make deliberately 'Sentimental Journeys' through France, or Italy, or by forest or mountain, picturesque hamlet, or romantic stream. The purlieus of great cities amongst the poverty-stricken members of what it is usual to call the 'lower middle-classes,' will furnish multitudinous subjects for pensive thought, and—what were a whole world better—for practical benevolence. 'Tis too late, alas! to do aught for this dead Violinist, but were eyes and pen more sedulously and sympathetically employed about real, if sordid-seeming, in place of imaginary, if picturesque, woes, why verily, EUGENIUS, something more, perchance, might be done in such pitiful cases as that I have described to thee in non-journalistic language, than what was formally done by the Coroner's Jury, who—as they were bound to do, indeed—'returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony.'"



PUNCH'S PIC-NIC. THE PARLIAMENTARY MIRAGE.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XIII.—TO IRRITATION.

I HAVE just come home from my Club in a state bordering upon distraction. No great misfortune has happened to me, my dearest friend has not been black-balled, the Club bore has not had me in his unrelenting clutches. The waiters have been, as indeed they always are, civil and obliging, the excellent *chef* catered with his usual skill to my simple mid-day wants, my table companions were good-humoured, cheerful, and pleasantly cynical. What then, you may ask, has happened to shatter my nerves and impair my temper for the day? It is a simple matter, and I am almost ashamed to confess it openly. But I am encouraged by the fact that two eminently solid and, so far as I could see, perfectly unemotional gentlemen were as deeply pricked and worried by what happened as I was myself. To begin with, I do not admit that my nerves vibrate more easily than those of my fellow-men. I have never killed an organ-grinder, I am guiltless of the blood of a German band, I have even gone so far as to spare guards who asked for my railway-ticket after I had carefully wrapped myself up for a journey, and no touting vendor of subscription books or works of art can truthfully say that I have kicked him. On the whole I think I am reasonably even-tempered and of higher than average amiability. Others may judge me differently. I don't wish to quarrel with them. I simply reiterate my opinion. Why then am I to-day in a seething state of exception to my rule? Here is the cause:

After I had done with my luncheon, and had puffed a friendly cigar, I proceeded to that room in the Club which is specially dedicated to literature and silence. What a feast of multitudinous periodicals is there spread out, how brightly the variegated array of books from the circulating library attracts the leisurely, how dignified and awe-inspiring are the far-stretching ranks of accumulated volumes upon the shelves. And the carpet, how soft, and the chairs how comfortably easy. Into one of these chairs I sank with a religious novel (I merely mention the fact, whether for praise or blame I care not), and began to think deeply about various life-problems that have much distressed me. Why must men wear themselves out prematurely with labour? Why must we suffer? And why, granting the necessity for pain, should I occasionally sink under a toothache, while HARRISON, a blatant fellow with a red face and a loud voice, continues in a condition of robust and oppressive health? These speculations were not so painful and disturbing as might be supposed.

Indeed, they had a soothing effect. From the rhythmical breathing and the closed eyes of two other occupants of arm-chairs, I judged that they were similarly occupied in philosophic reflection. I was just composing myself to a bout of specially hard thinking, when, lo, the door opened, and in stepped Dr. FUSSELL!

Everybody, I take it, knows Dr. FUSSELL. He is a member of countless learned Societies. Over many of them he presides, to some he acts as secretary. He reads papers on abstruse questions connected with sanitation, he dashes with a kind of wild war-whoop into impassioned newspaper controversies on the component elements of a dust particle, or the civilisation of the Syro-Phoenicians. He is acute, dialectical, scornful and furious. He denounces those who oppose him as the meanest of mankind, he extols his supporters as the most illustrious and reasonable of all who have benefited the human race. In the Club he is always engaged in some investigation which keeps him continuously skipping from bookshelf to bookshelf, climbing up ladders to reach the highest shelves, rushing up and down-stairs with sheaves of paper bulging in his coat-pockets, or stowed under his arms. He lays his top-hat on the table, and makes it a receptacle for reams of notes and volumes of projected essays. In a word, he is a human storm.

Well, in he came with his grey hair streaming over his forehead, and his eyes aflame. I knew in a moment that repose in his presence was out of the question, though I still sat on, hoping against hope. First, the Doctor bounded to the fire-place, seized the poker, and began to rummage the fire. It was a good fire, and had done nothing to deserve this punishment. I shifted on my seat; the two

other philosophers opened their eyes and frowned, and still Dr. FUSSELL continued to rummage. Now I knew, not only that that fire was being poked on an entirely wrong principle, but that I alone knew how it ought to be poked. My fingers itched, my whole body tingled with excitement. At last Dr. FUSSELL ceased. In a moment I was out of my seat and making a bee-line for the poker. I just managed to beat the other two by a short head, seized the poker, and relieved my soul by stirring the fire on strictly scientific principles. The others watched me hungrily. When I had finished, each of them took a short turn with the poker, and then we all returned, more or less appeased, to our seats.

But we had not done with the ineffable FUSSELL. By this time he was on the top of a step-ladder. Slowly he selected six tomes, and began his perilous descent. Our eyes were riveted upon him. Crash, bang! His arms were empty, and the unconscionable books fluttered and clattered to the floor. Slowly and ruefully did FUSSELL descend into the cloud of dust and gather his bruised treasures from the carpet. At last he heaped them on his table, and began to write. We hoped for peace, but it was not to be. A sudden thought struck him. He would sew his scattered leaves of MS. together. With dreadful deliberation he took needle and cotton from a little pocket housewife that he carried with him; and then began one of the most maddening performances I have ever watched. Carefully he held the needle to the light, carefully he wetted and trimmed his cotton to a point. And for ten stricken minutes we saw him miss the eye of the needle, sometimes by an inch, sometimes by a hair's breadth. It was a thrilling contest between obstinacy and evasiveness. I was fascinated by it. Every time, as the cotton neared the eye, my heart slowly ascended into my mouth, only to drop with a fatal swiftness into my boots as the triumphant needle scored another victory. I began to imitate FUSSELL's every movement. I threaded invisible needles by the gross with imperceptible cotton. I felt in my own breast all the ardour of the chase, all the bitter sorrow of repeated failures. My two companions in misfortune were similarly affected, and there we sat, three sane and ordinary men, feverishly going through all these itching movements with FUSSELL as our detested, but unconscious fogleman. The strain became too great. I sprang from my chair, "Sir," I said to the astonished FUSSELL, "permit me; I learnt the art of threading needles as a boy from an East End seamstress," and before he had time to protest, I had seized the offending instruments, and by a stroke of inspiration had passed the cotton through. Then without waiting to hear what FUSSELL might have to say, I fled from the room. And here consequently I sit with my nerves shattered, and an untasted crumplet cooling on the tea-tray.

Am I singular? I think not. There are others whose mannerisms plague me too. For instance, TRUBERRY, whom I meet occasionally, has a wild and venomous habit of relating to be me his infinitesimal jokelets. That I could pardon. But when, having related one, he bursts, as he always does, into a helpless suffocation of purple laughter, the savage within me awakes and I murder TRUBERRY in fancy to an accompaniment of refined and protracted tortures. Once, as I helped him on with his overcoat, he joked and exploded. My fingers were horribly near his throat. But I mastered the impulse, and TRUBERRY will never know how near he was to destruction. And to make matters worse, he is one of the kindest and most considerably helpful of human beings. Oh, IRRITATION, IRRITATION, you have much to answer for. The fly in the ointment of the apothecary was a baby to you. Avaunt, avaunt! DIOGENES ROBINSON.

THE VERY LATEST.—Mrs. RAM had a paragraph read to her from the *D. T.'s* "London Day by Day," recounting how the Archbishop of CANTERBURY when staying at Haddo House, had attended service in the parish Kirk, which conduct might have provoked High Churchmen to assail him for "bowing the knee in the House of Rimmon." Thinking it over afterwards, when she had muddled up the name in her usual fashion, our old friend Mrs. R. observed, with some humour, that she thought "the Archbishop had shown his good scents by going to the House of RIMMEL."

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HEARING HIMSELF.

(Mysterious Mem. from a Harvard Note-Book.)

EXCEEDINGLY kind and flattering of MAX MÜLLER! "I hope there are but few here present who have never enjoyed the privilege of listening to Mr. GLADSTONE." Ha! ha! He little thought there was one there who had not "enjoyed that privilege." Have enjoyed most privileges in my time, but never that of "hearing myself as others hear me"—more or less. "Unavoidable absence of Mr. GLADSTONE!" Ho! ho! Then my disguise was perfect. Get myself up as a Liberal Unionist, with wig and eye-glass. Not likely anybody would recognise me in that rig.

Rather enjoyed myself—and my paper, "Phœnician Elements in the Homeric Poems." Most seductive title! Such a popular touch about it! Think I shall have it printed as a "leaflet" for distribution among Workmen's Clubs and Radical Associations. Might conciliate those well-meaning but illogical Eight-Hour Men. Wonder if KEIR-HARDEE would like a copy. What more nicely calculated to cheer the scant leisure of Labour?

Funny to hear my own sinuous sentences coming back to me from mouth of another. Not quite sure MAX is so "fascinating in his voice, and so persuasive in his delivery" as—but no matter. Can't say—as MAX did—"I felt myself carried away, and convinced almost against my will." Not at all! Wonder what he meant by that? Why "against his will"? That's what Liberal Unionists, and other preposterous and illogical opponents of mine say in House, when they compliment me on my "eloquence," and then vote against me! Absurd! Wish they'd drop their compliments and vote straight.

"Small and exotic contribution" to Oriental Congress! Neat description of paper running to nearly four columns of *Times*. "Intense sentiment of nationality," which led the Greeks of later days to covet the title of Autochthones." Wonder if that reminded MAX, or anyone else, of another race with "an intense sentiment of nationality," and a passionate love of the land from which they sprang. Wonder whether, if Nationalists were to call themselves "Autochthones" instead of Home-Rulers, we should get along better? Must consult JUSTIN on this point. Should have to teach some of them to pronounce their new name, though. "Autochthones," spoken in wrath, with a rich brogue, after dinner, would, I should think, beat Phillippopolis, or "Ri'l'il, ti' li'l Isl'l" hollow.

Anax andrôn, too, might be useful. Say, as substitute for that everlasting G. O. M., of which I admit I'm heartily sick, Lord of Men! Not King of Men, of course. LABBY might kick at latter. "Nothing can be simpler than the meaning of the two words."

Exactly. Must get HARCOURT to popularise these. Applied to AGAMEMNON. Why not to "strong men" who live after AGAMEMNON? "Evidence from extraneous sources of connection between title of *Anax andrôn* and great Egyptian Empire." Aha! I may yet have to play the *Anax andrôn* in Egypt as before. Allegory—I mean *Anax andrôn* on banks of Nile! Good—and not a Malapropism, whatever WOLSELEY may say. "Title of *Anax andrôn* descendible" (good word, "descendible") "from father to son, and accorded in the poems to personages altogether secondary, viz., EUMELOS and EUPHETES." Wonder what my EUMELOS—HERBERT—will say to that! Enjoyed it much whilst MAX was "mouthing out" (as Mrs. BROWNING says) my eulogy of that man of "Phœnician stamp,"

the "universal ODYSSEUS," who expressed the many-sided, the all accomplished man; the *polutropos*, the *polumētis*, the *tlemon*, the *polutlas*, the *polumekanos*, the *poikilometis*, the *poluphron*, the *daiphron*, the *tala-siphron*. (Whata peck of p's!) In battle never foiled! In council supreme! His oratory like the snow-flakes of the winter storm." Superbly representative Phœnician! "But over and above this universality of ODYSSEUS in the arts of life, he bears the Phœnician stamp in what may be termed his craft." Aha! The "Old Parliamentary Hand" of his period plainly. Wonder if MAX thought of that! Hellas and Phœnicia combined! As a Statesman of classical culture, commercial instincts and craft, what a shining success ODYSSEUS might have been in these days!

He went into the Cyclops' cave

To see what he could spy out;
He slew his oxen, stole his sheep,
And then he poked his eye out,

as the ribald doggerel-ist has it. Sounds a little "predatory," perhaps, as SALISBURY would say. But quite capable of being "spiritualised" into a sound Liberal policy, directed against the purblind Poluphemos of Property and Privilege.

On the whole, I had a high old time among

the Orientalists. But when discussion ensued, I longed to throw off my disguise and rush, Achilles-like, into the fray. But MAX might have thought that inconsistent with my "colossal humanity;" so, very unwillingly, I refrained.

UP ALOFT.—The most elevated title in the Peerage, and belonging to the uppermost part of the Upper House, is "Lord MOUNTGARRET." There can be but one higher, and that will have to be created in the person of a future "Lord TOPOCHIMNEPOT." Though, perhaps, the title of "Lord COWLEY," if it were altered into Lord CHIMNEPOT-COWL-Y, would be the highest of all.

ANGLICE-FRENCHIE EXCLAMATION (on any of the recent many showery days when, after an interval of ten minutes, the next bucketful descended).—"POUR une autre fois!"



NATURE'S SECRETS.

"HERE ARE SOME NEW LAID EGGS FOR YOU, GEORGIE!"
"OH, THANKS! HOW NICE! I HAVEN'T SEEN A NEW LAID EGG FOR WEEKS! HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO GET THEM? OH, OF COURSE—YOU'VE GOT AN INCUBATOR!"

INNS AND OUTS.

No. III.—THE PORTER.

I HAD intended to have written this week about "Loggosh"—including that mysterious canvass hand-box which contains all that a foreigner cares to carry about with him by day, and often pillows him when travelling by night; but the very mention of luggage brings me back to the Porter. I abominate him. I am "one who has suffered." So here goes!

"Imposing," best describes the Hôtel porter; a very Grand Hôtel has at least two of these impositions—the House Porter and the Omnibus Porter. The latter you only see twice in your Hôtel existence, but he is the most futile and the deadliest fraud of the two.

This Porter is part and parcel of that horrible deep-red-plush nuisance, the Hôtel-omnibus. He and it are inseparables, and make up a sort of Centaur between them. Once outside the Railway-station, I am besieged by a babel of these Porter-omnibuses—"Bear Hôtel, Sor;" "Grand Hôtel, Sor!"—This, from a very dilapidated specimen, which, on inspection, turns out to be "Grand Hôtel Du Lac;" a pirate porter-omnibus in fact; at last I find *The Grand Hôtel* vehicle, and functionary. The latter is of gigantic stature; quite a "chucker-out;" in a uniform between that of a German bandsman and a Salvation Captain—"Certinly, Sar. Dis Grand Hôtel; I see your Loggosh, Sar; gif me se empfangschein." "Do you speak English?" I retort—"Certinly; spik Ingleese—empfangschein!"—"Empfangschein" baffles me, and I am about to hand my keys to the monster, when a good-natured Courier explains that it signifies the luggage-receipt.

Away ambles the Porter, leaving me with that orphaned sort of feeling which a luggageless Englishman experiences; it is pouring cats and dogs; I am dead beat; I creep into the dark omnibus. I find myself quite alone. I wait impatiently—a quarter of an hour—twenty-five minutes—still no Porter; I am famished; to distract myself, I peer through the door, whence I can discern the messy vista of the railway-station in the rain; it's lucky I do so; for there I behold my own portmanteau, with its huge purple stripe, being hauled away on the back of a railway-man, followed by an alien Hotel Porter, *not mine*, doing nothing: they are always doing nothing. To rush out indignantly, seize my box, defy the brigands, and carry it back myself, seemed the work of an instant. Drenched and gasping, I find myself once more outside; the Porter of the Grand Hôtel Du Lac is at my heels, furious and impertinent. "Dis, *not* your loggosh: other shentleman's loggosh." He seized the portmanteau, and a struggle would certainly have ensued, when my own Hôtel Porter appeared on the scene triumphant, with a regiment of station-men carrying one small tin box. "What you do, Sar; see *here*, your loggosh!" The tin box belonged to a commercial-traveller, who was bound for the Hôtel Du Lac.

I am too exhausted to curse, and leave the rival Porters to fight it out themselves, after paying off the ragged regiment of Station-men. On the drive to the Hôtel, the Porter tries to propitiate me.

"Pity shentlemans like you, Sar, fetch de loggosh. I tell you, better leave it to me, Sar. You see, I get your loggosh. Dat bizley Porter of De Hôtel Du Lac, he change de empfangschein; but I sweep it from him, and bring to de 'Bus"—"Bus" was good—and then he laughed!

I never saw the brute again until the time of my departure; I had taken a carriage to the Station this time, thinking thereby to avoid the Porter-omnibus. I had registered my traps myself, and was looking out for some one to carry them to the den in which

you are penned till the train arrives, when, lo! the chucker-out! smiling and bowing as if he had never seen me before—"Is better I retchistar de loggosh, Sar; pity shentlemans like you, Sar, retchistar de loggosh."



"Pity shentlemans like you, Sar, retchistar de loggosh."

who run may read. He is always offering to do something, and doing *you* instead. He is absolutely unnecessary, for there is seldom anyone in a Grand Hôtel to "chuck out," and this would be his only justification.

I turn on my heel with an imprecation which "Ingleese-spikers" understand. But he still waits there, smiling, and expecting to be tipped. Let him wait. So much for the Omnibus-Porter—at once the Gamp and Undertaker of my Grand Hôtel existence.

The House-Porter is of equal size, and equal uselessness. He sits in the hall, and always rises and salutes when you pass. If you want anything, he waits till you have got it, and then offers to procure it for you. If you ask to be called early, he chalks something on a slate, and you are safe not to be disturbed until you rise in your wrath and ring violently. Should you be in a town, and wish to secure theatre-tickets, he becomes more active; he implores you not to resort to "De Boxing Office, vare you pay premiums, you see," but he has one or two left for sale. Should you be weak enough to yield, you will find that the worst seats at the highest prices are yours; and, if you remonstrate next day, he will sigh wearily, and remark,—"*Is acheslant places, Sar; but was Gala Night, you see,*"—an enigma, which those

THE "BLOWER" BURST UP!

THE "Blower" came down, like the braggart he was, And of winning the fight was peculiarly "poz," And the voice of his backers was loud in their glee;—"We shall lick him in two rounds—or certainly three!"

Like the "Champion Slugger," in trunks of bright green, The "Big Fellow" at Eight fifty-two might be seen: Like a truculent Titan, blind, baffled, and blown, At Ten thirty-seven the brute was o'erthrown.

For CORBETT smote fiercely, and CORBETT fought fast, And the bullying bouncer was beaten at last; And the cheeks of the coarse woman-puncher were chill, He rolled over, and struggled to rise, and lay still.

And there stood his foe with his nostrils all wide, And the shouts of his backers rolled on in their pride. The swells of the Ring and the stars of the Turf Surged round like the waves of the storm-beaten surf.

And there lay the "Blower," distorted and pale, With the blood on his brow where the blows fell like hail. His backers were silent, he lay there alone, His mawleys unlifted, his trumpet unblown.

And the "Sports" of the South are all loud in their wail. But *Punch*, who hates bullying brutes, can but hail That smart Californian's pluck, skill, and strength, Who has pricked the big SULLIVAN bladder—at length!

"FONS ET ORIGO."—As to London Water "seek Wells," that is if you wish to avoid unpleasant seq-uels. "*Don't leave Well alone*" is our motto, meaning "Sir SPENCER" of that ilk, who has a deal worth hearing to say on this subject.



TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

Major Podmore. "CONGRATULATE YOU, DEAR BOY!"

Disappointed Cricketer. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN? BOWLED FIRST BALL—NEVER GOT A RUN!"

Major Podmore. "QUITE SO, DEAR BOY. BUT IN THIS HOT WEATHER—80° IN THE SHADE—SO MUCH BETTER, IF YOU CAN, TO TAKE THINGS COOLLY!"

A ROUNDABOUT RAMBLE.

(A Fact Founded on Fiction.)

THE sharp, bright little Traveller made his way to the Cabinet of M. CARNOT, and disturbed him at work.

"Do you know, M. Le Président," said he, "that the Russians are in secret treaty with the English, and the Russo-French Alliance is all nonsense—the most unreliable of broken reeds?"

"Well, no," replied CARNOT, "I have not heard anything of the sort; and, if anyone should be up in it—"

But the Traveller did not want to hear the rest, for he was once again on his road, telling everyone he met the disquieting intelligence, and, consequently, the French people were greatly troubled.

He was soon in Berlin. He did not ask for an interview with the KAISER, but took one.

"Your Royal and Imperial Majesty," said he, "are you aware that Italy is in secret accord with France, and that the Triple Alliance is a sham, and that the cry *A Berlin!* may be renewed at any moment?"

"Well, no," said the Emperor, "I have not heard this; and if anyone should know anything about it, I fancy—"

But the Traveller did not wait for the KAISER to finish the sentence, but was off again, telling everyone he met the disquieting intelligence. And, consequently, the German people were greatly troubled.

Then the Traveller obtained admission, in the same unceremonious fashion, to the apartment occupied by the Emperor of AUSTRIA.

"King of HUNGARY," said he, "are you aware that you cannot possibly rely upon your German neighbour, because the KAISER has a secret understanding with the CZAR, by which the Principalities will be included in Russian territory, and the Rhine secured from French invasion?"

"No, I have not heard it," was the answer; "and, if it had been the case, I imagine that—"

But again the Traveller left without waiting for the completion of the sentence, and went his way telling everyone he met the dis-

quieting intelligence. And consequently, the Austro-Hungarian peoples were greatly troubled.

And now the Traveller was in the presence of the Emperor of ALL THE RUSSIAS. Again he had obtained admission without the preliminary of an official introduction.

"Little Father," said the Traveller, "are you aware that your youthful relative in Berlin is coquetting with France and England, and you may find the whole of Europe marshalled against you?"

"Well, no I have not heard it," returned the CZAR; "and I really think—"

But the Traveller never learned what the CZAR really thought, for he was away before His Imperial Majesty had completed the sentence. And as he went away, after his usual fashion, he spread the disquieting intelligence, and consequently the Russian people were greatly troubled.

And now the Traveller was in Cairo. He presented himself before the KHEDIVÉ without waiting for the English adviser.

"Your Highness, do you know that the British Army of occupation is on the eve of departure?" said he.

"What, in spite of Lord ROSEBERRY going to the Foreign Office!" exclaimed the SULTAN's vassal, in a tone of considerable astonishment.

"Of course," replied the visitor. "Everything was settled long ago, and before Christmas there won't be a red-coat in Egypt!"

"Indeed," returned His Highness, "I certainly have not heard it, and I fancy—"

But the Traveller departed without ascertaining the drift of the KHEDIVÉ's fancies, and on his road, strictly according to precedent, spread the disquieting intelligence, and consequently the Egyptian people were greatly troubled.

And now the Traveller was once more back in London. He entered Capel Court and rested himself. He said nothing. It was unnecessary, for he was well known, and his stories had already been discounted.

"Ah, my little friend RUMOUR," said Mr. BULLBEAR; "you have come back again! And now you can rest for awhile, until we want you after the next account."

So RUMOUR is waiting in the Stock Exchange until he is wanted after the next account!

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XIV.—TO SWAGGER.

I APPROACH you with fear and trembling. Somewhere in the Cave of the Winds you have your home. The ancient Authors, to their discredit, make no mention of your existence there, but the fact is as I have stated it. The East wind blows into your gaping mouth, and forth you go, puffing and swelling with an alien importance, to do your hateful work. You hover over a second-rate Statesman, who has attracted the applause of a Party by an opportune speech, compiled by the industry of a humble Secretary. From that moment his nature changes. Though he may have been simple and beloved, yet, through you, he shall become pompous, and abhorred. His fellow-creatures are thenceforth mere material for his trampling feet; he swells into regions to which no criticism can reach; he covers himself in a triple hide of vanity, ostentation, and disdain; he hails himself continually as the unaided Saviour of his country, and dies in the odour of braggadocio, without a genuine friend to mourn his loss.

Or, again, you select some common, smug-faced Clergyman, capable, no doubt, if he were left alone, of guiding his flock quietly into the strait paths of goodness and humility. You turn him into a loud-voiced Clerical quack, vending his wretched patent medicines of salvation in a style of offensive denunciation that would have ruined a host of Dulcamaras, trained in the insinuating methods of the ordinary trade. But on this the Clergyman thrives, and weak women fall prostrate before his roaring insincerity.

Nor do you neglect the young. Heavens! I remember I was once favoured with the confidences of WILLIAM JOSKINS BACON, an Undergraduate, generally known to his intimates as "Side of Bacon." I shudder to recollect how that amazing creature discoursed to me about his popularity, his influence, his surprising deeds both of valour and of discretion. With one nod—and, as he spoke, he gave me an illustration of his Olympian method—he had awed his Head-master—a present ornament of the Bench of Bishops—into a terrified silence, from which he recovered only to bless the name of JOSKINS, and hold him up as a pattern to his schoolfellows. At a single phrase of scorn from those redoubtable lips, his College Tutor had withered into acquiescence, and had never dared to refuse him an *exeat* from that day forth. "I can't help pitying the beggar," said JOSKINS—"but I had to do it. You must make these fellows feel you're their master, or they'll never give you a moment's peace. Halloo!" he continued, as a brawny athlete sauntered into the room, "how's the boat going, BULLEN? Not very well, eh? Well, remember I'm ready to lend you a hand, and pull you through when things get desperate." The smile with which this offer was received had no effect upon my companion. He took it rather as a tribute to the subtle humour which, as he believed, lay lurking in his simplest utterances. "Always make 'em laugh," he observed, with pride. "It keeps up the spirits of these poor devils of rowing-men; and old BULLEN knows I'm all there when I'm wanted." But I had heard enough, and departed from him, feeling as though a steam-roller had passed over my moral nature, and flattened out my self-respect.

Then there was CHEPSTOWE, the poet. I am old enough to remember him; and it pleases me sometimes to call back to my mind this paltry and forgotten little literary *Bombastes*. As I write, I have before me some of the reviews that greeted his boisterous invasion of the regions of song. "Mr. CHEPSTOWE," said one, "has struck a note which is destined to vibrate so long as the English language is spoken in civilised lands. He is no ordinary rhymester, struggling feebly in the bonds of convention. With a bold and masterful on-rush, he cleaves his way unhesitatingly to the very heart of things, tears it out, and lays it, palpitating and bleeding, before the eyes of humanity. We have only space for a few lines from the magnificent *Ode to Actuality* :—

'Prone in the caverns of the vasty deep
I lay,
And slept not, though I seemed to sleep.
The day
Pierced not with sullen eyes of pallid scorn
The dark,
Unplumbed abyss, where, girt with red limbs torn,
The shark
Sported, and eyeless monsters crawled in slime—'

"No extract can, however, convey an adequate idea of this grand poem, on which, as on the bed rock, Mr. CHEPSTOWE's fame is established for ever. SHAKESPEARE himself might have been proud to have written it." I may remark, parenthetically, that in his "Ode" CHEPSTOWE pictured himself as a sort of animate skeleton :—

"Sockets where light once shone grinned emptiness;
The teeth
Were fallen from the gaping, gumless jaws; nathless
Beneath
The cold smooth skull, the brain retained her throne."

Amid these uncomfortable surroundings CHEPSTOWE described himself as penetrated with raptures of fierce joy at having shaken himself free from the world and its puling insincerities to dwell amid "Unpitying shapes of death's dread twin despair," where "Rapine and slaughter raged, and none rebuked." Another reviewer observed that "The soul of ARCHER'S, the tavern-brawler's glorious victim, KIT MARLOWE, has taken again a habitation of clay. She speaks trumpet-tongued by the mouth of Mr. CHEPSTOWE. We note in these outpourings of dramatic passion an audacity, an energy, an enthusiasm, that are calculated to shake Peckham Rye to its centre, and make Balham tremble in its ridiculous carpet slippers. Who—to take only one example—but Mr. CHEPSTOWE or MARLOWE could have written thus of 'Rapture' ?—

'Not in the mouths of prating men who deem
That God dwells in the senseless clay they mould,
Who live their little lives and die their deaths,
Lapped in a smug respectability;
Who never dreamt of breaking puny laws
Formed for a puny race of grovellers;
But in the blood-stained track of flaming swords,
Wielded by knotty arms in Man's despite,
Or on the wings of crashing battle-balls,
Bone-shattering dealers of a thousand wounds,
The roaring heralds of indignant God,—
There rapture dwells, and there I too would dwell.'

Here is power that would furnish forth a whole legion of the poetasters who crawl through our effete literature! But I cannot pursue these memories. They are too painful. For who speaks of CHEPSTOWE now? Who cares to cumber his bookshelves with the volumes in which this inflated arm-chair prophet of the tin pots delivered his shrieking message? His very name has flickered out; and when I spoke of him the other day, I was asked, by a person of some intelligence, if I referred to CHEPSTOWE who had just made 166 playing cricket for the Gentlemen against the Players. Not even the lion and the lizard keep his courts, and yet JAMSHYD CHEPSTOWE gloried and drank deep in his day. He blustered through many editions, he bellowed his contempt at a shrinking world, he outraged conventionality, he swung himself by the aid of newly-fashioned metres to lofty peaks of poetic daring, and to-day the dust lies thick upon his books, and his name is confounded with that of an eminent cricket-player!

My excellent SWAGGER, it was meanly done. If you meant to wipe him out so swiftly, why did you ever exalt him?

Farewell for a space. I may have to write to you again.

Yours, DIOGENES ROBINSON.

"USED UP."—Lord BRASSEY requested several papers last week to publish his denial as to having the finest collection of stamps in the world. His Lordship, it appears, "doesn't take the smallest interest in foreign stamps." Fortunate for Lord BRASSEY. There are some excellent people who can't get up any interest, or capital either, at all without a stamp of some sort. Lord BRASSEY wished it further known, that he was not a collector of curios, and had no curiosity of any kind. Lord BRASSEY must be a later edition of *L'Homme Blasé*, to whom the world was round like an indiarubber-ball and "nothing in it."

"IN NUBIBUS."—If the new Sky-signs with which we are threatened, *viz.*, advertisements reflected in the clouds, become the fashion, the aspect of the heavens by daylight will be as delightful and artistic as are the walls of our hoardings and Railway-stations. The anthem of "*The Heavens are Telling*" will have to be adapted for large towns. Perhaps pictures may be projected on the nebulous back-ground. If so, some of our best Artists may not object to taking a good sum, and then having their work "Sky'd."



PHANTASMA-GORE-IA!

Picturing the Various Modes of Melodramatic Murder. (By Our "Off-his"-Head Poet.)

No. I.—THE DAGGER MURDER.

THEY stand alone on the moonlit spot,—
Sing Ho—ho! and Ha—ha! there!
One is the villain, and one is not,
But the heroine's father.

They stand alone on the patch of light
(Which comes from the left as well as
right)—

Oh, 'tis a glorious place and night
For a Murder Scene! Rather!

They talk of deeds (of the parchment
kind)—

Sing Ha—ha! and Ho—ho! there!
The heavy father, to reason blind,
Has them with him to show there!
The deeds relate to the old man's will;
The villain wants them to pay a bill!
The night is cold, and the night is still
Let the music be slow there!

They stand alone in the pale-green
light—

Sing Hey—hey! and he—he! there!
What is this flashing so keen and
bright?

What is this that I see there?
Oh! deed of darkness in light desecrated!
Oh! villain thrice damn'd that blade to
hide,

Right 'tween the arm on the farther side—
Certain death when it be there!

They're still alone on the moonlit spot—
Sing He—he! and Hey—hey! there!

Though one is Standing,* and one is not,
For one's cold as the clay there!



The villain covers the dead man's stare—
The corpse lies stiff in the limelight's
glare!

The act is done!—and for all I care,
The dead body can stay there!

* HERBERT.

TO MY LUGGAGE-LABELS.

WONDERFUL pictures of purple and gold,
Ultramarine, and vermilion, and bistre;
Splendid inscriptions of hostels untold,
Touching memorials breathing of "Mr.,"
"Schweizerhof," "Bernerhof," "Hofs" by
the score; [Bellevue,
Signs of the Bear and the Swan, and the
Gasthaus, Albergo, Posada, galore— [you!
Beautiful wrecks, how I wish I could shelve

Visions of Venice—her stones and her smells!
Whiffs of Cologne—aromatic mementos;
Visiting cards, so to speak, of hôtels;
Como's, Granada's, Zermatt's and Sor-
rento's;

Ah! how ye cling to my boxes and bags,
Glued with a pigment that baffles removal;
Dogged adherents in dirt and in rags;
Labels, receive my profane disapproval!

Much as I prized you, when roaming afield,
Loved you, when Life was metheglyn and
skittles,

Wished you the spell of remembrance to wield,
Calling the scenery back and the victuals;
Still, when it blows and it rains, and it irks,
Here in apartments adjoining a seaview,
After a meal that would terrify Turks,
Somehow I feel I can scarcely believe you.

Yes! It's too much to remember the past—
Here, amid shrimps, and agilities nameless;
Glaciers gigantic, and Restaurants vast
Chime not with sands and a tablecloth
shameless;

Smoking a pestilent, sea-side cigar, [nurses,
Mewed in a lodging with children and
Epitaphs gorgeous of far "Dolce far,"
Curse you with paterfamilial curses!

THE UGLY FACE: A MORAL DITTY.

SOME years ago a babe was born—I need not name the place—
With a puffy, pasty, podgy, gutta-percha sort of face,
Which wrinkles sub-divided into funny little bits,
While beady eyes peered cunningly behind two tiny slits.

His nose was like a mushroom of the foreign button
sort, [extra short;
His form was quaint and chubby, and his legs were
That his nurse spoke like SAPPHIRA, I have always
had a fear,
When she said he was a "beauty," and a pretty little
dear."

Yes, such remarks were really of the truth, a dreadful
stretch, [wretch;
For, in point of fact, that baby was a hideous little
And in course of time he grew up—though a loving
mother's joy—
Into quite a champion specimen of the genius "ugly
boy."

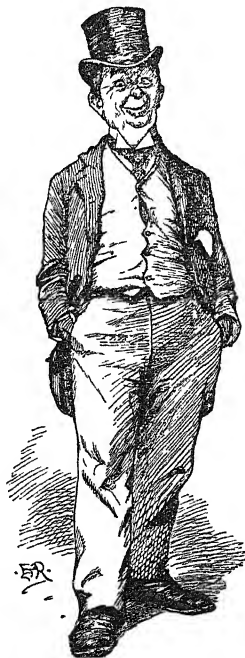
At school his teasing comrades gave him many comic
names,
And he became the victim of all sorts of naughty games;
Nor did the master like him, for he felt that such a face,
Mid a row of ruddy youngsters, was extremely out of
place.

In time, his father placed him in the City—as a clerk—
Where his personal appearance excited much remark;
But he fell out with his principal, whose customers
complained,
That his clerk was making faces, and said "Bosh!"
when he explained.

On perceiving from the office that he never would be
missed,
As Mr. GILBERT puts it, he determined to enlist;
And so one summer afternoon he started forth in search
Of a Sergeant who perambulates close by St. Martin's
Church.

The Sergeant burst out laughing when he'd uttered his request,
And declared that, of a batch of jokes he knew, this was the best;
"Tis a pity you're too short, my lad," he then went on to say,
"For widdat face ye'd frighten ivry inimy away!"

In a fountain which played handy—it was near Trafalgar Square—
He was rushing off to drown himself, the victim of despair,
When he knocked against a person he'd not seen for quite an age,
Who had left his home some years before, and gone upon the Stage.



To this friend he soon narrated his distressing tale of
woe,
And declared his case was hopeless. But the actor
said, "Not so.
There's one thing, my fine fellow, that as yet you
haven't tried,
Where your face will be your fortune, and a pound or
two beside.

"With a mouth like yours to grin with, and your too
delicious squint,
And the ears that Nature's given you with such a lack
of stint,—
No matter what an author may provide you with to
speak,
You're a ready-made Comedian—with your fifty quid
a week."

And it was so. Though he started at a figure rather
less
Than the one that I have mentioned, still the truth I
but express
When I say he now is earning such a wage as
wouldn't shock
A respectable Archbishop or a fashionable
jock.

And the face that all men sneered at, now is very
much admired,
And the public ne'er, apparently, of watching it grows
tired,
And the Merchant who dismissed him, in the Stalls is
wont to sit,
While the Sergeant and his sweetheart are applauding
from the Pit.

The moral of my narrative is easy to espy.
But still I'd better mention it, lest some should pass it by:
"Though it's often very troublesome indeed to find it out—
There's a proper sphere for everyone, beyond the slightest doubt.



TECHNICALITIES.

First Amateur Water-Colourist. "DO YOU WASH MUCH?"

Second (Left) Left. "NO, I DON'T HAVE A GOOD DEAR!"

"PUTTING ON THE HUG."

[During President CARNOT's tour he received at Aix-les-Bains "a delegation of children." One of these, clad in a Russian dress, offered him a bunch of flowers, repeating a stanza written for the occasion. M. CARNOT, amid cries of "Vive la France!" "Vive la Russie!" "Vive Carnot!" "Vive la République!" kissed the little girl, saying, "J'embrasse la Russie!"]

Yes—"Vive la France!"—and "Vive la Russie!" too.

Vive—why not?—everybody!
Called once, "Monsieur le Président Faute-de-Mieux!"*

(By Punch, that foe of shoddy).
I fancy I have justified the name,
Ay, to the very letter.
I may not be a THIERS, but all the same,
France has not found a better.

Tall-talk is tedious, but one must not flinch
When asked the task to tackle;
And he's no Frenchman true who, at a pinch,

Cannot both crow and cackle. [then]
Ah, Vive, once more, the Gallic Cock—and
These Talking-Tours are trying,
But 'tis with windy flouts of tongue or pen,
We keep the French flag flying.

A sop for SAVOY neatly put, elicits
Such "double rounds of cheering."
"Vive CARNOT!" To be sure! My annual
France to the Flag endearing [visits]
By sweet-phrased flattery of the Fatherland,
Are sure to swell our legions.
"I wish, France, to be thine!" The effect
was grand,
In "Allobrogian" regions.

* See Cut so named, p. 279, Vol. 93, Dec 17, 1887.

Vive Everything—especially *la Blague*!
(What *should* we do without it?)
Fraternity! the Fatherland! the Flag!

I work them—never doubt it!
Then "*La République*" and "*La Russie*,"
linked,

Pair off, 'midst acclamations—
Yes, I proclaimed—and never win ed or
winked—

That "brotherhood of nations!"

"A delegation of young children," Ah!
And they were not the only ones.

"Men are but children of a larger—"
Bah!

Wise and strong men are—lonely ones.
Most men—French-men—have touches of the
child,

Fondness for show, fine phrases—
Pst! Here my rôle's not cynical, but mild,
And open as dawn-daisies.

"*J'embrasse la Russie!*" That was rather
neat

For *Faute-de-Mieux*, at any rate.
Wonderous the magic power of *blague*, and
"bleat"

On Man—*mouton* degenerate!
That "*Bête Humaine*," as ZOLA dubs him.
Gr—r—r!

The real brutes are braver;
The tiger, when in chase of prey, won't purr,
Nor will the Bear, then, slaver.

The Bear! Reminds me of a horrid dream
I had that night. A funny one,
But startling! I awoke with such a scream!
I dreamt some link (a money one?)
Bound me to a big Bruin, rampant, tall,
A regular Russian Shagbag,
In whose close hug I felt extremely small,
And squeezable as a rag-bag.

I, CARNOT, squeezable! 'Tis too absurd!
A President, and phant! [heard]
But in my dream the raucous voice I
Of that gum arose giant.
"Come to my arms! You'll find them strong
and snug."

The North's so true and tender!—
And then that monster huge put on the hug!
I thought my soul I'd render.

A bear's embrace, like a prize-fighter's grip,
Is close as passion's clasping.

"Welcome," he grunted. "I'll not let you
slip!"

"Thanks! thanks!" I answered, gasping.
"*J'em brave la Russie!*" Here my
breath quite failed.

In that prodigious cuddle. [wailed]
'Twas but a dream. How was 'it sleep pre-
My meaning so to muddle?

"*J'embrasse la Russie!*" It was neatly
phrased

As MOHRENFELM admitted,
A President, in doggerel stanzas praised,
Must be so ready-witted,
Yet mild Republican and Autocrat,
Hugging in friendly seeming,
Suggest that *Someone* may be cuddled flat—
At least in restless dreaming.

From the Vale of Llangolflyn.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just seen your
Number with the Song of "The Golf En-
thusiast." It occurs to me that no one has
ever mentioned the fact that the Romans
knew the game, for does not VIRGIL sing,
"*Tee veniente die—Tee decedente canebat?*"
I have not the book, and therefore can't give
you the reference—but I know I am right, as
I am
A WELSH GOLFER.



“PUTTING ON THE HUG!”

M. LE PRÉSIDENT (*breathlessly*). “J’EM—BRASSE—LA RUSSIE!”

[“An interesting incident occurred during the official reception held by M. CARNOT at the Mairie. A child dressed in the Russian national costume presented the President with a bouquet, at the same time reciting a brief complimentary speech. M. CARNOT smilingly embraced the child, saying, ‘I embrace Russia.’”—*Quoted from Daily Papers.*]

WHY YOUNG MEN DON'T MARRY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The reason is obvious. It is entirely owing to your advice to those about to marry—Don't! I myself have been on the brink of proposing to several thousand delightful girls, a large per centage of which, I am convinced, would have gladly accepted me. I have in every case been restrained by the recollection of your advice.—Your obedient and obliged Servant,

HUGH ADOLPHUS
LATCH-KEY.

Sept. 5, 1892.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The reason (which I confide to your ear, and yours alone, is obvious—the girls don't, and apparently won't propose. Of course they ought—what else do we have Leap Year for? Take my own case. I am genuinely in love with ETHEL TRINKERTON, who has just been staying with us in the country for three weeks. She has paid me every kind of attention. In our neighbourhood, if A. carries B.'s umbrella, where A. and B. are of opposite sexes, it is regarded as an informal, though perfectly definite way of announcing an approaching engagement. She knew the custom, and carried mine on no less than three occasions. (It is entirely beside the point that it rained heavily each time.) Yet she left us yesterday without an approach to a proposal. She's fair enough herself, but is her conduct? It isn't as if I hadn't given her enough chances. It cost me a small fortune to bribe my small brother to keep away; and, time after time, I've consented to sit alone with her in the summer-house. It isn't as if she couldn't afford it. They tell me she has at least a thousand a-year in her own right (whatever that may be), which would do capitally. I happen to be penniless myself; but, as I heard her say, her idea of marriage was the union of "soul to soul," my want of a few paltry pence could hardly matter. It's particularly humiliating for me, as, after the repeated umbrella-carrying, everybody here thinks it's all settled. That, Mr. Punch, is the reason why, at any rate, one young man doesn't marry.

Yours, thoroughly aggrieved,

Pickleton-in-the-Marsh, Kent.

BERTIE COOL-CHEEK.

P.S.—If ETHEL really didn't understand her position, and would like to reopen the matter, I would not be haughty about it.—B. C.-C.

DEAR, KIND, GOOD MR. PUNCH,—The reason is obvious—the men don't and won't propose to the right girls. Take my own case. I've just stayed three weeks with the COOL-CHEEKS, and felt quite certain BERTIE would have proposed. He had all the symptoms badly. I saw him give his little brother half-a-crown to go indoors for ten minutes, and the way he would go in the summer-house and for long walks—with me—made it quite clear (as I thought) what was going to happen. Yet, he let me come away without a word! I'm sure I don't want to run after him (or anybody else), but I did think he meant something. We suited one another admirably. In fact, if he doesn't ask me with all the opportunities he had, he'd ask no one.

Yours, just-a-little-disappointed,

The Thorns, Bayswater.

ETHEL TRINKERTON.

P.S.—He carried my umbrella almost hourly—and you know what that means. If BERTIE was only nervous, and would like another chance—well, we are always at home on Sunday afternoons.—E. T.



W. HODGSON.

A REAL CONVERT.

Local Preacher (giving an account to the Vicar of the Parish of a dispute he has had with the Leading Lights of his Seat). "YES, SIR, AFTER TREATMENT THE LIKES O' THAT, I SAYS TO 'EM, 'FOR THE FUTURE,' SAYS I, 'I CHUCKS UP ALL RELIGION, AND I GOES TO CHURCH!'"

Ed. Yes; charming place. But just now I am—
Ob. Vis. Quite so. But I didn't come to tell you about Herne Bay, although it is really a delightful spot. The air—
Ed. Yes, I know all about it. First-rate, most salubrious, and the rest of it. But, my dear friend, you really must—
Ob. Vis. Quite so! Yes, everyone knows all about Herne Bay; and I really came to ask you if you had any room for an article.
Ed. (roused). My dear fellow, I assure you we are quite full for months. Any number of excellent things standing over.
Ob. Vis. Oh, yes, I know you are always full. You told me so the last time I called.
Ed. Quite so! Very sorry, but it can't be helped. Have to look so far ahead nowadays, you know.
Ob. Vis. Certainly; and that is why I thought I would just bring a half-finished article and show you what I had done, and complete it if you thought it would do. You can put it in whenever you like; so it would not hurt for standing over.
Ed. (with inspiration). What is it called?
Ob. Vis. "Russian Wheat and Chinese Tea or Free Trade in Australia." The subject is quite novel, and ought to attract considerable attention.
Ed. Novel! Why, my dear fellow, I do believe I have an article somewhere in that heap upon the very subject.

[Pretends to search pile of MS.]

Ob. Vis. (uneasily). Oh, never mind. I will read you what I have written, and—

Ed. (genially). Oh, no, I won't give you the trouble. I will read you what he has written, and then you can see.—Ah, here it is!

[Produces enormous pile of MS.]

Ob. Vis. (hesitating). Well, perhaps, if you don't mind—

[Suddenly remembers an appointment and exits. Editor resumes his work with an air of triumph. Curtain.]

THE THIEF'S MOTTO.—"Take things quietly."

A HINT TO EDITORS.

SCENE—The Sanctum of a Newspaper Office. Editor discovered (by Obtrusive Visitor) hard at work.

Obtrusive Visitor. I trust that I have not come at an unfortunate moment?

Editor (looking up from his desk). Dear me! You here! Delighted to see you. But don't let me disturb you. Good-bye!

Ob. Vis. (seating himself). No; I am afraid it is the other way. I know at this time of the week you must be exceptionally busy.

Ed. (with courteous impatience). Not at all, but—

Ob. Vis. Oh! thank you so much. Because it is the very last thing in the world I would like to do—to disturb you. And now, how are you?

Ed. Quite well, thanks. But now, if you don't mind, I will just finish.

[Turns to go on with his article.]

Ob. Vis. (rejecting the hint). I said to myself as I came along, Now I will look him up.

Ed. Very kind of you, but—

Ob. Vis. Oh, not in the least; and you know, my dear fellow, how I enjoy a chat.

Ed. Yes,—and I, too. But just now—

Ob. Vis. Quite so. You want me to do all the talking, as we haven't met for the last three weeks. Well, you must know we have been to Herne Bay, and—



Jones. "How is it we see you so seldom at the Club now?"

Old Member. "Ah, well, you see, I'm not so young as I was; and I've had a good deal of worry lately; and so, what with one thing and another, I've grown rather fond of my own society." Jones. "Epicure!"

"THE GRATUITOUS OPINION."

(A Story for the Long Vacation.)

THE Eminent Lawyer was about to return to his private address, when there was a knock at the door of his Chambers. He attended to the summons himself, and found facing him an elderly and carefully dressed individual.

"That some of my suburban neighbours desire the information, must be my excuse for troubling you," said the visitor.

"Nay, do not apologise," returned the Eminent Q.C., "it is my pleasantest duty to give legal tips or applications to anybody. It is not altogether lucrative, as I deliver them for nothing, but then on the other hand, they are suitable for insertion in the papers, and that is a comforting consideration. What can I do for you?"

"I have to ask you on behalf of my suburban neighbours," continued the visitor, "whether there is any principle which is accepted by Judges to regulate their decisions in cases where drunkenness seems to be the incentive of crime?"

"I shall only be too glad to find a solution to a problem which appears one of great difficulty—the more especially as certain inhabitants of the suburbs are so deeply interested in the subject. It seems to me that some Judges think one way and some another."

"That is strange," murmured the visitor. "Cannot their Lordships come to a common conclusion?"

"I fear not," replied the Eminent Counsel, with a mournful smile. "It is merely a question of opinion. However, I take it that one



would be perfectly safe to commit a murder under the influence of *delirium tremens*."

"I am infinitely obliged to you for the information," said the visitor, "as now I know what to do."

"You are not homicidal, I trust!" exclaimed the Lawyer, jumping up from his chair, and taking protection behind a desk.

"I have the greatest possible objection to homicidal clients."

"Be under no apprehension," was the reply. "I have a strong desire to shorten the life of a certain person, but have not the nerve to do it. If I ever succeed, will it be a case deserving capital punishment?"

The Lawyer pondered a moment, and then replied.

"I have no wish to offer my counsel; but, as you have exhausted my time for consideration, I would propose that you should try the matter for yourself. Become intoxicated, put yourself within the

clutches of the law, and then see whether his Lordship will assume the black cap."

"You are very good," returned the would-be homicide, "but I have one difficulty. When I make up my mind to remove a person by unconventional means (for choice, a carving-knife), and consume the necessary amount of alcohol to insure intoxication—"

"Yes," interjected the Lawyer, who had now opened the outer door.

"I find, on reaching intoxication, that I have entirely forgotten the identity of the man I have marked for my victim. Then I have got to grow sober before I can remember who it is. Annoying, isn't it?"

And, wishing the Eminent Counsel a pleasant holiday, the visitor disappeared into the Inner Temple.

TO A PHEASANT.

A SPORTSMANLIKE (?) SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

AIR—"You are Queen of my Heart To-night."

I STAND in the copses sighing
As the cruel hours creep by,
And I see you slowly flying
Above the trees on high.
Your wondrous wealth of feather
Has weaved a subtle spell,
And I softly wonder whether
You'd really taste as well.
For my hand is fairly steady
Though my heart is beating fast,
Oh, tell me that you too are ready
To make this hour your last.

For repentance may come when we're sober,

Let's seize on the chance while we may;

Then why should we wait till October—
Oh! Why not be shot to-day?

Oh! tell me why, why should I remember,

With a thought of wild alarm,
That all through the month of sweet September

You should be free from harm.

Why, why does your beauty enslave me,

As it does, you're bound to Oh! say but the word that will save me,

And tell me to shoot you now.

For my heart is wildly beating

(As it's often done before),

And the moments madly fleeting

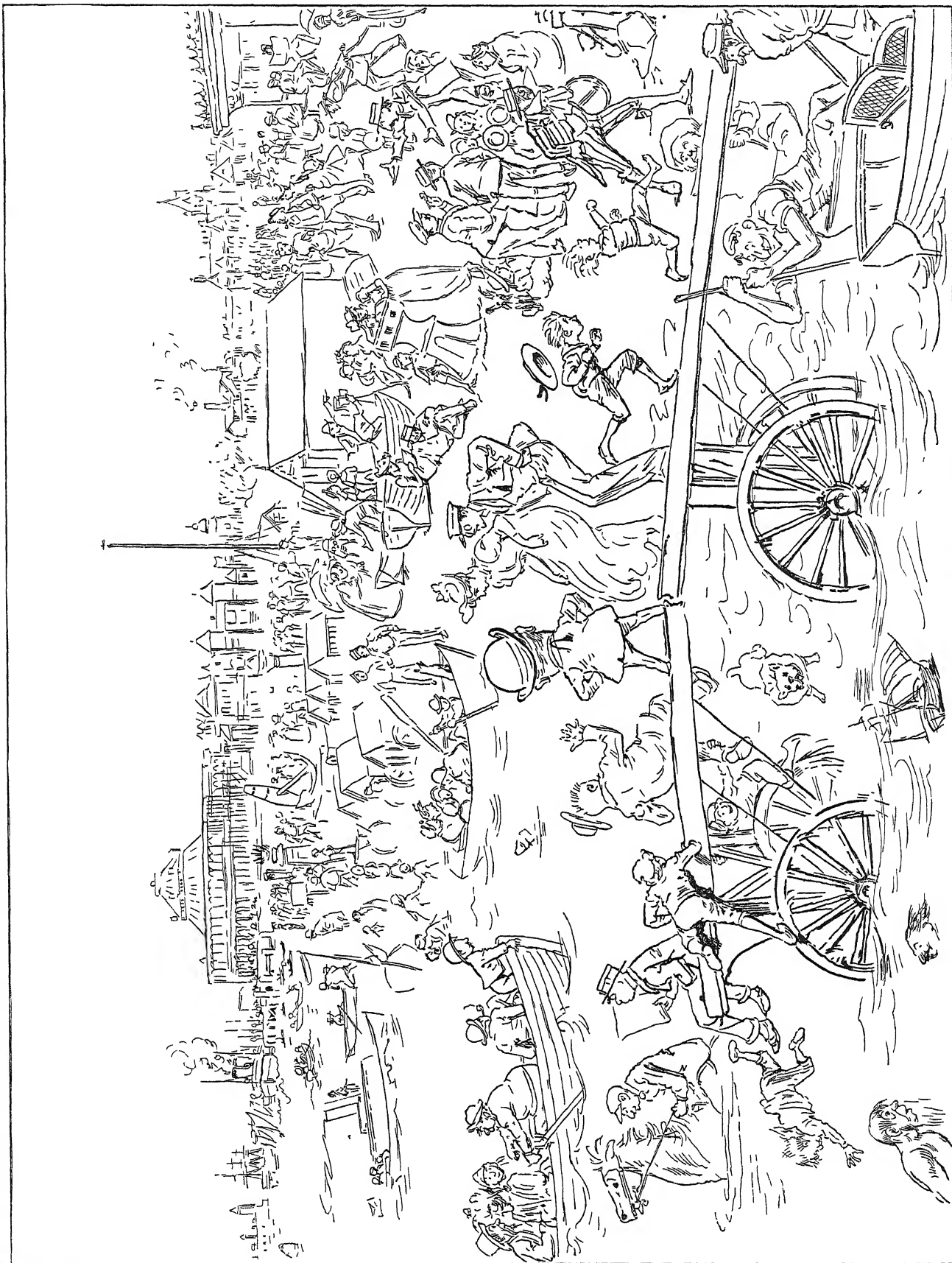
Are going to come never more.

For repentance may come when we're sober,

Let's seize on the chance while we may,

Then why should we wait till October?

Oh! Why not be shot to-day?



AT THE SOUTH SEA-SIDE.

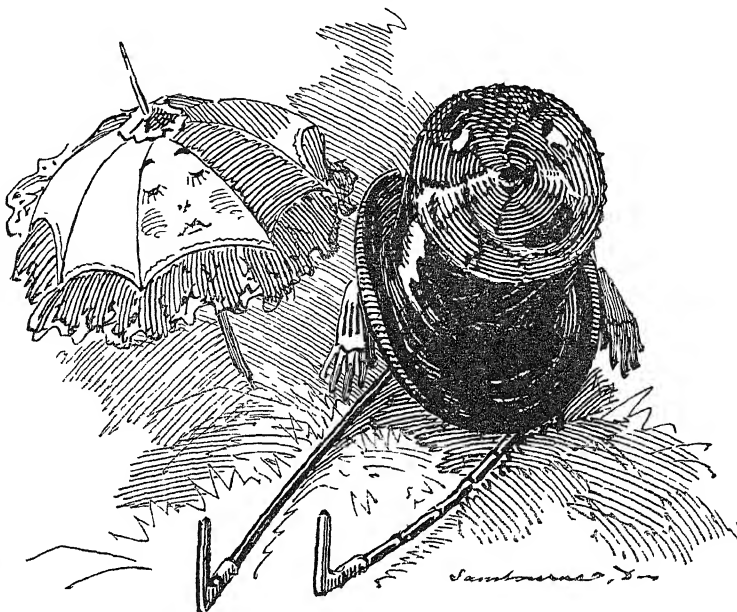
REFLECTION polished of high-bred
And unreflecting graces,
I scintillate o'er STREPHON'S
head
At gala, rout or races;
Mine is the black but comely
blend, [touches
And mine the crowning
That so demurely recommend
The dandy to the duchess.

Out on thee, cruel Parasol,
Of lace, the pearl, and satin;
And glinting like a fairy doll
With many a burnished
patin; [dame
Cool, charming as the dainty
Who twirls thy coromandel;
Thou flauntest proudly since
thy name, [handle!
Like hers, can boast its

The cynosure of wondering
beaux,
I boast a soul above thee;
No fate can mar my calm re-
pose, [thee;
Or make me cease to love
Supreme above the common
tile,
My own affronts unheeding,
I bow and compliment and
smile,
The Chesterfield of breeding.

THE HAT TO THE PARASOL.

(A Scherzo in Nobs and Sticks.)



Out on thee, trinket idly
swayed!

Could any courtier dare see,
Through such perfections so
displayed, [merci' ?

The mere "Belle Dame sans
Could man believe a thing so
soft,

So framed for gentle passion,
Might wound, and wound not
once but oft

The jaunty glass of fashion?

Yet sooth it is; and here I stand
A martyr to my tenets—

That orthodox smooth and
grand [BENNETT'S;

Of LINCOLN'S fame and
Unruffled once and unper-
plexed,

Collapsing now like jelly,
And but a sermon on the text
Sic transit lux capelli.

I who have braved our fitful
climes drenches,
And laughed when tempest

And shaken off the dust that
grimes [benches,

Pews, cushioned stalls and
Survived the counterblasting
Row, [so—

And Summer gales that roar
I ne'er imagined such a foe
Could trounce me to a torso.

THE POTATO AND THE HEPTARCHY.

(A Sensible Song for the Silly Season.)

"Even the Potato and the Heptarchy will not
leave us perfectly equipped."—*The Daily News*
on "Why Young Men Don't Marry."

THE TATER and the Heptarchy
Were walking hand-in-hand;
They wept like "first-night" Stalls to see
The folly of the land;
"If fools would not talk fiddlededee,"
They said "it would be grand!"

"If modest maids with towzled mops
On you and me were clear,
Do you suppose," the Tater said,
"More men would wed each year?"
"I doubt it," said the Heptarchy—
"They only mean to sneer!"

"O Maidens, come and cook for us!"
They—shamming love—beseech.
'Oh, tell us about Saxon times!
The course of history teach!
But what they really want is 'tin';
A thumping share for each.

"A girl may cook like any chef,
And know all HALLAM through,
May be a dab at darning socks,
Or making Irish stew;
But what young cubs care for is cash,
And not for me or you.

"They want to lead an easy life,
And have good weeds and wine.
Without these luxuries, a wife
They scornfully decline.
For *Benedick's* life of manly strife
The fops are far too fine."

"The Season's come, the Tater said,
To write of many things:
Of frocks—and socks—and needle-work—
And babes—and bonnet-strings;
But all the lot talk utter rot.
Let the fools have their flings!"

"Their jibes at girls, their games, their
curls,
Their wastefulness, their waist,

Their yearnings to hook Dukes and Earls,
Their matrimonial haste,
Are the crude chat of cubs and churls,
And in the vilest taste.

"But when they prate of you and me,
As the two gifts they want,
Say Classic lore and Cookery
Are things for which they pant;
Believe me, my dear Heptarchy,
They plumb profoundest Cant!"

SEA-SIDE ILLS.

(By Our Man Over-bored.)

SEA-SIDYLL—THE PIER BAND.

'Tis the Band of the Corporation—
And it plays on that body's pier;



And one knows by the way
That the instruments play,
That the talent is not too dear.
And the trombone is not too clear;
When it has to play quick
It is moistful and thick,

For the trombone is fond of beer—
It is nurtured on pots of beer.

'Tis the Band of the Corporation—
And the cornet is fat just here;
And he's short, and bull-necked.
When you come to reflect
How he wastes all his wind, 'tis queer
That the man should be stout just here!
But the noise of the throat
In the solos denote
That the cornet is fond of beer—
It's been brought up on pots of beer.

'Tis the Band of the Corporation—
And I know why that Band is queer,
For I see in the face
Of the trombone a trace
Of the blackguard who blows it near
Me in Town, at most times of year!
And I mark, too, the face
Of that beastly big-bass—
(Which has also been reared on beer)—
And I know, too, the face
Of that other disgrace,
The fat cornet! They've come down here—
They've been borrowed, and lent new gear!

But I know them of old,
And in spite of the gold
Round the hats, with the peaks just here,
I can see who they are while near.
They wear bowlers in Town,
And frock-coats which are brown,
On account of their age—or beer!
For they play to the public for beer;
For they stand and they blow
On the kerb in a row,
And then go to the public for beer!
And so this is the Band down here!

"THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL."—Curious co-
incidence, if true, that when Miss JESSIE KING
was charmingly giving the contralto song,
"*While my Watch I'm Keeping*," a gentle-
man in the crowded audience suddenly put his
hand to his waistcoat-pocket and exclaimed,
"Good gracious! it's gone!" He will never
forget the title of that song. The watch was
off its guard.

'ARRY AT 'ARRYGATE.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Rum mix this 'ere world is, yer never know *wot* 'll come next! Don't emagine I've sent yer a sermon, and treacle this out as my text;

But really life's turn-ups are twisters. You lay out for larks, 'ealth, and tin, But whenever you think it's "a moral," that crock, "Unexpected," romps in.

Who'd ha' thought of *me* jacking up sudden, and giving the Sawbones a turn?

Who'd ha' pictured *me* "Taking the Waters"? Ah! CHARLIE, 'twos hods on the Urn

With Yours Truly, this time, I assure you. I fancied as Tot'nam-Court Road

Would be trying its 'and on my tombstone afore the green corn was full growed.

Bad, CHARLIE? You bet! 'Twas screw-matics and liver, old Pill-box declared. Knocked me slap orf my perch, fair 'eels upyards. I tell you I felt a bit scared, And it left me a yaller-skinned skelinton, weak, and, wot's wus, stoney-broke. If it hadn't a bin for my nunky, your pal might have jest done a croak.

Uncle NOBBS, a Cat's-butcher at Clapton, who's bin in luck's way, and struck ile,

Is dead nuts on Yours Truly. Old jossor, and grumpy, but *he*'s made his pile.

Saw me settin' about in the garden, jest like a old saffron-gill'd ghost

A-waiting for cock-crow to 'ook it, and hanxious to 'ear it—a'most.

Sez he, "Wy, the boy is a bone-bag! Wot's that? Converlescent? Oh, fudge!

He's a slipping his cable, and drifting out sea-wards, if I'm any judge.

I was ditto some twenty year back, BOB, and 'Arrygate fust set *me* up.

Wot saved the old dog, brother ROBERT, may probably suit the young pup.

"Carn't afford it? O'course yer earn't, JENNY; but—thanks be to 'orse-flesh—I can—"

Well, he tipped us a fifty-quid crisp 'un—and ROOSE sent me 'ere; he's *my* Man!

Three weeks' "treatment"! Well, threes into fifty means cutting a bit of a dash;

Good grub, nobby togs, local doctor, baths, waters, and everythink flash.

"'Appy 'ARRY!" sez you. But way-oh, CHARLIE! 'Arrygate isn't all jam.

Me jolly? Well, mate, if you ask me, I can't 'ardly say as I ham.

To spread myself out with the toppers is proper, no doubt, bonny boy;

But—I wish it wos Brighton, or Margit, or somewheres a chap could *enjoy*.

Oh, them "Waters," old man!!! S'elp me never! yer don't kow wot nastyness is

Till you've tried "Sulphur 'ot and strong," fasting. The Kissing Gin, taken a-fizz,

Isn't *wus* than ditch-water and sherbet; but Sulphur!!! It's eased my game leg;

But I go with my heart in my mouth, and I feel like a blooming bad hegg.

B-r-r-r-r! Beastliness isn't the word, CHARLIE. Language seems out of it, slap.

When I took my fust twelve ounces 'ot, from a gal with a snowy white cap,

And cheeks like a blush-rose for bloominess—well, I'm a gent, but, yah-bah!

I jest did a guy at the double, without even nodding ta-ta!

Where the Primrose Path leads to, my pip-pin, I'm cocksure can't 'ave a *wus* smell. Like bad eggs, salt, and tenpenny nails biled in bilge water. Eugh! Old Pump Well? Wy then let well alone, is my motter, or leastways, it would be, I'm sure, But for BLACK—local doctor, a stunner!—who's got me in 'and for a cure.

I'm not nuts on baths took *too* reglar; but 'Arrygate baths ain't 'arf bad,

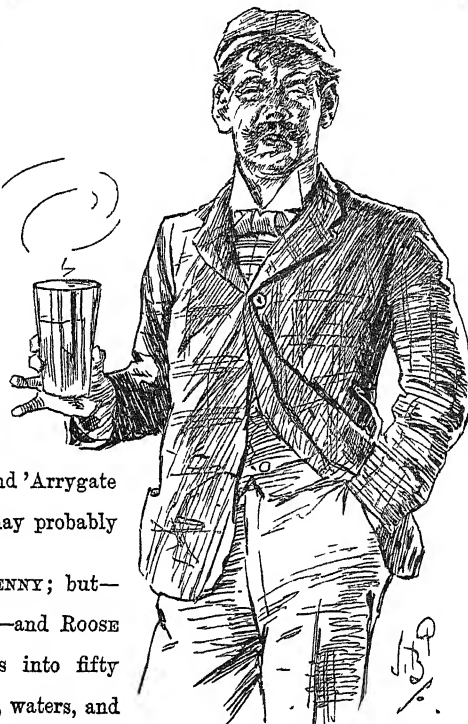
When you git a bit used to 'em, CHARLIE. I squirmed, though fust off, dear old lad!

They so soused, and so slapped, and so squirted me. Messing a feller about

Don't come nicer for calling it *massage*. But there, it's O.K. I've no doubt.

They squat you upon a low shelf, with a sort of a water-can "rose"

At the nape of yer neck, while a feller in front squirts yer down with a 'ose.



He slaps you as though you wos batter, he kneads you as if you wos dough, And gives yer wot for on the spine, till you git in a doose of a glow.

Then you're popped in a big iron cage, where the 'ose plays upon you like fun;

A lawn, or a house a-fire, CHARLIE, could not be more thoroughly done.

Sez I, "I'm insured, don'tcher know, mate; so don't waste the water, d'ye 'ear?"

But he didn't appear to arf twig. He seemed jest a bit thick in the clear.

Then the bars of yer cage bustes out like a lot of scent fountings a-play—

'Taint *oder colong*, though, by hods; sulphur strong seems the local *bokay*.

They call this the "Needle Bath," CHARLIE. It give me the needle fust off;

'Cos the spray would git into my eyes, and the squelch made me sputter and cough.

Then they wrop you well up in 'ot towels, and leave yer five minutes to bake,

And that's the "*Aix Douche*," as they call it. I call it the funniest fake

In the way of a bath I 'ave met with; but, bless yer, it passes the time, And I shan't want a tub for a fortnit when back in Old Babbylon's grime.

Dull 'ole, this 'ere 'Arrygate, CHARLIE! The only fair fun I can find

Is watching the poor sulphur-swiggers, a-gargling and going it blind.

Oh, the sniffs and sour faces, old fellow, the shudders and shivers, and sighs;

The white lips a-working like rabbits', the sheepish blue-funk in their eyes!

Old Pump Room's a hoetygon building, rum blend like of chapel and bar,

With a big stained-glass winder one side, hallygorical subject! So far

As I've yet made it out, it's a hangel a-stirring up somethink like suds.

"A-troubling the waters," I 'eard from a party in clerical duds.

You ask, like you do at a bar, for the speeches of lotion you want.

Some say you git used to the flavioir, and *like it*! Bet long hods I shan't.

I've sampled the lot, my dear CHARLIE, Strong Sulphur and Mild, Cold and 'Ot;

And all I can say is, the jossers who say it ain't beastly talk rot.

You jest fox their faces! They enters, looks round, gives a shy sort of sniff,

Seem to contemplate doing a guy, brace their legs, keep their hupper lips stiff;

Take their tickets, walk up to the counter, assumin' a sham sort of bounce,

And ask, shame-faced like, for their gargle, 'as p'r'aps is a 'ot sixteen hounce.

When they git it, a-fume in a tumbler, a-smelling like hegg-chests gone wrong,

They squirm, ask the snowy-capped gurl, "Is this right?"—"Yes, Sir. Sixteen ounce, strong!"

Sez the minx with a cold kind o' smile. "Ah—h—h! *percisely*!" they smirks,

and walks round,

With this "Yorkshire Stinko" in their 'ands—and their 'earts in their mouths I'll be bound.

Then—Gulp! Oh Gewillikins, CHARLIE! it gives yer the ditherums, it do.

Bad enough if you 'ave to wolf *one*, but it fair gives yer beans when 'tis *two*.

The wictims waltz round, looking white, wishing someone would just spill *their* wet,

And—there's 'ardly a glass "returned empty" but wot shows its 'eel-taps, you bet!

This is "Taking the Waters" at 'Arrygate! Well, I shall soon take my 'ook.

Speshal Scotch, at my favourite pub, from that sparkling young dona, NELL COOK,

Will do me a treat arter this, mate, and come most pertikler A I.

'Ow I long to be back in "The Village," dear boy, with its bustle and fun!

Still, the air 'ere's as fresh as they make it, and gives yer a doose of a peck,

And DUNNING, the Boss at "The Crown," does yer proper. I came 'ere a wreck;

But sulphur, sound sleep, and cool breezes, prime prog, and good company tells;

So 'ere's bully for 'Arrygate, CHARLIE, in spite of rum baths and bad smells.

That Fifty is nearly played out, and my slap at the Ebor went wrong—

I'd a Yorkshire tyke's tip, too, old man; but I'm stoney, though still "going strong"

(As *Lord Arthur* remarks in the play), so no more at "The Crown" I must tarry,

But if 'Arrygate wants a good word—as to 'ealth—it shall 'ave it from 'ARRY.



THE FIGHTING "FOUDROYANT."



"TWO'S COMPANY."

Newspaper Boy (suddenly, at window). "WANT AN OBSERVER, CAPTAIN?"

Mathilde (on Honeymoon Trip). "OH, FREDDIE, DEAR! NO! NO!! DO LET US BE QUITE ALONE!"

THE FIGHTING "FOUDROYANT"

BEING TUGGED TO ITS LAST BERTH—IN A SHIPBREAKER'S YARD.

(A Theme from Turner treated in Modern British style, with Apologies to the Patriotic Painter of "The Fighting 'Téméraire.'")

"MAYHAP you have heard, that as dear as their lives,
All true-hearted Tars love their ships and their wives."
So DIBDIN declared, and he spoke for the Tar;
He knew Jack so well, both in peace and in war!
But hang it! times change, and 'tis sad to relate,
The old Dibdinish morals seem quite out of date;
Stick close to your ship, lads, like pitch till you die?—
That sounds nonsense to-day, and I'll tell ye for why.

The good old *Foudroyant*—how memory dwells on
Those brave fighting names!—was once flag-ship to NELSON.
But NELSON, you know, died a good while ago,
And his flag-ship has gone a bit shaky, and so
JOHN BULL, who's now full of low shopkeeping cares,
And thinks more of the Stocks than of naval affairs,
Regards not "Old Memories," that "eat off their head,"
Turn old cracks out to grass? No, let's sell 'em instead!

A ship's like the high-mettled racer once sung
By that same dashing DIBDIN of patriot tongue,
Grown aged, used up, is he honoured? No, zounds!
"The high-mettled racer is sold to the hounds!"
And so with a bark of glorious name,
(It is business, of course—and a *Thundering Shame!*)
Worn out, she is nought but spars, timbers and logs,
And so, like the horse, should be sold—to the dogs!

As for the *Foudroyant*, the vessel was trim
When it fought with the French, for JOHN BULL, under *Him*,
The Star of the Nile. Yes, it carried *his* flag,
When it captured the Frenchman. There's no need to brag,
Or to say swagger things of a generous foe.
Besides, things have doosedly altered, you know.
We're no more like NELSON than I to a Merman;
We can sell his flag-ship for firewood, to the German!

Sounds nice, does it not? If that great one-armed Shade
Could look down on the bargain he'd—swear, I'm afraid
(If his death-purged bold spirit held yet ought of earth).
And I fancy 'twill move the gay Frenchman to mirth
To hear this last story of shop-keeping JOHN—
Or his huckster officials. The Frenchman, the Don,
The Dutchman, all foes we have licked,—may wax bold
When they hear that the brave old *Foudroyant* is—Sold!!!

Great TURNER has pictured the old *Téméraire*
Tugged to *her* last berth. Why the sun and the air
In that soul-stirring canvas, seem fired with the glory
Of such a brave ship, with so splendid a story!
Well, look on that picture, my lads, and on *this!*
And—no, do not crack out a curse like a hiss,
But with stout CONAN DOYLE—*he* has passion and grip!—
Demand that they give us back NELSON's old Ship!

British hands from protecting her who shall debar?
Ne'er ingratitude lurked in the heart of a Tar.
"(Sings DIBDIN) That Ship from the breakers to save"
Is the plainest of duties e'er put on the brave.
While a rag, or a timber, or spar, she can boast,
A place of prime honour on Albion's coast
Should be hers and the *Victory's!* Let us not say,
Like the fish-hucksters, "*Memories* are cheap, Sir, to-day!"

ECCLESIASTICAL TASTE.—A condiment not much in favour with
High Churchmen just now, must be "Worcester Sauce." It is
warranted to neutralise the very highest flavour.

Impromptu.

Of "garnered leaves"	Perhaps e'er long
And "garnered sheaves"	Their simple song
Sing sentimental donkeys.	Will be of Garnered Monkeys!

"A RAILWAY from Joppa to Jerusalem" sounds like a Scriptural
Line. In future, "going to Jericho" will not imply social banish-
ment, as the party sent thither will be able to take a return-ticket.



OF MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

Cheery Official. "ALL FIRST CLASS 'ERE, PLEASE?"

Degenerate Son of the Vikings (in a feeble voice). "FIRST CLASS? NOW DO I LOOK IT?"

THE LAY OF THE LAST KNIGHT.

My name and style are ELLIS ASHMEAD BART—
Ah! happy augury. Would I could
Leave it so. But 'twill not do.
Like soap of Monkey brand,
It will not wash clothes,
Or, in truth, ought else.
'Tis but an accident of rhythm
Born of the imperative mood that makes one
Start a poem of this kind on ten feet,
Howe'er it may thereafter crawl or soar.
What I really was about to remark was that
My name and style are ELLIS ASHMEAD BART-
LETT, Knight; late Civil Lord of Admiralty
You know me. I come from Sheffield; at least
I did on my return thence
Upon re-election.

II.

A sad world this, my masters, as someone—
Was it my friend SHAKESPEARE?—
Says. The sadness arises upon reflection, not
That I'm a Knight, but that I am, so to speak,
A Knight of only two letters.
As thus—Kt. 'Tis but a glimmer of a night,
If I, though sore at heart, may dally with
The English tongue
And make a pensive pun.

III.

Of course I expected different things from
The MARKISS.
What's the use, what's the purpose,

Of what avail, wherefore,
That a man should descend from the
Spacious times of ELIZABETH with nothing
In his hand other than a simple Knighthood?
Anyone could do that.
It might be done to anyone.
He, him, all, any, both, certain, few,
Many, much, none, one, other, another,
One another, several, some, such and whole.
Why, he made a Knight
At the same time,
In the same manner,
Of

MAPLE

BLUNDELL!

IV.

Look here, MARKISS, you know,
This won't do.
It may pass in a crowd, but not with
ELLIS ASHMEAD BART—
(There it is again. Evidently doesn't matter
About the feet)
LETT.

V.

And yet MARKISS, mine,
I shall not despair.
You are somewhat out of it
At the present moment.
And I am not sure—
Not gorged with certainty—
That Mr. G. would be
Inclined to make amends.

He is old; he is aged.
Prejudice lurks amid
His scant white locks,
And forbids the stretch-
ing forth of generous hand in whose
Recesses coyly glint
The Bart. or K. C. B.

VI.

But you are not everyone;
Nor is he. Nor do both together
In the aggregate
Compose the great globe
And all that therein is.
I'll wait awhile, possessing my soul in
Patience.
Everything comes to the man who waits.
(Sometimes, 'tis true, 'tis the bobby
Who asks what he's loafing there for,
And bids him
Move on.
That is a chance the brave resolute soul
Faces.) The pity of it is
That you, MARKISS, having so much to give,
So little gave

To

Me.

VII.

Oh, MARKISS! MARKISS!
Had I but served my GLADSTONE
As I have served thee,
He would not have forsak—
But that's another story.

THE NEW HOPERA OF 'ADDON 'ALL.—The
title finally decided upon for the SULLIVAN-
GRUNDY Opera is *Haddon Hall*. Lovely for
'ARRY! "Ave you seen 'Addon 'All?"
Then the 'ARRY who 'as only 'eard a portion
of it, will say, "I 'adn't 'eard 'all." As a
Cockney title, it's perfect. Successful or not,
Author and Composer will congratulate them-
selves that, to deserve, if not command
success, they 'ad don all they knew. If suc-
cessful, they'll replace the aspirates, and it
will be some time before they recover the
exact date when they Had-don Hauling in
the coin. *Prosit!*

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.—Says the *Pall
Mall Gazette*:—"For knocking over a man
selling watercress, with fatal results, a Ham-
mersmith cabman has been committed for
trial for manslaughter." If this is true, the
HOME SECRETARY should immediately inter-
pose. The action of knocking a man over is
hasty, and may be indefensible. But if the
Hammersmith Cabman had just grounds for
belief that the man was "selling water-
cresses with fatal results," he should rather
be commended than committed for trial.

"KEEPING UP THE CHRISTOPHER."—(*A
Note from an Old Friend*).—"CHRISTOPHER
COLUMBUS" indeed! As years ago I told
Sairey Gamp about her bothering *Mrs.
Harris*, "I don't believe there's no such a
person." That's what I says, says I, about
COLUMBUS, wich ain't like any other sort of
"bus" as I see before my blessed eyes every
day. Yours, ELIZABETH PRIG.

P.S.—MR. EDWIN JOHNSON, him as wrote
to the *Times* last Saturday, is of my opinion.
Good Old JOHNSON!

"HONORIS CAUSÂ."—To Mr. GRANVILLE
MONEY, son of the Rector of Weybridge,
whose gallant rescue of a lady from drowning
has recently been recorded, *Mr. Punch* grants
the style and title of "Ready MONEY."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—"Why don't I
write Plays?" Why should I?

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XV.—TO SWAGGER.

Not long ago I reminded you of CHEPSTOWE, the incomparable poet who was at one time supposed to have revolutionised the art of verse. Now he is forgotten, the rushlight which he never attempted to hide under the semblance of a bushel, has long since flickered its last, his boasts, his swelling literary port, his quarrels, his affectations—over all of them the dark waves of oblivion have passed and blotted them from the sand on which he had traced them. But in his day, as you remember, while yet he held his head high and strutted in his panoply, he was a man of no small consequence. Quite an army of satellites moved with him, and did his bidding. To one of them he would say, "Praise me this author," and straightway the fire of eulogy would begin. To another he would declare—and this was his more frequent course—"So-and-so has dared to hint a fault in one of us; he has hesitated an offensive dislike. Let him be scarified," and forthwith the painted and feathered young braves drew forth their axes and scalping-knives, and the work of slaughter went merrily forward. Youth, modesty, honest effort, genuine merit, a manifest desire to range apart from the loud storms of literary controversy, these were no protection to the selected victim. And of course the operations of the Chepstowites, like the "plucking" imagined by *Major Pendennis*, were done in public. For they had their organ. Week by week in *The Metropolitan Messenger* they disburdened themselves, each one of his little load of spite and insolence and vanity, and with much loud shouting and blare of adulatory trumpets called the attention of the public to their heap of purchasable rubbish. There lived at this time a great writer, whose name and fame are still revered by all who love strong, nervous English, vivid description, and consummate literary art. He stood too high for attack. Only in one way could the herd of passionate prigs who waited on CHEPSTOWE do him an injury. They could attempt, and did, to imitate his style in their own weekly scribbles. *Corruptio optimi pessima*. There is no other phrase that describes so well the result of these imitative efforts. All the little tricks of the great man's humour were reproduced and defaced, the clear stream of his sentences was diverted into muddy channels, the airy creatures of his imagination were weighted with lead and made to perform hideous antics. Never had there been so riotous a jargon of distorted affectation and ponderous balderdash. Smartness—of a sort—these gentlemen, no doubt, possessed. It is easy to be accounted smart in a certain circle, if only you succeed in being insolent. Merit of this order the band could boast of plentifully.

One peculiarity, too, must be noted in *The Metropolitan Messenger*. It had a magnetic attraction for all the sour and sorry failures whose reputation and income, however greatly in excess of their deserts, had not equalled their expectation. The Cave of Adullam could not have been more abundantly stocked with discontent. It is the custom of the *ratés* everywhere to attempt to prevent, or, if that be impossible, to decry success in others, in order to exalt themselves. The "Metropolitans" followed the example of many unillustrious predecessors, though it must, in justice, be added, that they would have been shocked to hear anyone impute to them a want of originality in their curious methods. In the counsels of these literary bravos, WILLIAM GRUBLET held a high place. At the University, where he had pursued a dull and dingy career of modified respectability, not much was thought or spoken of GRUBLET. If he was asked what profession he proposed to adopt, he would wink knowingly, and reply, "Journalism." It sounded well—it gave an impression of influence, and future power, and, moreover, it committed him to nothing. It is just as easy to say "Journalism," in answer to the stock question, as it is to deliver yourself over, by anticipation, to the Bar, the Church, or the Stock Exchange. Hundreds of young men at both our ancient Universities look upon Journalism as the easiest and most attractive of all the professions. In the first place there are no Examinations to bar the way, and your ordinary Undergraduate loathes an Examination as a rat may be supposed to loathe a terrier. What can be easier—in imagination—than to dash off a leading article, a biting society sketch, a scathing review, to overturn ancient idols, to inaugurate movements, to plan out policies? All this GRUBLET was confident of being able to do, and he determined, on the strength of a few successful College

Essays, and a reputation for smartness, acquired at the expense of his dwindling circle of intimates, to do it. He took his degree, and plunged into London. There, for a time, he was lost to public sight. But I know that he went through the usual contest. Rejected manuscripts poured back into his room. Polite, but unaccommodating Editors, found that they had no use for rapid imitations of ADDISON, or feeble parodies of CHARLES LAMB. Literary appreciations, that were to have sent the ball of fame spinning up the hill of criticism, grew frowsy and dog's-eared with many postages to and fro.

In this protracted struggle with fate and his own incompetence, the nature of GRUBLET, never a very amiable one, became fatally soured, and when he finally managed to secure a humble post on a newspaper, he was a disappointed man with rage in his heart against his successful rivals and against the Editors who, as he thought, had maliciously chilled his glowing aspirations. His vanity, however,—and he was always a very vain man—had suffered no diminution, and with the first balmy breezes of success his arrogance grew unbounded. Shortly afterwards, he chanced to come in the way of CHEPSTOWE; he impressed the poet favourably, and in the result he was selected for a place on the staff of *The Metropolitan Messenger*, then striving by every known method to battle its way into a circulation.

It was at this stage in his career that I met GRUBLET. He was pointed out to me as a young man of promise who had a trenchant style, and had lately written an article on "Provincialism in Literature," which had caused some stir by its bitter and uncompromising attacks upon certain well-known authors and journalists. I looked at the man with some interest. I saw a pale-faced, sandy-haired little creature with a shuffling, weak-kneed gait, who looked as if a touch from a moderately vigorous arm would have swept him altogether out of existence. His manner was affected and unpleasant, his conversation the most disagreeable I ever listened to. He was coarse, not with an ordinary coarseness, but with a kind of stale, fly-blown coarseness as of the viands in the window of a cheap restaurant. He assumed a great reverence for RABELAIS and ARISTOPHANES; he told shady stories, void of point and humour, which you were to suppose were modelled on the style of these two masters. And all the time he gave you to understand, with a blatant self-sufficiency, that he himself was one of the greatest and most formidable beings in existence. This was GRUBLET as I first knew him, and so he continued to the end.

The one thing this puny creature could never forgive was that any of his friends should pass him in the race. There was one whom GRUBLET—the older of the two—had at one time honoured with his patronage and approval. No sooner, however, had the younger gained a literary success, than the sour GRUBLET turned upon him, and rent him. "This fellow," said GRUBLET, "will get too uppish—I must show up his trash"; and accordingly he fulminated against his friend in the organ that he had by that time come to consider as his own. This baseless sense of proprietorship, in fact, it was that wrecked GRUBLET. In an evil moment for himself he tried to ride rough-shod over CHEPSTOWE, and that temporary genius dismissed him with a promptitude that should stand to his credit against many shortcomings. GRUBLET, I believe, still exists. Occasionally, in obscure prints, I seem to detect traces of his style. But no one now pays any attention to him. His claws are clipped, his teeth have been filed down. He shouts and struts, unregarded. For we live, of course, in milder and more reasonable days, and the GRUBLETs can no longer find a popular market for their wares.

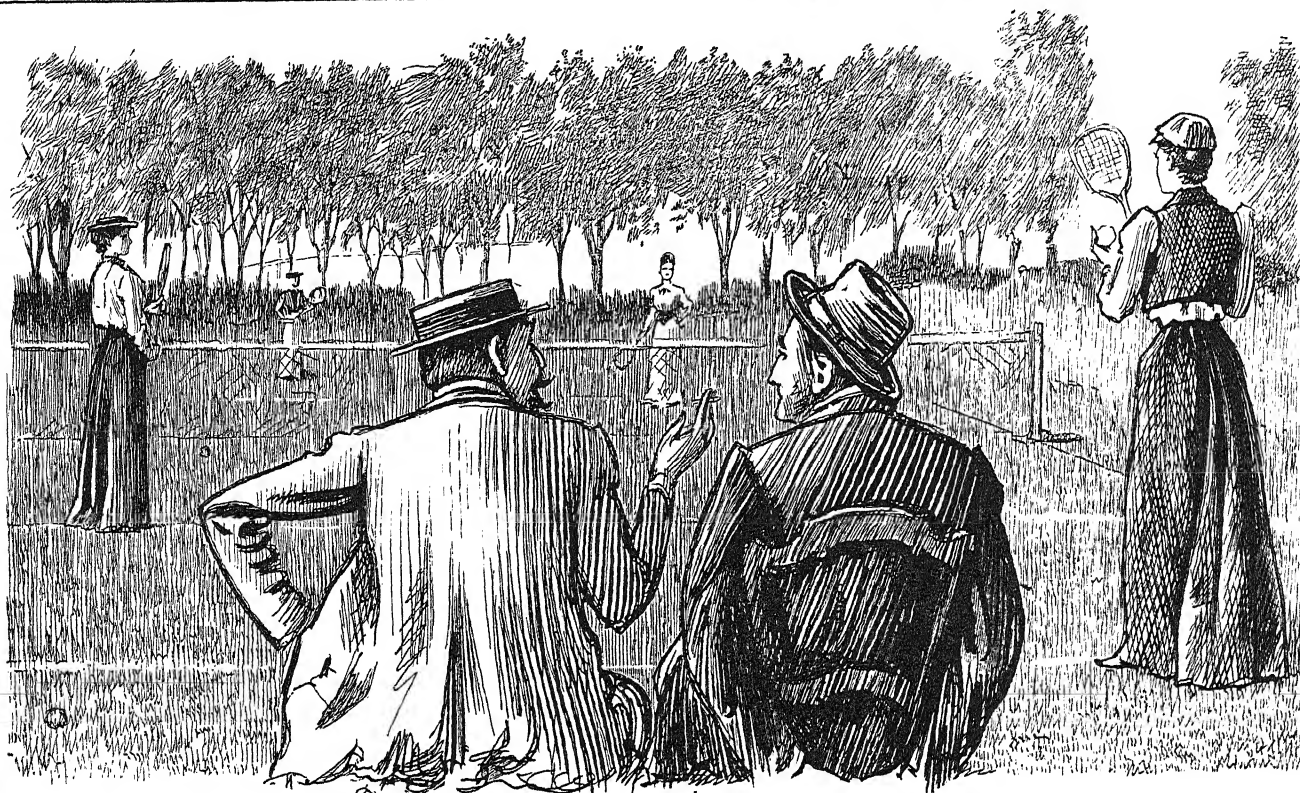
Only one question remains. How in the world can even you, oh respected SWAGGER, have derived any pleasure from witnessing the performances that GRUBLET went through, after you had persuaded him that he was a man of some importance?

I do not expect an answer, and remain as before,

DIOPHES ROBINSON.

IN BANCO.—The stability of the concern having been effectually proved by the way in which the Birkbeckers got out of the fire and out of the trying pan-ic, and the ease with which they were quite at home to the crowds of callers coming to inquire after their health, should earn for them the subsidiary title of the Birk-beck-and-call Bank.





A GOOD BEGINNING.

Uncle Jack (Umpire). "LOVE ALL!" Monsieur le Baron. "LOVE ALL? PARBLEU! JE CROIS BIEN! ZEY ARE ADORABLES, YOUR NIECES!"

PAN THE POSTER.

(A Modern Perversion of Mrs. Browning's powerful Poem, "A Musical Instrument.")

"We are presented just now with two spectacles, which may help us to take modest and diffident views of the progress of the species. . . . At home there is an utterly unreasonable and unaccountable financial panic among the depositors in the Birkbeck Bank, while in America the free and enlightened democracy of a portion of New York State has suddenly relapsed into primitive barbarism under the influence of fear of cholera."—*The Times*.]

WHAT is he doing, our new god Pan,
Far from the reeds and the river?
Spreading mischief and scattering ban,
Screening 'neath "knickers" his shanks of a
goat,
And setting the wildest rumours afloat,
To set the fool-mob a-shiver.

He frightened the shepherds, the old god
Him of the reeds by the river; [Pan,*
Afraid of his faun-face, Arcadians ran;
Unsoothed by the pipes he so deftly could
play,
The shepherds and travellers scurried away
From his face by forest or river.

And back to us, sure, comes the great god
Pan, [river;
With his pipes from the reeds by the
Starting a scare, as the goat-god can,
Making a Man a mere wind-swayed reed,
And moving the mob like a leaf indeed
By a chill wind set a-quiver.

* Pan, the Arcadian forest and river-god, was held to startle travellers by his sudden and terror-striking appearances. Hence sudden fright, without any visible cause, was ascribed to Pan, and called a Panic fear.

He finds it sport, does our new god Pan
(As did he of the reeds by the river),
To take all the pith from the heart of a man,
To make him a sheep—though a tiger in
spring,—

A cruel, remorseless, poor, cowardly thing,
With the whitest of cheeks—and liver!

"Who said I was dead?" laughs the new
god Pan

(Laughs till his faun-cheeks quiver), [plan.
"I'm still at my work, on a new-fangled
Scare is my business; I think I succeed,
When the Mob at my minstrelsy shakes like
a reed,

And I mock, as the pale fools shiver."

Shrill, shrill, shrill, O Pan!

Your Panic-pipes, far from the river!
Deafening shrill, O Poster-Pan!
Turning a man to a timorous brute [flute
With irrational fear. From your frantic
Good sense our souls deliver!

Men rush like the Gadaree swine, O Pan!

With contagious fear a-shiver,
They flock like *Panurge's* poor sheep, O Pan!
What, what shall the merest of manhood
In geese gregarious, panic-stricken [quicken
Like frightened fish in the river.

You sneer at the shame of them, Poster-Pan,
Poltroons of the pigeon-liver.
Your placards gibbet them, Poster-Pan,
Who crowd like curs in the cowardly crush,
Who flock like sheep in the brainless rush
With fear or greed a-shiver.

You are half a beast, O new god Pan!
To laugh (as you laughed by the river)
Making a brute-beast out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain
Of Civilisation, which seems but vain
When the prey of your Panic shiver!

SIR GEORGE AND THE DRAG ON.

By a Writer of Books.

[Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, speaking to the Institute of Journalists, said that "No one was under the obligation of writing books, unless he was absolutely called to do so by a commanding genius."]

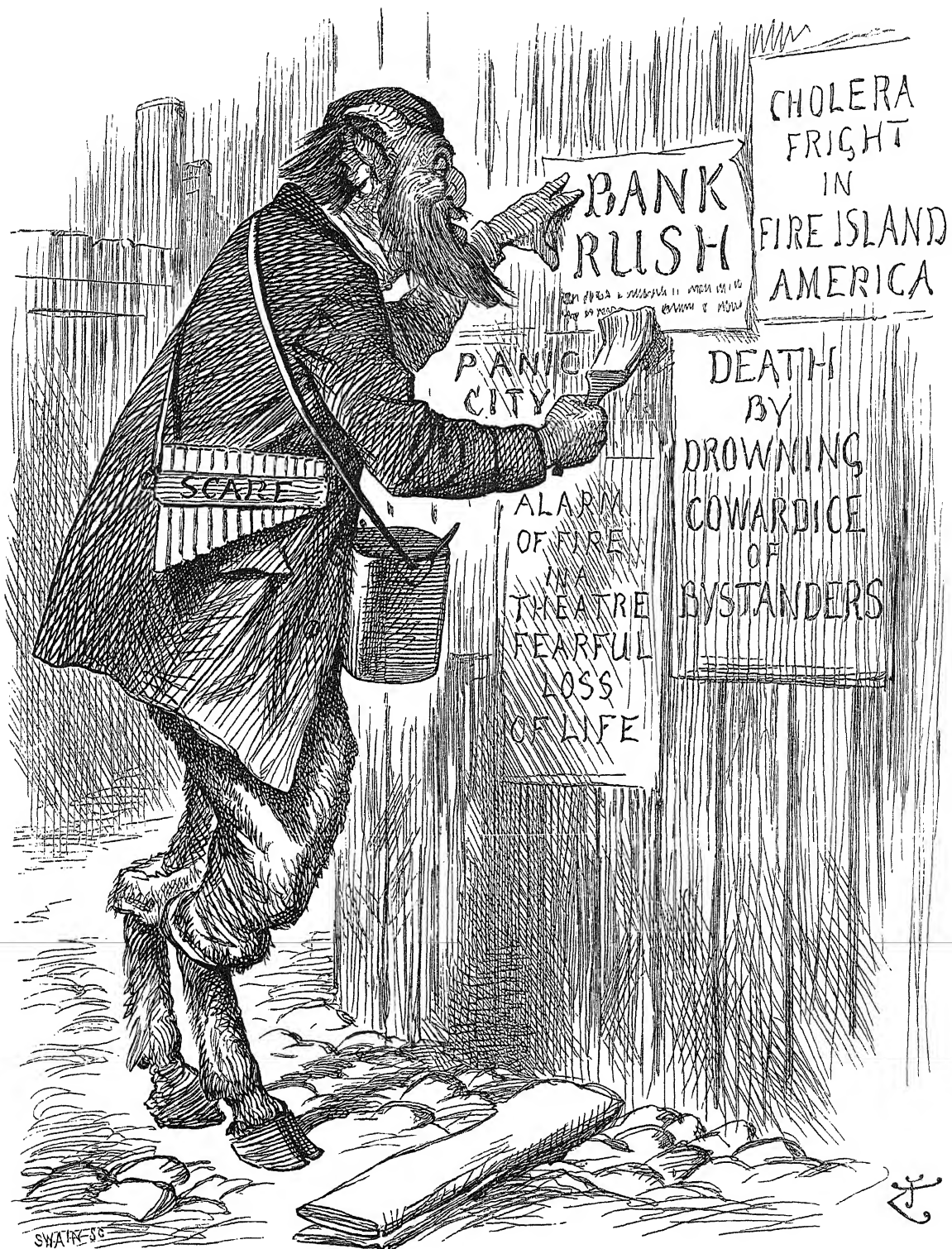
OH! tell me quickly—not if Planet Mars
Is quite the best for journalistic pars,
Not if the cholera will play Old Harry,
Not why to-day young men don't and won't
marry—

For these I do not care. Not to dissemble,
My pen is, as they say, "all of a tremble"—
The pen that once enthralled the myriad
crowd,

The pen that critics one and all allowed
Wrote pleasantly and well, was often funny,
The pen that brought renown, and—better—
money.

My pen is stilled. That happy time is o'er,
Like that old English King, I smile no more.
Now that Sir (Secretary) GEORGE has spoken,
My fortunes (and alas! my heart) are broken;
For though I may not lack all understanding,
My "genius" cannot claim to be "com-
manding."

FLOWERY, BUT NOT MEALY-MOUTHED.—To those who suggested that sending troops to compel the barbarous Long-Islanders to be humane would lose Democratic votes, Governor FLOWER is reported to have replied,—"I don't care a — for votes. I am going to put law-breakers down, and the State in possession of its property." There was an old song, of which the refrain was, "I don't care a — for the people, But what will the Governor say?" Now we know what the Governor says. 'Tis well said. Henceforth he will be known as *The Flower of Speech*.



PAN THE POSTER.

PAN (*chuckling*). "HA! HA! WHO SAID THAT I WAS DEAD, AND PANIC-FEAR A THING OF THE ARCADIAN PAST?"

SEA-SIDE ILLS.

(By Our Man Over-bored.)

A SEA S-IDYLL ON "BOARD AND RESIDENCE."

THAT we hurry out of Town
To the sea,
To be properly done brown,
I'll agree;
But of being nicely done,
There's another way than one—
Viz., the rays, besides of sun,
£ s. d.!

Now, it may be very cheap
For the chap
Who is rich, to pay a heap
For a nap
On a sofa that is prone
To a prominence of bone,
Or a table undergrown,
With a flap;

But a man who has not much
Of the pelf
To distribute freely, such
As myself,
And who's ordered change and rest,
Doubts the change is for the best
When he has to lie undress'd
On a shelf!

No; to slumber on a slant
Till you're floor'd,
Is a luxury I can't
Well afford;
And I'm sad to a degree
That, in Everywhere-on-Sea,
"Board and Residence" should be
Mostly board!

"DISCOVERY OF A NEW SATELLITE TO JUPITER."—Well, why not? Why announce it as if a noted thief had been arrested? "Discovered! Aha! Then this to decide"—cries the Melodramatic Satellite. Poor Jupiter must be uncommonly tired of his old Satellites by this time! How pleased, how delighted, he must be to welcome a new one!



VIEW OF "MARS" AS SEEN THROUGH MR. PUNCH'S TELESCOPE.

MORE LIGHTS!

WHEN anyone now in town requires a change from the *De-lights* of Home, let him go to *See Lights of Home* at the Adelphi. Great scene of the Wreck not so great perhaps as some previous sensational Adelphi effects. In such a piece as "the Lights," it is scarcely fair that "the Heavies" should have it nearly all to themselves, but so it is, and the two Light Comedy parts capably played by Miss JECKS and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD, do not get much of a chance against the heartrending sorrows of Miss EVELYN MILLARD, and of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, the alighted, or sea-lighted heroine, known as "Dave's Daughter" (oh, how fond Mr. W. A. ELLIOTT must be of *Dave Purvis*, the weakest sentimentalist-accidental-lunatic-criminal that ever was let off scot-free at R. H. first entrance before the fall of the Curtain), and the undaunted heroism and unblushing villany of Messrs. CHARLES DALTON, COCKBURN, KINGSTON & Co. The title might well have been, *Good Lights of Home, and Wicked Livers all Abroad*.



A Straight Tip and a New Sensation.

undoubtedly the highest intelligence in Wales.

"TOP-DRESSING."—Said Mr. G. to a Welsh audience, "I might as well address the top of Snowdon on the subject of the Establishment, as address you on the matter." Flattery! The top of Snowdon, of course, represented the highest intelligence in Wales.

"I PITIE the poor Investors!" exclaimed Mrs. R. sympathetically, when she saw the heading of a paragraph in the *Times*—"Bursting of a Canal Bank."

A BIG BOOMING CHANCE LOST!—Miss LOTTIE COLLINS, according to the *Standard's* report of the proceedings on board the unfortunate *Cepheus*, said that, on seeing two jeering men rowing out from shore, holding up bread to the hungry passengers, she, "had she been a man, would have shot them." She wasn't a man, and so the two brutes escaped. But what another "Boom! te-ray,—Ta, ra, ra," &c., &c., this would have been for LA COLLINS!

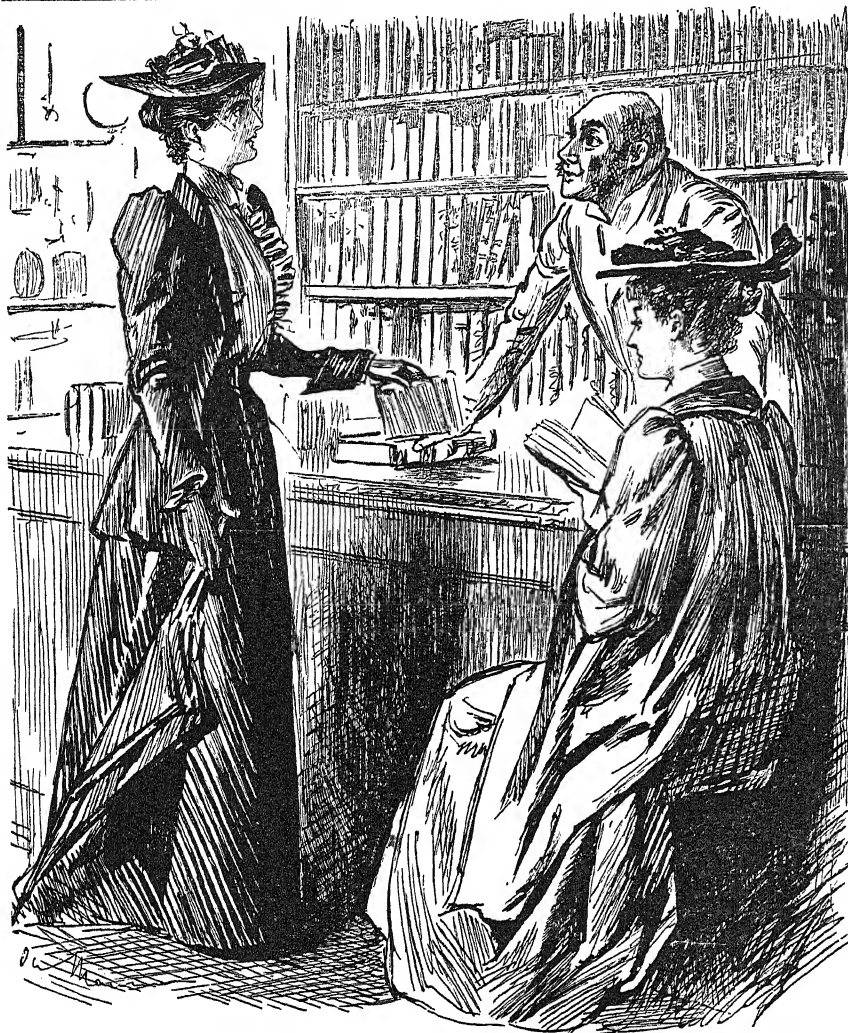
NOT IMPROBABLE.—Lord ROSEBERRY might have ended his diplomatic reply to Mr. THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES, M.P., who recently sent kind inquiries to the Foreign Office, as to the Famirs and Behring Sea, Canadian Government, &c., &c., with a P.S. to the effect that "his correspondent probably considered him as a Jack (in office), and therefore a legitimate object to score off in the game of BOWLES."

The Prodigal Daughter; or, The Boyne-Water Jump, by DRURIOPLANUS MAGNUS and PETITIT PARVUS, was produced with greatest success, last Saturday, at Old Drury. The general recommendation to the authors will be, as a matter of course, i.e., of race-course, given in the historic words of DUCROW, "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." When this advice is acted upon, *The Prodigal Daughter*, a very fine young woman, but not particularly prodigal, will produce receipts beyond all cacklulation.

FUTURE LEGISLATION FOR NEXT SESSION.—Mr. GLADSTONE will introduce a Bill to render criminal the keeping of heifers loose in a field.

BY A PARAGRAPHIC JOURNALIST.—Very natural that there should be "pars" about "Mars."

"SIGNAL FAILURES."—Most Railway Accidents.



CULTURE BY THE SEA.

"HAVE YOU BROWNING'S WORKS?"

"NO, MISS. THEY'RE TOO DIFFICULT. PEOPLE DOWN HERE DON'T UNDERSTAND THEM."

"HAVE YOU PRÆD?"

"PRÆD, MISS? OH YES; WE'VE TRIED THAT, BUT IT'S NO USE!"

THE CHÂTEAU D' "IF."

THE Castle that I sing, is not
The stronghold *près Marseilles*,
Where *Monte Christo* brewed his plot
For *DUMAS'* magic tale:
It's one we all inhabit oft,
The residence of most,
And not peculiar to the soft,
Mediterranean coast.

The Castle "If"—If pigs had wings,
If wishes horses were,
If, rather more substantial things,
My Castles in the air;
If balances but grew on Banks,
If Brokers hated "bluff;"
If Editors refrained from thanks
And printed all my stuff.

If holidays were not a time
Beyond a chap's control,
When someone else prescribes how I'm
To bore my selfish soul;
If bags and boxes packed themselves
For one who packing loathes;
If babes, expensive little elves,
Were only born with clothes.

If *Bradshaw* drove me to the train!

Were *mal-de-mer* a name!

If organ-grinders ground a strain

That never, never came;

If oysters stuck at eighteen pence;

If ladies loathed "*The Stores*;"

If Tax-collectors had the sense

To overlook my doors!

If sermons stopped themselves to suit

A congregation's pain;

If everyone who played the flute

Were sentenced to be slain;

If larks with truffles sang on trees,

If cooks were made in heaven;

And if, at sea-side spots, the seas

Shut up from nine till seven.

If I might photograph the fiend

Who mauls me with his lens,

If supercilious barbers leaned

Their heads for me to cleanse!

If weather blushed to wreck my plans,

If tops were never twirled;

If "ifs and ands were pots and pans,"—

'Twould be a pleasant world!

SUMMARY OF RESULT FOR OLD CATHOLIC
CONGRESS.—*Lucernâ Lucellum.*

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I got so wet on the St. Leger day, that I've been in bed ever since—not because I had to wait till my things were dry—but because I caught a cold! What a day it was!—I am told that in addition to the St. Leger, Doncaster is chiefly celebrated for *Butter Scotch*—if so, I presume they don't make it out-of-doors, or it would have stood a good chance of being melted—(not in the mouth)—on Wednesday fortnight! But the excitement of the race fully made up for the liquid weather, and we all—(except the backers of *Orme*)—enjoyed ourselves. I was told that the Duke of WESTMINSTER had "left the Leger at Goodwood," which is simply absurd, as I not only saw it run for at Doncaster myself, but it is ridiculous to insinuate that the Duke went there, put the Leger in his pocket—(as if a Nobleman ever kept books)—walked off quietly to Goodwood and left it there deliberately!

I conclude it can only be an expression coined to discount—(another ledger term)—the victory of *La Flèche*,—to which not half enough attention has been drawn, solely (in my opinion) because *La Flèche* is of the gentler sex, and men don't like the "horse of the year" to be a mare.

I still maintain she was unlucky to lose the Derby, as she won the Oaks two days later in two seconds quicker time:—(which is an anachronism—as if you win *once* out of *twice*—how can it be two seconds?)

There was good sport at Yarmouth last week, though owing to the rain the course must have been on the soft (roe) side,—by the way you can get them now in bottles, and very good they are. I am glad to see that staunch supporter of the turf, Lord ELTHAM, winning races again—as his horses have been much out of form lately, at least so I am told, but I was not aware that horses were in a "form" at all, unless being "schooled" over hurdles.

I shall have a word or two to say on the Cesarewitch shortly—having had some private information calculated to break a ROTHSCHILD if followed—but for the moment will content myself with scanning the programme of the Leicester and Manchester Meetings.

There are two races which seem perhaps worth picking up—one at each place; and, while giving my selection for the Leicestershire race in the usual verse, I will just mention that I should have given Lord DUNRAVEN's *Inverness* for the Manchester race, but that I see his Lordship has sent it to America—rather foolish, now that winter is coming on; but perhaps he has another, and may be doing a kindness to some poor American Cousin! *St. Angelo* might win this race without an Inverness, though I presume he will appear in some sort of clothing.

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

LEICESTERSHIRE ROYAL HANDICAP
SELECTION.

On seeing an awkward, three-cornered affair,
Which I heard was a racer from Fingal,
And hearing him roaring, and whistling an air,
I said, he'll be beaten by *Windgall*.

P.S.—This is *awful*; but *what* a horse to have to rhyme to!

"SHUT UP!" AT BARMOUTH!—MR. GLADSTONE having made up his mind not to utter another syllable during his holiday, selects as an appropriate resting-place, a charming sea-side spot where he stops himself, and where there is a "Bar" before the "mouth."



N.R. PUNCH'S FISHING PARTY.



THE FINDING OF PHARAOH.

Interesting Discovery in the Dead Season.

VERY ENTERTAINING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—So much is done by the organisers of the Primrose League in the shape of amusements for the people, that it seems strange "the other side" should not follow suit. Without having decided political opinions, I like both the Government and Her Majesty's Opposition to be on equal terms. Hence my suggestion. I see that, a few days ago, Mr. GLADSTONE, in speaking to an audience at Barmouth, made the following remarks. He said—He belonged to almost every part of the country. A Scotchman by blood, born in Lancashire, and resident in London, he had become closely attached to Wales by marriage, and had now become too old to get rid of that inclination. Surely these admissions conjure up the possibility of a really excellent entertainment. To show you what I mean, I jot down, in dramatic form, my notion of the manner in which the PREMIER's excellent idea should be worked out:—

SCENE—A large hall, with a platform. On the platform, Committee and Chairman. In front of the Chairman, large table, with cloth reaching to the floor. Water-bottle, and tumbler, and lamp.

Chairman. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in announcing that the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE (*cheers*), will give his entertainment entitled "The Man of Many Characters" almost immediately. The PREMIER's train is a little late, but—ah, here come his fore-runners. (*Enter two Servants in livery with a large basket-box, which they place under the table and then retire.*) And now we may expect the PREMIER immediately.

[*Enter Mr. GLADSTONE in evening dress hurriedly. He is received with thunders of applause.*]

Mr. Gladstone. Ladies and Gentlemen! (*Great cheering.*) I regret I have kept you waiting for some quarter of an hour. My excuse must be that I caused the train to be pulled up, because I noticed at a wayside station a crowd of villagers who, apparently, were desirous to hear me speak. You must forgive me, for it was for the good of the nation. (*Cheers.*) And now without preface, I will appear as my friend Farmer HOGGE. (*Loud applause, during which the PREMIER dives under the table and re-appears in character. Continued applause.*) I be mighty glad to see ye. And now, I'll tell ye what I thinks about the Eight Hours' Bill. (*Airs his opinions in "Zomerzeshire" for some twenty minutes. At the conclusion of his performance re-appears in evening dress-coat. Applause.*) Thank you very much. But although Farmer HOGGE is a very good fellow, I think SANDIE MACBAWBE is even better. With your permission, I will appear as SANDIE MACBAWBE. (*Disappears under table, and re-appears in Highland Costume. Cheers.*) Dinna fash yourselves! Ma gracious! It's ma opinion that you'll just hear a wee bit about Home Rule for Bonnie Scotland. Well, ye ken—(*Airs his opinions upon his chosen subject in broad Scotch. After a quarter of an hour he re-appears, and receives the usual applause.*) Thank you from the bottom of my heart. And now as I have shown you Scotland and England, I think you would be pleased with a glimpse of London. (*Cheers.*) You all like London, do you not? (*Applause.*) With your kind permission, I will re-appear as a noted character in the great tragic comedy of the world's Metropolis. (*Dives down and comes up as a Costermonger. Prolonged applause.*) What cheer! (*Laughter.*) Well, you blokes what are you grinning at? I am a chickaleary cove, that's what I am. But I know what would knock you! You would like to 'ear about 'Ome Rule. Eh? What cheer! 'Ere goes. (*Reveals his Home-Rule scheme with a Cockney twang and dialect. Then disappears and re-appears in his customary evening dress.*) Thank you

most earnestly. (*Loud cheers.*) And now I am afraid I must bid you good-bye. But before leaving, I must confess to you that I have never had the honour of appearing before a juster, more intelligent, and more appreciative audience. [*Bows and exit.*]

Voices. Encore! Encore! Encore!

Mr. Gladstone (*returning*). I am deeply touched by this sign of public confidence. I would willingly continue my character illustrations indefinitely, but, unfortunately, I am required in another part of the country to repeat the same performances. I have only just time to catch my special train. Thank you again and again.

[*Exit hurriedly, after kissing his hand. The Footmen reappear, and take away the large box. Applause, and Curtain.*]

There, my dear Mr. Punch, is the rough idea. I feel sure it could be carried through with the greatest possible advantage.

Believe me, yours most truly,

AN EARNEST PATRIOT.

THE QUEEN OF MAN-O'-ER-BOARD.

A Novel in Little from a Drama in Full.

CHAPTER I.—Lady Violet Malvern at Home.

It was a gorgeous entertainment, consisting chiefly of recitations and the "Intermezzo." Lady VIOLET MALVERN was the life and soul of the party. But there were lesser lights in a Baron FINOT, an old diplomatist, and a Major GARRETT, an officer in retreat. Then came ARMAND SEVARRO. He was an adventurer, and a friend of Baron FINOT, and had a solitary anecdote.

"I am going to be married to a young lady of the name of DOROTHY BLAIR, but cannot reveal the secret, because her mother is not well enough to hear the news."

Then ARMAND met Lady VIOLET.

"I dreamed years ago of going to the City of Manoa to find its Queen. I have found her this evening."

"And she is—?" queried Lady VIOLET.

"You!" hissed the Brazilian (he was a Brazilian), and departed.

"What folly!" murmured Lady VIOLET, in the moonlight.

And many agreed with her.

CHAPTER II.—The Garden of Dorothy Blair.

DOROTHY was on the Thames. There came to her ARMAND.

"Will you never publish our contemplated marriage?" she asked.

"How can I, child?" he replied. "How can I reveal the secret when your mother is not well enough to hear the news?"

It was his solitary anecdote.

She sighed, and then came a steam-launch. It contained Lady VIOLET, the other characters, lunch, and (played off) the "Intermezzo."

Then ARMAND preferred to flirt with Lady VIOLET to DOROTHY.

"What nonsense!" thought DOROTHY.

And her thoughts found an echo in the breasts of the audience.

CHAPTER III.—Smoke in the Smoking-room.

AND the Right Hon. RICHARD MALVERN, having had supper, was jealous of his wife. He told Lady VIOLET that he considered ARMAND *de trop*. But he did it so amiably that it touched Lady VIOLET deeply.

"I will send ARMAND away," she replied. Then she told the Brazilian that it was his duty to stay away until his engagement was announced.

"But how can it be announced?" he replied, repeating his solitary anecdote. "I am engaged to a young lady, but I cannot reveal the secret, because her mother is not well enough to hear the news."

Then Lady VIOLET bade him, haughtily, adieu! He departed, but returned, accompanied by the "Intermezzo." Then—probably at the suggestion of the music—she hugged him. Then he left her.

"This is very wearisome," murmured Lady VIOLET.

And the audience agreed with her.

CHAPTER IV.—A Weir on the Thames.

IT being moonlight, Lady VIOLET walked on a terrace, and admired a dangerous weir. There was a shriek, and the Brazilian rushed in accompanied by the "Intermezzo."

"Fly with me to any part of the Desert that pleases you most."

"I would be most delighted," replied Lady VIOLET; "I would sacrifice myself to any extent, but I would not annoy my husband."

"Then let me kiss you with the aid of MASCAGNI," and he pressed his lips to her brow, to the accompaniment of the "Intermezzo."

"I have been to Manoa, and kissed its Queen," said the Brazilian, as he jumped into the weir, wearily. "It would have been better had I died before."

"Yes," thought Lady VIOLET, as she leisurely fainted, "it would indeed have been better had he died in the First Act than in the last. Then the piece would have been shorter, more satisfactory, and less expensive to produce. Nay, more—a solitary Act might have been one too many!" And yet again the audience, "all o'er-board," entirely agreed with her!

"STUMPED!"

(A would be laudatory Ode.
By Jingle Junior.)

[The young Indian Gentleman, Mr. H. RANJITSINHJI, has "secured his century" at Cricket no less than eleven times this season.]

O H. S. RANJIT—(spelling a wild venture is!)

Wielder of willow, runner-up of "centuries"!

What's in a name? A name like RANJITSIN—

(Can't finish it, was foolish to begin!)

How many miles was it you ran, O RAN—

(Bowled out again. Am sorry I began!)

In running out those hundreds, RANJITSINGHJ—

(A man were a patched fool, a perfect ninny,

Who'd try to spell that name, Ask *Bully Bottom*!)

With such a name to carry, how you got 'em,

O RANJ—(that sounds like Orange!)—those same "notches"

Is quite a wonder. Were they "bowls" or "ootches"

That got you out at last, those times eleven?

(Where is GRACE now? He has not scored *one* even,

This season, though as close as ninety-nine to it.)

Applause has greeted you; let me add mine to it,

O RAN-JIT-SIN-HJI! (Those last three letters

What do they spell?) Orthography's cold fetters

Shan't chill my admiration, smart young Hindoo!

Say, did you smite a sixer through a window, Like Slogger THORNTON in his boyish prime,

O RANJITSINHJI? Got it this time! That is, it *spelt* all right. E'en admiration

Shan't tempt me to attempt *pronunciation*! Eleven centuries we to Indian skill owe

Will the East lick the West at its own "Willow?"

Here's luck to India and young RAN—Och, murther!

RAN-JIT-SIN-SIN—How's that! Out? Can't get further!

"OH NO, WE NEVER MENTION IT."—The KENDALS have got a Play by a young American Author with the very uncompromising name of DAM. He, or his Play, may be Dam good, or just the reverse: still, if he does turn out to be the "big, big D," then all the Dam family, such as Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Schiedam, and so forth, will be real proud of him. Future Dams will revere him as their worthy ancestral sire, and American Dam may become naturalised among us (we have a lot of English ones quite a *spécialité* in that line, so the French say), and become Dam-nation-alised. What fame if the piece is successful, and DAM is on every tongue! So will it be too, if unsuccessful. Englishmen will welcome the new American playwright with the name unmentionable to ears polite, and will recognise in him, as the Dam *par excellence*, their brother, as one of the uncommon descendants of A-DAM. By the way, the appropriate night for its production would be Christmas Eve. Fancy the cries all over the House, calling for the successful Author!!



IMMUNITIES OF THE SEA-SIDE.

"COME UNDER THE UMBRELLA, JACK, IT'S BEGUN TO RAIN, AND YOU'LL CATCH COLD, AND MAMMA'LL BE VEXED!"
"POOH! AS IF SALT WATER EVER GAVE ONE COLD!"

"PUNSCS."

(In the Reading-room of the Bernerhof.)

ALTHOUGH thy name is wrongly spelt
Upon thy case, what joy I felt
To find a place where thou hast dwelt,
My Punsch!

Yet wit and wisdom, even thine,
Can't wake up Berne, where folks supine
All go to bed at half-past nine,
My Punsch!

What art or jokes could entertain.
Such sleepy people? True, they feign
It's later, for they say "*halb zehn*,"
My Punsch!

My German "*Punsch*," what gender thine?
They who accept, likewise decline,
"*Das Weib*" might feminine assign—
Die Punsch!

No matter which, if I behold
Thy pages, worth their weight in gold—
It's true they're more than three weeks old,
My Punsch!

AN ODD FELLOW OUT.—The Church-breaking thief (*vide the Standard's* provincial news) who was arrested at Oswestry (fitting that a Church-thief should have been arrested by Os-Westry-men—which sounds like a body of mounted ecclesiastical police), explained that he was a "monumental mason of Dublin." Perhaps the Jury will find him monumentally deranged.

HEALTH AND HOPPINESS.

[It is reported that the latest move is for ladies to combine profit and pleasure by going "hopping."]

FAIR Woman longs for novelty,

Her daily task is apt to cloy her, [to be

The pastimes that were wont Diverting now do but

annoy her. [spent, The common joys of life are

So tired of tennis, shooting, shopping,

She turns in her despair to Kent,

And tries her 'prentice hand at hopping.

Now girls whom you would scarce believe

Would not turn up their nose at soiling

Their dainty hands, to dewy eve

From early morn keep ever toiling. [hair,

There's a ENFEL of the golden Who flutters through

existence gaily (Her father is a millionaire),

Hops hard and does her twelve hours daily.

Then pretty MAUD, with laughing eyes,

Who hardly knew what daily wage meant,

To everybody's great surprise Proceeds to cut this, that

engagement. Amid the vines she daily

goes, And picks till weary fin-

gers tingle, The sweetest music now she knows

Is hearing hard-earned sovereigns jingle.

This latest move, it's very true,
Appears to be a rather rum thing,
But yet for idle hands to do

We know that Someone will find some-thing.

Will fashionable hopping last?
Well, this it's safe to lay your cash on,

Before another year has passed
There'll be another female fashion.

VIVE LA RAIN DU BALLET À L'ALHAMBRA! —"Certainly," says MR. JOHN HOLLINGS-HEAD, "Ve've la rain. It comes pouring down on the stage, and the people come pouring in to see it. I suppose," says he, "they'll now call me 'The Wetter'un?' The ballet is very effective, not a drop too much, and 'not a drop in the business' in front of the house, though there is, as is evident, on the stage. If Manager JOHN liked to quote SHAKESPEARE with a difference, in his advertisements, he might say, 'With a hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain! For the Rain it raineth every night!' For some time to come this show will be the raining favourite at the Alhambra. By the way, the *Sheffield Telegraph*, describing the alterations and improvements in front at the Alhambra, wrote—'The ceiling has been bevelled with porous plasters so as to hide the girders.' We know that hand:—it's Our 'Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM,' and she 'comes from Sheffield.' However, 'porous plasters' would be another attraction at the Alhambra, or anywhere, as they certainly ought to *drain*.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

UNLUCKY Leicester was even more unlucky than usual—and when the big race was run last Wednesday, so thick was the rain, that the horses could only be seen for the last half mile! Of course this made all the difference to the horse I selected—*Windgall*—who finished second;—as he only gives his *best* performances in public, and as he doubtless *knew he couldn't be seen*, he thought it was only a private trial until he got close home, when his gallant effort was too late to be of any use!—at least, this is how I read the result of the race, and who can know more about a horse than the racing-prophet, I should like to know?

I was told by Sir WALTER GREENINGTON, that the public "tumbled over each other" to back *Breach*, but I must say I didn't notice anything of the sort, and it was not the kind of day anyone would choose for a roll on the turf, the state of which was detrimental to any kind of *Breach*!—The believers in "coincidences"—(of which I need hardly say I am one—a coincidence being a truly feminine reason for backing a horse)—had no option but to back the winner, *Rusticus*; as he drew the same berth he occupied in last year's race, which he also—(I mean also)—won for Mr. HAMAR BASS!—*Stuart* was a great eleventh hour tip—(why eleventh hour I wonder?—more than any other—and who fixes the precise moment when the eleventh hour commences?)—but history tells us the STUARTS were mostly unreliable; and though I am told he ran a "great horse"—I thought him rather on the small side myself!

I hear that Mr. LEONARD BOYNE has received a "licence to ride" from the Jockey Club, and that his ambition is to ride the winner of the "Grand National"—to which end he has started "schooling" a well-known chaser over the private training-ground in Drury Lane, belonging to Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS—if he hopes to escape observation by training at night, I fear his design will be frustrated, as, on the evening, I went to witness this "new departure" in training, I found most of the London racing-touts present, with the inevitable field-glasses!

Next week sees us once more at our beloved Newmarket First October—(this is a Jockey-Club joke, as the meeting *always* takes place in September! But what does a little paradox of this kind matter to such an *August* body!)—and I shall append my selection for the most important race of Wednesday, but I also wish to give a

hint to the "Worldly Wise" not to miss the October Handicap, or the match, for which *Buccaneer* will be favourite at the "fall of the flag!"—(The flag may fall, but such a *Buccaneer* as this is will never "strike his flag" I feel sure!) Being absolutely overloaded with prophecy, I must also have a word to say on the Rutland Plate, which aristocratically-named race could only be won by the aristocratically-named *Buckingham*!—Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

GREAT-EASTERN RAILWAY HANDICAP SELECTION:—

Though good his chance to win the prize, "Lord HENRY" soon detected, That greatest danger would arise, From Colonel NORTH'S "Selected."

SWORD AND PEN.

A FABLE.

(Translated from the Russo-French.)

PEN was a busy personage. He was flying from place to place, and had much importance. He was pompous and mysterious, and puzzled many people. Pen was accompanied by a sheet of paper that he called Treaty. Pen took Treaty everywhere. To Russia, to France, to Rome, and to Turkey. No one knew exactly what Treaty was like. Pen said he was satisfied with Treaty, and as Pen and Treaty were such constant companions, Pen's word on the subject was accepted as authentic.

But one fine day there was a breeze, and Treaty was blown away by the wind.

"Can I not assist?" asked Pen. "Things seem to have gone wrong."

"No, thanks," replied Sword, grimly; "when it comes to close quarters, we find ink not quite so useful as gunpowder!"

SUGGESTION FOR AN OUTSIDE ADVERTISEMENT TO BE DISPLAYED AT THE DOOR OF THE STRAND THEATRE.—*"Niobe all tiers"* (full).

Brief Interview.

"AND," asked our deferential Interviewer, "what did your Lordship reply to the deputation about Uganda?"

Lord ROSEBERY at once answered, "I said little, but I—"
"Ment-more," interrupted the Private Secretary, sticking a label on his Lordship's travelling bag.

"Quite so," said Lord ROSEBERY, and off he went.

BAD FOR WOULD-BE "ENGLISH WIVES."—It is reported that "Yankee Girls and American Belles were the feature of the Miscellaneous Market." This should put our young men on their mettle—tin, of course, for choice. No reasonable offer refused.



"THE PERI AT THE ACADEMY GATES."

"On July 4th, Lieutenant PRARY, in his great sledge journey, commenced on May 15th last, in Greenland, came on a glacier which he named The Academy Glacier."—*Times*.



"HOW IT'S DONE!"

(Hard on Sketchley, who was there at the time and in the thick of it, and has just had his Picture photographed.)

"OH! MR. SKETCHLEY, HOW CLEVER OF YOU TO PAINT SUCH A LARGE PICTURE FROM SUCH A SMALL PHOTOGRAPH!"

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

No. V.—MY BUTTONS!

It wasn't that he blacked the plate
And rouged the boots, and breathed, half-
choking,



Half-snorting, when he leaned to wait;
Although these habits are provoking.
It wasn't that he sang his fill,
Although his mouth with food was giving;

This latter, as a feat of skill,
Might have procured the lad a living.

It wasn't that he'd purchase hosts
Of squibs and sweets to mess the pantry;
That horrid boy, and broomstick-ghosts
On timid JANE would oft, and ANN try.

These petty peccadilloes might
Have all improved with careful training.—
It was his shameless appetite
That gave us cause for most complaining.

He swilled and stuffed as never mere
Adult voracity can own to;
He was a "growing boy," I fear;
I wonder much what he has grown to!

He wore away our forks and spoons
With hard, incessant gormandizing;
The Baker's, and, for some blue moons,
The Milkman's bill were quite surprising.

He cost us more in Butcher's meat
And Grocer's tea, and things from Cutlers,
He cost, I solemnly repeat,
Far more than two or three big Butlers.

And thus his fat increased until't
Became a show that sight bewilders;
We trembled for our mansion built,
You see, by noted Jerry-builders.

At length (you'll scarce the fact believe)
One evening, as we sat at dinner,
And strove our senses to deceive
By just imagining him thinner;

We heard a crack, a burst, a groan,
We felt a broadside round us battered,

We saw his buttons fiercely blown
About our heads, and piecemeal scat-
tered!

The suit had split; the boy was bare
Of clothes designed to last for ages;



We gave him notice then and there—
This volume, so to speak, of pages!

SONG TO BE SUNG IN HAYMARKET ORCHESTRA
DURING OVERTURE.—"Oh, why should we
wait till to-morrow? See *Queen of Manoa*
to-night!"

ON A GUERNSEY EXCURSION CAR.

The car, drawn by four horses, and crowded with Excursionists on pleasure bent, is toiling up the steep streets of St. Peter Port, when it comes to a sudden halt.

Excursionists (impatiently). Now then, what's this? What are we stopping here for?

The Driver. Ladies and Gentlemen, you will thoroughly understand that it is customary for the car to stop here, in order that the party may be photographed, thus providing an agreeable souvenir of the trip, and a useful means of identification at Scotland Yard. (*A Photographer appears in the road with a camera, and the party prepare themselves for perpetuation in a pleased flutter.*) P'raps, Sir—(to a Mild Man on the box-seat)—you'd like to be taken 'andling the ribbons? Most of our Gentlemen do.

[The Mild Man accepts the reins, and endeavours to assume a knowing and horsey expression.]

A Timid Lady (behind). I do hope no Gentleman will take the reins, unless he is thoroughly accustomed to driving four-in-hand. Suppose they took it into their heads to run away suddenly!

Driver (solemnly). Don't you alarm yourself about that, Ma'am, in the very slightest degree. These 'osses take that pride in themselves, they'd stop here all day rather than spoil their own likenesses!

[The M. M. intimates that he is no novice in the art of driving, which is fairly true as regards a pony-trap—and the fears of the T. L. are allayed.]

Photographer. Now, steady all, please, those at the further ends of the seats stand up so as to come into the picture, a little more to the right, please, the gentleman in the straw 'at, turn your 'ead a trifle more towards the camera, the lady in the pink shirt,—that's better. Better take off your spectacles, Sir. Now then—are you ready?

A Comic Exc. 'Old on a bit—I've a fly on my nose.

[Some of the party giggle; the photograph is successfully taken, and the car proceeds.]

The Driver. On your left, Ladies and Gentlemen, you have the Prison—the cheapest Hotel in the Island for parties who intend making a protracted stay here. On our right we are now passing "Paradise." You will observe that someone has 'ung his 'at and coat up at the entrance, not being certain of getting in. Notice the tree in front—the finest specimen on the island of the good old Guernsey hoak.

[He keeps turning from time to time to address these instructive remarks to the passengers behind him.]

The Timid Lady. I wish he wouldn't talk so much, and look more where he is going—we're much too near the hedge!

Driver (standing up, and turning his back on the horses, as they trot on). Ladies and Gentlemen, you will all thoroughly understand that the roads in this Island are narrow. Consequently, you must look after the branches and briars yourselves. I've enough to do to look after my 'orses, I assure you, and it looks bad to see 'ats and bonnets decorating the 'edges after the car has passed. (*Some of the Excursionists look at one another uneasily.*) The glass-'ouses you see in such quantities, are employed in the production of early grapes and tomatoes for the London Market. This Island alone exports annually—

[Here the car rounds a corner rather sharply, and he sits down again.]

The Mild Man (with a Mild Man's thirst for information). What are those buildings over there with the chimney?

[Here he is conscious of being furtively prodded in the back—but decides to take no notice.]

Driver (rising as before). Those buildings, Ladies and Gentlemen,

are Chemical works for extracting iodine from seaweed. The seaweed, after being dried, is then boiled, and from the ash—

[Here the Mild Man, who has been listening with much interest, is startled by receiving a folded piece of paper, which is passed up to him from behind.]

The M. M. (to himself, as he reads the message). "Keep the Driver quiet. He is drunk." Good Gracious! I never noticed—and yet—dear me, I hope they don't expect me to interfere!

The Timid Lady (to the Driver). For goodness sake never mind about iodine now—sit down and attend to your driving, like a good man!

Driver. You will thoroughly understand, my horses require no attention. (*Sleepily.*) No attention whatever. I assure you I am perfectly competent to drive this car and give you information going along at the same time. (*The car takes another corner rather abruptly.*) Simply matter of habit. (*Gravely.*) Matter 'f habit!

A Serious Exc. (in an undertone.) A very bad habit, I'm afraid. It's really time somebody else took the reins from him!

The M. M. (overhearing). I'm afraid they mean me—I wish now I'd never touched the reins at all!

Driver. The Church we are now coming to, is St. Martin's, built in the year eleven 'undred.

A Female Exc. (critically). It has got an old-fashioned look about it, certainly.

A Male Exc. There's nothing to see inside of these old churches. I went in one the other day, and I was looking up at the rafters, and I saw a sort o' picture there, and I said, "Ullo—they've been advertising PEARS' Soap here, or something." But when I looked again, it was only an old fresco. I was so little interested I walked out without tipping the Verger!

The Female Exc. That Church we went to on Sunday evening is very old.

Her Comp. Is it? How do you know?

The F. E. Why, my dress was covered with bits of fluff out of the hassock!

Driver. The carved stone figure you see by the gate, is supposed to be a portrait of JULIUS CÆSAR's Grandmother, and very like the old lady. (*The Excursionists nearest him smile in a sickly way, to avoid hurting his feelings, as the car moves on—to halt once more at Icart Point.*) It is customary to alight here and go round the point, and I can assure you, Ladies and Gentlemen, the scenery is well worth your inspection and will give you a little idea of what the Island is.

Excursionists (taking advantage of the opportunity to discuss

the situation). I noticed it the minute I set eyes on him—he never ought to have been sent out like this. . . He's been to a wedding this morning, so I heard, and it's upset him a little, that's all. . . Upset him—we're lucky if he doesn't upset us. What a fidget you are! I shan't take you into Switzerland next year, if you're like this. . . If Switzerland's full of a lot of drunken men, I don't want to go. . . Well, what had we better do about it? Perhaps this gentleman would—Oh, no, I couldn't take the responsibility, really, not without knowing the way. Well, we can't walk back, that's certain—we must trust to luck, that's all! Pretty bit of the coast you get here. . . Oh, don't talk about the scenery now, when, for all we know!—&c., &c.

[The car starts again, and presently arrives at a winding and precipitous road leading down to Petit Bot Bay, where the Driver again rises with his back to the horses, and proceeds to address the Excursionists, as they sit paralysed with horror.]

Driver. Ladies and Gentlemen, at this point I shall explain the scenery. (*The Timid Lady protests that she is content to leave the scenery unexplained.*) Pardon me, this is a portion of the scenery—(*Here his eyes close and reopen with an effort*)—a portion of the



scenery that can only be properly enjoyed coming out on one of these cars. If you go out with ordinary drivers, they take you along the main roads, and you come away fancying you've seen the Island. Now the advantage of coming along with me— (*His eyes close once more—the Excursionists implore him to attend to his team.*) You will thoroughly understand there is not the slightest cause to apprehend any danger. I've driven this car fifteen years without least accident—up to *present*. So you can devote your whole attention to the scenery, without needing to keep an eye upon the Driver. (*He points to the abyss*) That is the *shortest* way down—on this occasion, however, I shall endeavour *not* to take it. (*He whips up his horses, and accomplishes the descent at a brisk pace.*) There, didn't I tell you there wouldn't be no accident? Very well, then. P'rhaps you'll believe me another time!

Mild Man (*alighting at Hotel for luncheon*). We've had a remarkably lucky escape—I never felt more thankful in my life!

A Gloomy Exc. Don't you be in too great a hurry, Sir! We've got to get *back*—and he's bound to be worse after he's had his lunch!

[*The M. M.'s appetite for lobster is entirely destroyed by this sinister prediction; but whether the Driver has been unjustly maligned, or whether he has sobered himself in the interval—he reappears in a more sedentary, and less discursive mood, and the journey home proves agreeably devoid of sensation.*

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be."

RUBY AND THE ROOK.

RUBY, although she was something of a tomboy, was a pretty and clever girl.

But, like many pretty and clever little ladies, she was sometimes very naughty. When she was good, she was as good as gold, but when she was naughty, she was as naughty as pinchbeck.

The other day, when her dear Mamma was away for the morning, it happened to be one of her pinchbeck times. Nothing would please her—she was cross with her governess at breakfast, she quarrelled

with her bread-and-milk; and even when her favourite tame Rook, Cawcus, came hopping on her shoulder, she refused to give it anything to eat, but hit it on the beak with her spoon.

Miss DUMBELL was very much grieved at the way in which her pupil lolled in her chair, gave sullen answers, and put flies in the milk-jug, and pinched the cat's tail. "Mind, RUBY," said Miss DUMBELL, "at eleven o'clock I shall expect you in the school-room with that page of French phrases quite perfect."

RUBY's eyes flashed as she went out of the room; she pouted, she swung her skirts, and shook her shoulders, so that even Miss DUMBELL, the most patient and kindest of governesses, quite longed to slap her.

RUBY went to the school-room; she immediately flung the French phrase-book from one end of the room to the other. She took some story-books, and a little basket full of apples, bath-buns and "three-corners," and ran down to a little plantation called the Wilderness, at the bottom of the garden. She selected one of the tallest elms, and as she could climb like a kitten, she was soon at the top of it, quite hidden from view among the leaves.

"So much for old DUMMY and her French phrases!" said the naughty girl, as she settled herself in a comfortable position and brought out her story-book. The stable-clock had struck twelve, and she heard her name called in all directions, by JORGENS, the gardener, BRILLI, the butler, and long-suffering Miss DUMBELL. They could not find her anywhere, and her Most Serene Naughtiness sat screened by the leaves and shook with laughter.

Presently "Cawcus," her pet Rook, came fluttering amid the leaves, and began to caw. RUBY offered him bits of Bath bun, and even a whole three-corner, in order to keep him quiet.

But he remembered his treatment at breakfast, and refused all these bribes with scorn. He declined to be petted, he continued to hover over the tree, and circle around it, giving vent to the most discordant shrieks. Presently she heard the clear measured tones of

her Mamma's voice saying, "RUBY, come down at once. I know you are up in the elm." Cawcus, whom she had maltreated, had betrayed her hiding-place.

RUBY dared not disobey. Quite subdued, and with garments grievously greened, she descended. Mamma took her little daughter indoors, and improved the occasion. RUBY eventually appeared, with tears in her eyes, and subsequently apologised to her governess, recited the page of French phrases without a mistake, and promised to be a good girl. Though she sometimes forgot herself, and was rude to Miss DUMBELL afterwards, she never failed to treat Cawcus the Rook with most profound consideration and reverence.

TO MELEND.

(*A Set of Verses accompanying a Photograph.*)

I REMEMBER—do you?—the remarkable sky light

That flooded the heavens one evening in May,

How together we talked *tête-à-tête* in the twilight,

When the glow of the sunset had faded away.

Then you showed me your album. I looked at its pages.

With yourself as my guide and companion went through

Its contents—there were people of all sorts and ages,

But the portrait I fancied the most was—of you.



And you saw that I did. Which perhaps was the reason

Of your "No!" when I asked "May I have it?" You swore

You were going to be shot at the close of the season,

And you couldn't spare that, as there weren't any more.

But at length I prevailed, or at least you relented,

After ever so many excuses—in fine

We agreed to a compact, you only consented

On condition I gave you a portrait of mine.

Well, I promised, of course. And I write you these verses

With your face—you'll forgive me—quite close to my own.

There's a charm in your look that completely disperses

All my cares in a way that is yours, dear, alone.

And although I am pleased, since I won in the end—a

More ridiculous bargain has never, I vow,

Been arranged than a picture of pretty MELEND,

In exchange for the photograph sent to you now.

We did not meet again through some horrible blunder,

Which a merciless Fate must be asked to explain,

And I sometimes sit smoking, and wearily wonder

If I ever *am* destined to see you again.

Yet wherever the future may possibly find you,

To this final request do not answer me Nay,

When I ask that this gift of myself may remind you

Of the friend who was with you that evening in May.



BREAKING THE ICE.

SCENE—Public Drawing room of Hotel in the Engadine

The Hon. Mrs. Snobington (to Fair Stranger) "ENGLISH PEOPLE ARE SO UNSOCIABLE, AND NEVER SPEAK TO EACH OTHER WITHOUT AN INTRODUCTION. I ALWAYS MAKE A POINT OF BEING FRIENDLY WITH PEOPLE STAYING AT THE SAME HOTEL. ONE NEED NEVER KNOW THEM AFTERWARDS!"

ADVANCING YEARS.

(How it strikes a Contemporary.)

["Owing to advancing years, Mr — has been compelled to resign his position as—"] *Extr. act from any Daily Paper*

ADVANCING years! It cannot be.

What, JACK, the boy I've known—God! Why yes, it was in '43 [bless me!]

That first we met, and—since you press That's close on fifty years ago, [me—]

The time has sped without my knowledge, Like some deep river's silent flow, Since JACK and I first met at College

'Twas on a cloudy Autumn day,
Fast fading into misty twilight,
The freshmen, as they trooped to pray,
Stepped bolder in the evening's shy light.
As yet we did not break the rules
In which the College deans immesh men,
We fledglings from a score of schools,
That far October's brood of freshmen.

Like one who starts upon a race,
The Chaplain through the service scurried
From prayer to prayer he sped apace;
I marked him less the more he hurried.
My prayer-book fell—my neighbour smiled;
Reversing NEWTON with the apple,
I, by that neighbour's eye beguiled,
Quite lost my gravity in chapel.

And so we smiled. I see him still,
Blue eyes, where darting gleams of fun
shine,

A smile like some translucent rill
That sparkles in the summer sunshine,
A manly mien, and unafraid,
Crisp hair, fair face, and square-set
shoulders,
That made him on the King's Parade
The cynosure of all beholders.

And from this slight irreverence,
Too small, I hope, to waste your blame on,
We grew, in quite a Cambridge sense,
A sort of PYTHIAS and DAMON.
Together "kept," together broke
Laws framed by elderly Dracomans,
And I was six, and JACK was stroke,
That famous night we bumped the
Johmanns.

How strong he was, how fleet of foot,
Ye bull-dogs witness, and ye Proctors;
How bright his jests, how aptly put
His scorn of dons, and Dons, and Doctors.
We laughed at care, read now and then—
Though vexed by EUCLID on the same
bridge—

Ah, men in those great days were men
When JACK and I wore gowns at Cambridge.

We paid our fines, we paid our fees,
And, though the Dons seemed stony-hearted,
We both got very fair degrees,
And then, like other friends, we parted.
And when we said good-bye at last
I vowed through life to be his brother—
And more than forty years have passed
Since each set eyes upon the other.

And so through all these changing years
With all their thousand changing faces,
Their failures, hopes, successes, fears,
In half a hundred different places,
JACK still has been the same to me,
As bright within my memory's fair book
As when we met in '43,
And smiled about that fallen prayer-book.

Ah well, the moments swiftly stream
Unheeded through the upturned hour
glass,
I've lived my life, and dreamed my dream,
And quaffed the sweet, as now the sour glass.
But old and spent my mind strays back
To pleasant paths fresh-strewn with roses,
And I would see my old friend JACK
Once more before the curtain closes.

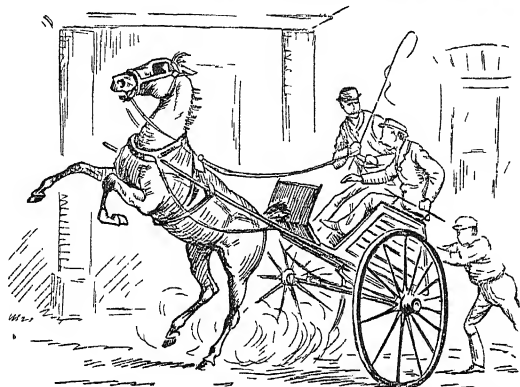
ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Earl of LATHOM (who, being quite six feet or more, cannot be described as Small and Earl-y) is to lay the foundation-stone of "The Cross Deaf and Dumb School for N. and E. Lancashire." Now the Deaf and Dumb are, as a rule, exceptionally cheerful and good-tempered. It is quite right, therefore, that exceptions to this rule should be treated in a separate establishment, and that the "Cross Deaf and Dumb" ones should have a house to themselves. *Prosit!*

A HIGHLY-POLISH'D PERFORMANCE.—HENRY IRVING as *Le Juif Polonais* in *The Bells*.

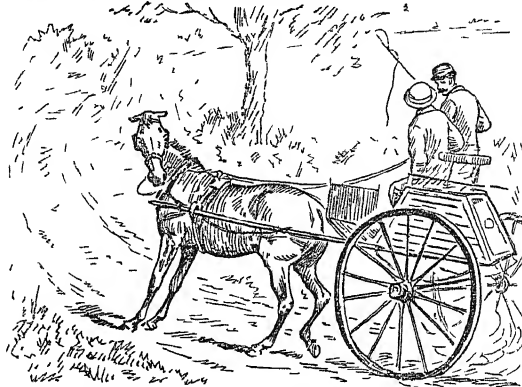


TUNING THE HARP.

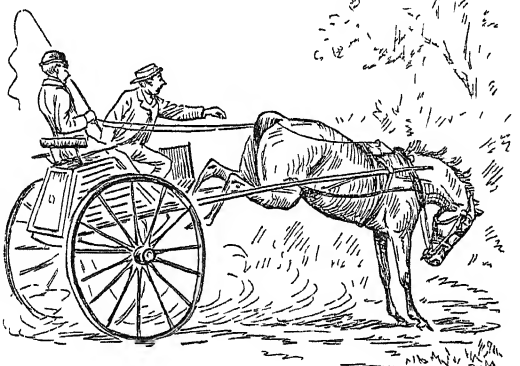
A FRIEND TAKES ME FOR A QUIET DRIVE.



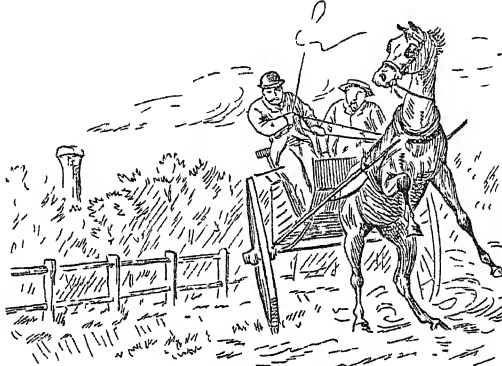
1. "Don't be alarmed, Jack—it's only her way. She always does this at starting. Never knew her to come over."



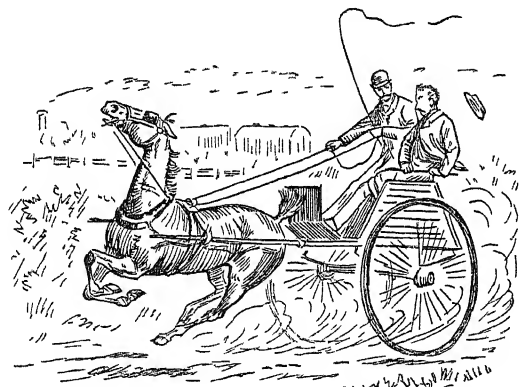
2. "May as well get out. She always makes me walk up here."



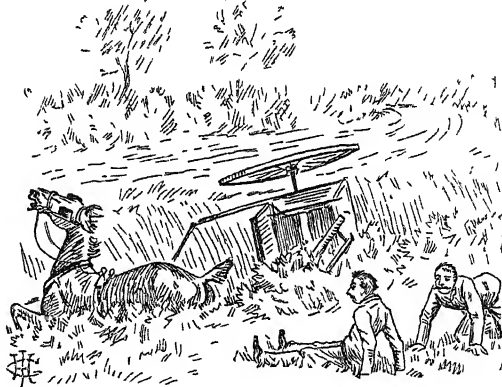
3. "Look sharp, Jack, and get the reins from under her tail or we'll have an accident!"



4. "Curious thing how she hates trains!"



5. "Better be on the look-out for a soft spot, old chap!"



6. "Now this is the second time she has turned me out just here!"

His listening ears, did
Jacko of the forest
So "slate" a foeman
when his head was
sorest.

Strange that to rave
and rant, like scullion
storm,
Like low virago scold,
should seem "good
form"

To our Society Simians,
when one name

Makes vulgar spite
oblivious of its shame!

"Voluntary and deli-
berate," their speech,

"Articulate too"—
those Apes! Then

could they teach
Their—say *deendants*,

—much. Does Club
or cage

Hear most of rabid and
unreasoned rage?

"Apes' manner of deli-
very shows" (they
say)

"They're conscious of
the meaning they'd
convey!"

Then pardon, GARNER!
Apes, though found

in clans,
Are *not*, of course, poli-
tical partisans.

Tired of the Club-room's
incoherent rage,

One pines for the
Gaboon, and GAR-
NER's cage.

For what arboreal ape
could rage and rail

Like him, with fierce
Gladstonophobia pale,

That Smoke-room Simi-
an, though without

a tail!

THE PICK OF THE BASKETS.

THE *Daily Graphic* published a specific against cholera, alleged to have been invented by Doctor PICK, a German. Evidently "Our pick'd man of countries." As it is something to drink, and not to eat, the inventor is under no necessity to be known henceforth as Dr. PICK-AND-CHEWS. His remedy is to treat the *bacilli* to Rhine Wine. The result of experiments has been "so much the worse for the *bacilli*." Substitute for the first vowel in "grapes" the third of the vowels, and it is of that the poor bacillus suffers, and dies. As the poet GROSSMITH sings of the German Rhine,—
"That of the Fatherland,
The happy Fatherland,
Gives the greatest pain inside."

However, the Bacillus is an enemy, and if he can be got rid of by *grape-shot*, pour it in and spare not.

NEW PUBLICATION.—"The Dumb D." Musical Novel. Companion to *The Silent Sea*, by Mrs. MACLEOD.

IN THE MONKEY-HOUSE;

Or, Cage versus Club.

PROFESSOR GARNER goes to the Gaboon To garner Monkey talk; a dubious boon! Stucco Philistia shows in many shapes The babble of baboons, the chat of apes. Why hang, Sir, up a tree, in a big cage, To study Simian speech, which in our age May be o'erheard on Platform or in Pub, And studied 'mid the comforts of a Club? And yet perchance your forest apes would shrink [think, From Smoke-room chat of apes who never

But cackle imitatively all round,
Till their speech hath an automatic sound.
Put the dread name of GL-DST-NE in the slot
SMELFUNGUS calls his mouth, and rabid rot
Will gurgle forth in a swift sewer-like gush
Of coarse abuse would make a bargee blush.
SMELFUNGUS is a soldier, and a swell,
But—the Gaboon can scarce surpass Pall-Mall

In vicious, gibbering vulgarity
Of coarse vituperation. Decency,
Courtesy, common-sense, all cast aside!
Pheugh! GARNER, in his cage, would open wide

INNS AND OUTS.

No. IV.—THE WINDOW-SHUTTERS.

"And efery time *he* gif a shoomp, *he* make de winders sound."

I do not allude to the white wooden Venetian work that shades the Grand Hôtel windows. It is of the clique who insist on shutting the windows that I write. Briefly speaking, the inmates of the Grand Hôtel may be divided into two classes—the window-openers and the window-shutters. The former are all British. The same Britons who at the Club scowl at a suspicion of draught, and luxuriate in an asphyxiating atmosphere, band against "the foreigners" in this respect. We have a national reputation to keep up. We are the nation of soap, of fresh air, of [condescending discontent; and when we are on the Continent every one else, including the native, is "a foreigner;" we carry our nationality about with us like a camp-stool; we squat on it; we are jealous of it, it is a case of "*Regardez, mais ne touchez pas!*"

This patriotic obtuseness culminates in the Battle of the Windows. It is an oppressive evening. The *Table d'Hôte*-room is seething like a caldron; a few chosen conspirators and myself open the campaign early; we "tip" ADOLF "the wink." That diplomatist orders the great window to be half-opened. If things go smoothly, he will gradually open out other sources of ventilation. The Noah's Ark procession files in—all shapes and all languages, like the repast itself; DONNERWITZ, TARTARIN, SHIRTISOFF, SCAMPALINI; there is nothing in common between them—save the paper collar; they would hail international declarations of war tomorrow; but the sight of us, and that speck of air leagues them. "*Mein Gott, Die Engländer!*" coughs DONNERWITZ; "*Ce sont de fanatiques enrhumés!*" hisses TARTARIN; SHIRTISOFF sneezes the sneeze of all the Russias; "*Corpo di Bacco!*" cries SCAMPALINI; still nothing is done; the "*Potage à la reine*,"—so called from the predominance of rain-water—ebbs away in the commingled smacks and gulps of the infuriated Powers; "*Sau-mon du Rhin, sauce Tartare*" is being apportioned to the knives of all nations; it is perhaps the sight of his knife, from which soup only is sacred, that nerves the fuming DONNERWITZ to lead the attack. "Hst!" he shouts to the studiously unheeding ADOLF; "nother bottil Pelleil—ver' well sare!" chirrups ADOLF reassuringly to me; DONNERWITZ raises his knife; I fear for the consequences; he brings it down with a clang on the hardened tumbler of the Grand Hôtel; the timid pensionnaire of numberless summers starts and grows pale; SHIRTISOFF

looks with peremptory encouragement towards the Teuton; "*Ach, gräslich!*" rattles out DONNERWITZ, and strikes again; the cobra-like guttural of that "*Ach*" is heart-rending; still no ADOLF; at a gold-fraught glance from my companions, he has ordered another detachment to the front; a fresh current of air invades the room. DONNERWITZ's knife is now brandishing peas; his offended napkin chokes him; with the yell and spring of a corpulent hyena, he rises and rushes to the windows.

The timid pensionnaire and her shrinking sisterhood follow him, under the misconception that he is summoning them to admire the sunset; the sunset is their evening excitement, and DONNERWITZ can be sentimental in his calmer moments; but no "*Wie wunder, wunderschön!*" escapes him; a Saxon word, that even they can understand, is on his lips; the ring on his forefinger gleams luridly; bang, bang, bang; he opens fire; down go the windows, and DONNERWITZ resumes his seat of war, his napkin waving like a standard before him. It is now my turn; I don't like it; but my co-conspirators expect me to maintain the honour of our country; ADOLF cannot be trusted further; I advance furtively; the eyes of Europe are upon me; one by one I open them again and subside; a terrible silence supervenes. What next?—that is the question!

But DONNERWITZ is not only a MOLTKE, he is also a BISMARCK; flushed and moist with exertion, he has foreseen this move; it is the hour of that inevitable "*Bavaroise*"; the fork has succeeded to the knife; his mouth is at last free to confabulate with his neighbour—the Lady from Chicago.

"Wal, I call that slap-up rude," I hear her remark. "In Amur'ca we should just hev' him removed; but Englishmen are built that way; they fancy, I s'pose, they discovered Co-LUMBUS;" and then DONNERWITZ leans over the table and, grasping the united weapons of fork, knife, and spoon, addresses me with effervescent deliberation. "Pardon,—Mister,—but —dis—leddy,—haf—gatarrh; in a Sherman shentleman's house—most —keep—first—de—leddy zimmer; so!" I don't fully understand, but I feel that my chivalry is impugned. My confederates, too, round upon me; "Of course," they whisper, "had no idea the lady was an invalid." The brutes! I stutter an apology, and "climb down;" the windows are again hermetically sealed; and, as I sink away, I hear "*Viva!*" "*Hoch!*" and clinking glasses. Then ADOLF hurries up surreptitiously, and whispers, "Tell you vat, Sare; to-morrow you shoost dine on de terrass; dere, plenty breeze, hein?" "Plenty breeze!"—and you pay three francs extra, and catch a cold.



E. H.

JENKS LIP

COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

Original Genius (soliloquising). "LOR, IT 'ID BIN A CROOL SHAME TO MISS AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS 'ERE. THE GOV'NOR OUGHTER LEMME 'AVE TEN BOB ON THAT JOB!"

SIGH NO MORE, LOTTIE.

["The disinfecting process has ruined all the dresses of Miss COLLINS."—*New York Telegram.*]

SIGH no more, LOTTIE, sigh no more,
Those gowns have gone for ever;
You've cut some capers on that shore
That you expected never;
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
To Tarara - boom - de nonny.
Sing that vile ditty yet once more,
And win almighty dollars
From Yankees who have spoilt your store
Of frocks, frills, cuffs and collars;
The air will run in their heads like one
O'clock, till it makes the same ache.
While on you shines prosperity's sun,
Your Tarara-boom-de hay make!

AT THE PATTENMAKERS' BANQUET.—At the Court Dinner of the Pattenmakers, held at the Metropole, the eulogies of the Worshipful Master, Sir AUGUSTUS DRUGRIOLANUS (now Master of Horse at Drury Lane), were plentiful, and he had a considerable amount of *patten* on the back from all his guests. The great dish of the evening was *Partridge au Patten*, an English substitute for *Perdre au chou*.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



OUR GRAND YOUNG GARDNER (HERBERT II.),
IN HIS NEW CHARACTER OF THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.
(With Song)—"Here's to the Health of the Barley Mow!"

SONNET ON CHILLON.

(Where the electric light is now installed in the dungeon of Bonivard.)

ELECTRIC lighting, dear to modern mind,
Bright in this dungeon!
Switzerland, thou art
Too mad for things quite
fin-de-siècle smart!
Surely the trains, that rumble just behind,
And Vevey trams, in my thoughts consigned
To even hotter place, had been enough
To scare SAND, HUGO,
SHELLEY, in a huff;
Make BYRON cast his poem to the wind!
Chillon, thy prison may become a place
With little marble tables in a row,
Where tourists, dressed with artless English grace,
May drink their *bock* or *café* down below,
And foreign penknives rapidly efface
The boasted names this light is meant to show.

MUSICAL NOTE.—The most tranquillising, or even somniferous melodies ever composed, must have been those written by the celebrated LULLI. The first thing by LULLI was a "*Lullaby*."

NEW WORDS TO AN OLD TUNE (AND A SYLLABLE TO SPARE).—Song for the SECRETARY FOR IRELAND:—"Tis all for good luck, quoth bould Rory O'Mor-ley."

ALL THE DIFFERENCE—between "Sir G. O. M." and "The G. O. M."

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR A PRESS CANDIDATE.

(With a View to Carrying out the Suggestion of the Institute of Journalists.)

1. What are the principal duties of an Editor? State what you would do if you were visited by bores of the following kinds:—(1), a friend; (2), an enemy; (3), a proprietor.
2. Show how a political article may be written, saying as little as possible in the greatest amount of space? Give specimens of "writing round a subject" without offending susceptibilities.
3. What are the duties of a Dramatic Critic? Show, by a specimen article, how a critique of a bad play, indifferently performed, can yet be made to give satisfaction to the Author, the Manager, the Company, and the Public?
4. What are the duties of a Special Correspondent at a Seat of War? Give a short descriptive article of a battle written in such a manner that the readers of your paper may learn everything without your getting shot as a spy, or drummed out of camp as an informer.
5. What are the duties of a Reviewer? Describe the process of log-rolling, and give specimen of notices of books:—(1), when the Author is your friend, but you object to the Publisher; (2), when you hate the writer, but must not offend the gentleman whose name appears as the distributor, and (3), when you know nothing of the volume and its producer, but suspect that the Author reviews for another periodical, and that you may possibly get an order from his literary introducer.
6. What are the duties of a Musical Critic? Show how it is feasible to write a most scientific notice without being able to distinguish the National Anthem, MASCAgni's "*Intermezzo*," or "*The Wedding March*," from "*The Blue Bells of Scotland*."
7. Distinguish the difference between "Our Own Commissioner" and "Our Own Correspondent," and "Our Special Reporter" and

"An Occasional Contributor." Give the rates of remuneration (if any) attaching to each office.

8. What is "City Intelligence?" Is it affected by the rise and fall of the advertisement columns? State the difference between "News Specially Communicated" and a puff paragraph.

9. Give the statistics (if you are able) of the number of aspirants to Journalism who have risen and fallen. Show that a small certainty in the City is better than an occasional ten-pound note earned in Fleet Street.

10. Write an essay upon the subject that Journalism is better as a stick than a crutch, and show that it is useless to take up your pen if you have not already provided (from other sources) for the payment of your butcher's book.

TO FOOTBALL.

FAREWELL to thee, Cricket,
Thy last match is o'er;
Thy bat, ball, and wicket,
Are needed no more.
To thy sister we turn,
For her coming we pray:
Her worshippers burn
For the heat of the fray.
Hail! Goddess of battle,
Yet hated of Ma(r)s,
How ceaseless their tattle
Of tumbles and scars!

Such warnings are vain,
For thy rites we prepare,
Youth is yearning again
In thy perils to share.

Broken limbs and black eyes,
May, perchance, be our lot;
But grant goals and ties
And we care not a jot.
Too sacred to name
With thy posts, ball, and field,
There is no winter game
To which thou canst yield.

NEW TRANSLATION—"VERY CHOICE ITALIAN."—"Sotto voce;" i.e., in a drunken tone of voice.

AN EN-NOBBLING SPECTACLE!

*Being some account of the Prodigal Daughter of Drury Lane.*CHAPTER I.—*The Tea-urn of the Hunter.*

SIR JOHN HENRY NEVILLE WOODMERE was the most considerate of men, and he had a very considerate family, and a large circle of considerate acquaintances. He was obliging to the last



Voluptuary, carrying weight, winning the Great Metropolitan Drury Lane Stakes. Everybody up.

degree. Among those he knew, and to whom he owed a deep debt of gratitude (for they had furnished him with an old family mansion, a stud of racers, and passes for himself and circle to Paris) were AUGUSTE LE GRAND, and HENRI LE PETIT.

"My good friend," said HENRI, "your daughter is charming. She has been well brought up, and has the finest sentiments; but it is necessary that she should run away to Paris, and dodge the parson. Otherwise, how could she be called *The Prodigal Daughter*?"

Sir JOHN saw the force of this reasoning, and consented.

"And stay," said AUGUSTE, "we must really have a good set, and you must go a fox-hunting. You must have armour, and a breakfast, and all of you must wear hunting-coats. And look here, we can't do without flowers, and coats-of-arms, and open windows."

"But," objected Sir JOHN, "if I am going a fox-hunting, surely it should be in the winter or spring. And how about the flowers?"

"You have got them from Nice," replied AUGUSTE.

So it was thus arranged. Sir JOHN's daughter, who was called ROSE MILLWARD WOODMERE, eloped and broke her father's heart.

"But," exclaimed her bereaved parent, preparing to mount a horse that was waiting for him on the lawn amongst the flower-beds, "although my heart is breaking, I will show the world I am a true English gentleman by starting off to head the chase!"

And he said this out of consideration for AUGUSTE and HENRI, because he knew they wanted what is technically known as a Curtain. And by this means he gave them one. And a good one too.

CHAPTER II.—*A little Trip to Paris.*

AND then Sir JOHN and all his considerate family and acquaintances went to Paris to stay at the Grand Hôtel, which seemed to have been surrendered to them (at convenient times) for their special use. Sir JOHN was accompanied by a most useful villain, who showed the depth of his depravity by wearing a moustache of the deepest dye. So that this depth might be better known, he called himself DEEPWATER.

"Sir JOHN," said this villain, "your daughter has come to Paris with Captain HARRY VERNON, and you should trounce him."

"I will," replied Sir JOHN, heartily; "but surely I have seen my daughter, and my niece, and Captain HARRY BOYNE VERNON, and the Hon. JULIAN KNIGHT BELFORD, and Lord HARRY NICHOLIS BANBERRY (a comic Peer), and his wife (a converted Quakeress), and DUDLEY J. L. SHINE ROPE, a wicked but amusing Hebrew, hanging about. Cannot we meet for two minutes, and set everything to-rights?"

"My dear Sir JOHN," returned MAURICE FERNANDEZ DEEPWATER, "pray consider yourself mistaken. As you say, if we all met together for two minutes in a room, the whole thing would be settled. But

then I am distinctly under the impression that AUGUSTE LE GRAND and HENRI LE PETIT would be confoundedly annoyed."

"Oh," exclaimed Sir JOHN, "if you think they would be annoyed, do not say another word about it!"

So the various characters gave one another a clear berth, and missed each other at the nick of time.

But after awhile ROSE was left alone with the Hon. JULIAN BELFORD.

"It is not very clear to me why we haven't married," said he.

"Nor to me either!" she replied. "We dawdled a bit, and I dare say put it off because what one knows can be done at any moment is often not done at all."

"Well, hadn't we better go to the British Embassy?"

"Why, yes," she replied, with some hesitation; "but I really think you had better say you will marry my cousin. I fancy it would please AUGUSTE and HENRI."

"Anything to oblige them," returned the Hon. JULIAN.

"That being settled, please leave me, as I have to fall in a dead faint—must get an effective Curtain, you know!"

The Hon. JULIAN KNIGHT BELFORD nodded his head, and then ROSE MILLWARD WOODMERE fainted—with the desired result.

CHAPTER III.—*Cackle v. 'Osses. The Favourite wins.*

AND now Sir JOHN and his considerate circle had come to England, and were close to Liverpool.

"My dear people," said HENRI, "never mind your love-making, never mind your plot, leave it to AUGUSTE, and he will pull you through."

And HENRI was quite right. AUGUSTE went to work with a will, and did pull them through. He took them to the Grand National Steeple Chace, and showed them and all the world a sight the like of which they had never seen before. There were real horses, real touts, and a real winner. Oh, how it went! It was magnificent! And, before this great race, AUGUSTE (helped by HENRI this time) showed a training-stable, and how a favourite can be nobbled. It didn't in the least matter why it was done, or where it was done. It was a lovely sight to see somebody or other giving the wrong horse beans. And the horse liked them, and eat them with a zest, and felt none the worse for them. On the contrary, the beans seemed to give the creature sufficient vigour to carry on the running until



Oss-tentation; or, "Giving him Beans."

Christmas at Drury Lane, with a trot to Covent Garden to follow, and then back again, perhaps to the old quarters, up to Easter.

"Ah, that will make all things right!" cried AUGUSTE. "*Voluptuary* will carry the whole of us—Authors, Managers, and Actors—to victory!" And he was right—*Voluptuary* did carry them to success—a gigantic one.

CHAPTER IV.—*The Means justify the End.*

AND Sir JOHN and his considerate circle acted up to their principles to the very end.

"ROSE, come to my arms!" said he, to his child; "you have been prodigal enough, it is now time for your reformation and conciliation."

"Then may we marry?" asked the Hon. JULIAN.

"Certainly!" was the reply.

And the other couples were also satisfactorily accounted for.

"Are you contented?" asked Sir JOHN, of AUGUSTE and HENRI.

"How does it end?" was the answer, taking the shape of a question.

"Happily for all. Not only for us, but for you and the Public generally."

AND AUGUSTE, HENRI, *Box and Cox*, and in fact everybody who was anybody, were satisfied. As indeed they should be.

AT A HYPNOTIC SÉANCE.

SCENE—A Public Hall in a provincial town. The Hypnotist—a tall, graceful, and handsome young man, in well-fitting evening clothes—has already succeeded in putting most of his subjects to sleep, and is going round and inspecting them critically, as they droop limply on a semicircle of chairs, in a variety of unpicturesque attitudes. The only Lady on the platform is evidently as yet in full possession of her senses.

First Female Spectator (to Second). MARIA MANGLES do take a time sending off, don't she?

Second F. S. (also a friend of Miss MANGLES). Yes, that she do—it gives her such a silly look, sitting there, the on'y one with her senses about her!

First F. S. It's all affectation—she could shut her eyes fast enough if she liked!

Second F. S. The 'Ipnotis'er's coming round to her now—she'll have to go off now. (With a not unpleasurable anticipation.) I expect he'll make her do all manner o' ridiculous things!

First F. S. Well, it will be a lesson to her against making herself so conspicuous another time. I shan't pity her.

The Hyp. (after a brief colloquy with Miss MANGLES). I see I am not likely to succeed with this Lady; so, with many thanks to her on behalf of myself and the audience for coming forward, I will detain her no longer.

[Applause, amidst which Miss M. descends to her seat in the body of the hall, with a smile of conscious triumph.]

First F. S. (disappointed). I don't see what she's done to clap their hands about, myself!

Second F. S. Nor I neither—taking up his time all for nothing—depend upon it she wouldn't have gone up if he hadn't been so nice-looking!

First F. S. I wouldn't like to think that of her myself; but, anyhow, she didn't get much by it, did she? He soon sent her packing!

Male Spectator (to a Woman in front of him). Evening, Mrs. MIDGELLY—I see they've got your good man up on the platform.

Mrs. M. He will go, Mr. BUDKIN! He's gone up every night the 'Ipnotis'er's been here, and says he feels it's going to do him good. So this evening I said I'd come in too, and judge for myself. What good he expects to get, laying there like a damp dishcloth, I don't know!

[Meanwhile the Hypnotist has borrowed a silver-handled umbrella from the audience, and thrust it before the faces of one or two loutish-looking youths, who immediately begin to squint horribly and follow the silver-top with their noses, till they knock their heads together.]

Mr. Budkin (to Mrs. MIDGELLY). He's going to give your husband a turn of it now.

[The umbrella-handle is applied to Mr. M., a feeble-looking little man with a sandy top-knot; he grovels after the silver-top when it is depressed, and makes futile attempts to clamber up the umbrella after it when it is held aloft.]

Mrs. M. (severely). I haven't patience to look at him. A Kitten 'ud have had more sense!

The Hyp. (calling up one of the heavy youths). Can you whistle, Sir? Yes? Then whistle something. (The Youth whistles a popular air in a lugubrious tone.) Now you can't whistle—try. (The Youth tries—and produces nothing but a close imitation of an air-cushion that is being unscrewed.) Now, if I were not to wake him up, this young gentleman's friends would never enjoy the benefit of his whistle again!

Voice from a Back Row. Don't wake him, Guv'nor, we can bear it!

Hyp. (after restoring the lost talent, and calling up another Youth, somewhat smartly attired). Now, Sir, what do you drink?

The Youth (with a sleepy candour). Beer when I can get 'old of it.

A Friend of his in Audience. JIM's 'aving a lark with him—he said as 'ow he meant to kid him like—he ain't 'ipnotised, bless yer!

Hyp. But you like water, too, don't you? (JIM admits this—in moderation.) Try this. (He gives him a tumbler of water.) Is that good water?

JIM (smacking his lips). That's good water enough, Sir.

Hyp. It's bad water—taste it again.

[JIM tastes, and ejects it with every symptom of extreme disapproval. JIM's Friend. Try him with a drop o' Scotch in it—he'll get it down!]

Hyp. (to JIM). There is no water in that glass—it's full of sovereigns, don't you see? (JIM agrees that this is so, and testifies to his conviction by promptly emptying the contents of the glass into his trousers' pocket.) What have you got in your pocket?

JIM (chuckling with satisfaction). Quids—golden sovereigns!

Hyp. Wake up! Now what do you find in your pocket—any sovereigns?

JIM (surprised). Sovereigns? No, Sir! (After putting his hand in his pocket, bringing it out dripping, and dolefully regarding the stream of water issuing from his leg.) More like water, Sir.

[He makes dismal efforts to dry himself, amidst roars of laughter.]

His Friend. Old JIM didn't come best out o' that!

Hyp. (to JIM). You don't feel comfortable? (Emphatic assent from JIM.) Yes, you do, you feel no discomfort whatever.

[JIM resumes his seat with a satisfied expression.]

An Open-minded Spect. Mind yer, if this yere 'Ipnotism can prevent water from being wet, there must be something in it!

Hyp. I will now give you an illustration of the manner in which, by hypnotic influence, a subject can be affected with an entirely imaginary pain. Take this gentleman. (Indicating the unfortunate Mr. MIDGELLY, who is slumbering peacefully.) Now, what pain shall we give him?

A Voice. Stomach-ache!

[This suggestion, however, is so cooly advanced that it fortunately escapes notice.]

Hyp. Tooth-ache? Very good—we will give him tooth-ache.

[The Audience receive this with enthusiasm, which increases to rapturous delight when Mr. MIDGELLY's cheek begins to twitch violently, and he nurses his jaw in acute agony; the tooth-ache is then transferred to another victim, who writhes in an even more entertaining manner, until the unhappy couple are finally relieved from torment.]

A Spect. Well, it's better nor any play, this is—but he ought to ha' passed the toothache round the lot of 'em, just for the fun o' the thing!

Mrs. Midgelly. I should ha' thought there was toothache enough without coming here to get more of it, but so long as MIDGELLY's enjoyin' himself, I shan't interfere!

[The Hypnotist has impressed his subjects with the idea that there is an Angel at the other end of the hall, and they are variously affected by the celestial apparition, some gazing with a rapt grin, while others invoke her stiffly, or hail her like a cab.]

Mr. MIDGELLY alone exhibits no interest.

Mr. Budkin (to Mrs. M.). Your 'usband don't seem to be putting himself out, Angel or no Angel.

Mrs. M. (complacently). He knows too well what's due to me, Mr. BUDKIN. I'm Angel enough for him!

Hyp. I shall now persuade this Gentleman that there is a beautiful young lady in green at the door of this hall. (To Mr. M.) Do you see her, Sir?

Mr. M. (rising with alacrity). I do. Lovely creature!

[He suddenly snatches up a decanter of water, and invites his invisible charmer, in passionate pantomime, to come up and share it with him—to the infinite delight of the Audience, and disgust of his Wife.]

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

Mr. Midgelly (as he rejoins his Wife). I felt the influence more strongly to-night than what I have yet; and the Professor says, if I only keep on coming up every night while he's here, I shall soon be completely susceptible to—Why, whatever's the matter, my dear?

Mrs. M. Matter! You're quite susceptible enough as it is; and, now I know how you can go on, you don't catch me letting you get 'ipnotised again. You and your young lady in green indeed!

Mr. M. (utterly mystified). Me and my—I don't know what you're alluding to. It's the first I've heard of it!

Mrs. M. (grimly). Well, it won't be the last by a long way. Oh, the insight I've had into your character this evening, MIDGELLY!

[Mr. M. is taken home, to realise that Hypnotism is not altogether without its dangers.]



"I do. Lovely creature!"



THUNDERS FROM SNOWDON.

"Nothing could have served my purpose better, than to have drawn this illuminating flash out of the thunders," &c., &c.—*Vide Duke of Argyll's Letter to The Times, and his Letter to Somebody who had drawn his Grace's attention to Mr. Gladstone's Snowdon Speech.*

MEM. FROM WHITBREADFORDSHIRE.—Sir BLUNDELL MAPLE is reported to have said, "I'll give you a good tip. Back Duke—and my horses for the Cambridgeshire." New Carpet Knight not successful as a sporting tipster, seeing that Colonel DUKE, though he fought well, was beaten. Perhaps Sir BLUNDELL meant *the Duke*, who races every night at Drury Lane. That's a very good tip, as safe as houses—Drury Lane houses, of course.

A CITY PARADOX.

OUR City Aldermanic lights

Who talk (and live) a trifle high,
In stern defence of civic rights

Profess themselves prepared to die
And yet the Aldermanic crowd—

It's amply true, say what you will—
With open eyes have just allowed
The Mayoralty to come to KNILL!

"HABITUAL DRUNKARDS COMMITTEE."—An awful-looking heading to a paragraph! What a picture the imagination may conjure up of a Committee of Habitual Drunkards! There would be the Honble. TOM TOPER, Lord SOTT, SAM SOKER, Marquis of MOPPS and BROOMS, Captain FUDDLE, DICK SWIZZLER, R.N., FRANK FARGONE (of the *Daily Booze*), with TITE ASA DRUMM in the Chair, or if not, under the table with the others.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

(By Mr. Punch's own Grouse in the Gun-room.)

MANY manuals have been published for the edification of beginners in the art of shooting. If that art can indeed be acquired by reading, there is no reason why any youth, whose education has been properly attended to, should not be perfectly proficient in it without having fired a single shot. But, *Mr. Punch* has noticed in all these volumes a grave defect. In none of them is any instruction given which shall enable a man to obtain a conversational as well as a merely shooting success. Every pursuit has its proper conversational complement. The Farmer must know how to speak of crops and the weather in picturesque and inflammatory language; the Barrister must note, for use at the dinner-table, the subtle jests of his colleagues, the perplexity of stumbling witnesses, and the soul-stirring jokes of Judges; the Clergyman must babble of Sunday-schools and Choir-practices. Similarly, a Shooter must be able to speak of his sport and its varied incidents. To be merely a good shot is nothing. Many dull men can be that. The great thing, surely, is to be both a good shot and a cheerful light-hearted companion, with a fund of anecdotes and a rich store of allusions appropriate to every phase of shooting. *Mr. Punch* ventures to hope that the hints he has here put together, may be of value to all who propose to go out and "kill something" with a gun.

THE GUN.

No subject offers a greater variety of conversation than this. But, of course, the occasion counts for a good deal. It would be foolish to discharge it (metaphorically speaking) at the head of the first comer. You must watch for your opportunity. For instance, guns ought not to be talked about directly after breakfast, before a shot has been fired. Better wait till after the shooting-lunch, when a fresh start is being made, say for the High Covert half a mile away. You can then begin after this fashion to your host:—"That's a nice gun of yours, CHALMERS. I saw you doing rare work with it at the corner of the new plantation this morning." CHALMERS is sure to be pleased. You not only call attention to his skill, but you praise his gun, and a man's gun is, as a rule, as sacred to him as his pipe, his political prejudices, his taste in wine, or his wife's jewels. Therefore, CHALMERS is pleased. He smiles in a deprecating way, and says, "Yes, it's not a bad gun, one of a pair I bought last year."

"Would you mind letting me feel it?"

"Certainly not, my dear fellow—here you are."

You then interchange guns, having, of course, assured one another that they are not loaded. Having received CHALMERS's gun, you first appear to weigh it critically. Then, with an air of great resolution, you bring it to your shoulder two or three times in rapid succession, and fire imaginary shots at a cloud, or a tuft of grass. You now hand it back to CHALMERS, observing, "By Jove, old chap, it's beautifully balanced! It comes up splendidly. Suits me better than my own." CHALMERS, who will have been going through a similar pantomime with your gun, will make some decently complimentary remark about it, and each of you will think the other a devilish knowing and agreeable fellow.

From this point you can diverge into a discussion of the latest improvements, as, e.g., "Are ejectors really valuable?" This is sure to bring out the man who has tried ejectors, and has given them up, because last year, at one of the hottest corners he ever knew, when the sky was simply black with pheasants, the ejectors of both

his guns got stuck. He will talk of this incident as another man might talk of the loss of a friend or a fortune. Here you may say,—"By gad, what frightful luck! What did you do?" He will then narrate his comminatory interview with his gun-maker; others will burst in, and defend ejectors, or praise their own gun-makers, and the ball, once set rolling, will not be stopped until you take your places for the first beat of the afternoon, just as MARKHAM is telling you that his old Governor never shoots with anything but an old muzzle-loader by MANTON, and makes deuced good practice with it too.

"Choke" is not a very good topic; it doesn't last long. After you have asked your neighbour if his gun is choked, and told him that your left barrel has a modified choke, the subject is pretty well exhausted.

"Cast-off." Not to be recommended. There is very little to be made of it.

Something may be done with the price of guns. There's sure to be someone who has done all his best and straightest shooting with a gun that cost him only £15. Everybody else will say, "It's perfect rot giving such high prices for guns. You only pay for the name. Mere robbery." But there isn't one of them who would consent not to be robbed.

It sometimes creates a pretty effect to call your gun "My old fire-iron," or "my bundook," or "this old gas-pipe of mine."

"Bore." Never pun on this word. It is never done in really good sporting society. But you can make a few remarks, here and there, about the comparative merits of twelve-bore and sixteen-bore. Choose a good opening for telling your story of the man who shot with a fourteen-bore gun, ran short of cartridges on a big day, and was, of course, unable to borrow from anyone else. Hence you can deduce the superiority of twelve-bores, as being the more common size.

All these subjects, like all others connected with shooting, can be resumed and continued after dinner, and in the smoking-room. Talk of the staleness of smoke! It's nothing to the staleness of the stories to which four self-respecting smoking-room walls have to listen in the course of an evening.

(To be continued.)

BY-AND-BY LAWS FOR TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

(When Meetings are held in "Times of Political or Social Crises.")

1. Cabs, omnibuses, carriages, and pedestrians will be expected to keep clear of the space occupied by the Demonstrators.

2. To prevent destruction of glass and removal of property from shop windows, tradesmen will be expected to put up their shutters several hours before the holding of the meeting.

3. No particular notice will be paid to the transference of property from one leader of labour to another. If done by stealth, it will be accepted as a proof of secret Socialism.

4. No objection will be raised to combats amongst the Demonstrators, with the restriction that no Government property is injured.

5. As the maintaining of the road is a matter of contract, Demonstrators wishing to emphasise their opinions, must bring their own stones.

6. As a good deal of property is expected to change hands during the various proceedings, an application with a description of lost goods, and photograph of supposed thief, can be addressed to the Chief Inspector of Police, Scotland Yard.

7. These regulations (which are tentative) will be in force until after the next General Election, when a fresh series will be published, to be followed by others as occasion may require.



A PIS-ALLER.

"ARE THERE ANY NIGGERS ON THE BEACH THIS MORNING, MAMMIE?" "No, dear; it's SUNDAY MORNING."

"OH, THEN I MAY AS WELL GO TO CHURCH WITH YOU!"

A POOR ROAD TO LEARNING.

SCENE—Interior of a School Board Office. Official discovered hard at work, doing single-handed in London what is done by nearly a thousand officials combined in "Bonnie Scotland." Enter Female Applicant, with infant.

Applicant. Please, Sir, here's my boy. Can you take him?

Official. Certainly. Has he had any education?

App. Well, as he's rising five, not much.

Off. But does he know anything? For instance, has he learned any English history?

App. Not that I know of.

Off. Has he dipped into geography?

App. Well, I don't think he has.

Off. Can he cipher at all?

App. Not very well.

Off. Does he know what two and two make?

App. Well, he has never said he does.

Off. Can he write?

App. Well, no, he doesn't write.

Off. But I suppose he can read? Come, he at least can read?

App. Well, no, Sir, I am afraid he's not much of a scholar. I don't think he can read.

Off. Then he is abso-

KNILL NISI BONUM.

THE good common sense of the Common Councilmen and Liverymen of the City,—Liverymen not to be led astray by any false lights,—coupled with their truly English love of fairplay, prevailed, and the City Fathers on Goose Day were prevented from following in the goose-steps of that Uncommon Councilman who, bearing the honoured names of BEAUFOY (a fine old Norman-Baron title!) and of MOORE (shade of Sir THOMAS!!), made so extraordinary a display of

bigotry and ignorance as, it is to be hoped, is rare, and becoming rarer every day, among our worthy JOHN GILPINS of credit and renown East of the Griffin.



Lord Mayor Elect Knill and the Livery Goose.

But in spite of this nonsensical hot-gossiping rant, Alderman and Sheriff STUART KNILL was elected Lord Mayor, while BEAUFOY MOORE was, so to speak, no MOORE, and, in fact, very much against his will and wish, was reduced to NIL. WILLY-KNILLY he had to cave in. Mr. Punch congratulates the Lord Mayor Elect, but still more does he congratulate the City Fathers on rising above paltry sectarianism, so utterly unworthy of time, place, and persons, and for standing up, in true English fashion, for freedom of worship coupled with absolute Liberty of Conscience.

lutely ignorant—miserably ignorant.

App. Very likely, Sir,—you know best.

Off. Well, now, my good woman, I will tell you what we will do with him. We will teach him to read, write, and cipher, and give him an excellent education.

App. And you will take care of him, Sir?

Off. Of course we will take care of him; and as for his education, we will—

App. Oh, Sir, so long as you looks after him, never you mind about his education!

[Exit infantless.]

TO MAUD.

A Penitent Roundel.

I CALLED YOU MAUDE. I only meant to tease, But somehow, ere I ended, came to laud Your charms in my poor verses. So in these

I called you MAUDE.

"My name is MAUD. And I am over-awed,

Forgive the indiscretion if you please. The spirit Truth, they tell me, is abroad, And since she sojourns still across the seas,

I swear I knew the final e a fraud—

So that you suffered from no lack of e's

I called you MAUDE!

THE PRIDE OF THE EMPIRE.

At this moment there is really a very excellent extertainment at the Empire Theatre of Varieties, something, or rather many things of which the Management may, and should be proud. A capital troupe of Bicyclists, a Spanish Dancer and singer—whose gestures to the multitude are more intelligible than her language—a graceful, serpentine dancer, and "a very peculiar American Comedian"—all these are a part of the programme. But the best item in this liberal bill of fare is *Round the Town*, a characteristic Ballet, in five tableaux. The composers of this pleasing piece are



"A Warde with you."

Madame KATTI LANNER, and Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. As the lady

is well known for her admirable dances, it may be safely presumed that the gentleman is solely responsible for the plot, or rather "the argument." It runs as follows:—"Dr. Burch, newly arrived in London with his pupils, wishes to show them the sights. What better to begin with than Covent Garden Market in the early morning?" Quite so, the more especially as the lads must be very backward boys. There are six of them, and the youngest seems about thirty, and the oldest about double that age. The Doctor must have rescued them from Epsom Race Course, and apparently is attempting to give them an education fitting them to follow what seems to be his own calling—the profession of an undertaker. These elderly pupils follow their kind preceptor (for, although he is called *Burch*, there is not the slightest suggestion of the rod about him, and, moreover, his charges are really too elderly to receive chastisement) to the Royal Exchange, the Thames Embankment, and, lastly, to the Empire. During their travels, they meet Mr. *Rapless*, known as "the Oofless Swell," (a Stock Exchange Swell (Empire Period). part amusingly played by Mr. W. WARDE), and John Brough, a carpenter with a taste for ballet costumes and drink, the carpenter's wife, and the carpenter's



WRITTEN A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

(From a Collection of Communications supplied by our Prophetic Compiler.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—
Forgive me for addressing you, but the urgency of the occasion warrants the intrusion. A hundred years since, the old Fighting *Foudroyant* was sold by the Admiralty to be broken up. The moment the Public of the Period learned the cruel fact through the customary sources of information, they flew to the rescue. Headed by the then LORD MAYOR, they raised a fund to bring back the discarded vessel, and yet in those distant days there were they who denied that the *Foudroyant* had ever done anything in particular. And now we propose doing the same thing. On the Thames there is an ancient steamboat called *Citizen Z*, that once belonged to the Company that started penny river lifts. It is certainly rather out of date, but is full of historical memories. It is said that the Cabinet travelled to Greenwich on its venerable boards, where they feasted on the half-forgotten Whitebait, and the entirely superseded Champagne. It has carried, at one time or another, all the nobility to Rosherville, there to spend (as the old saying went) "a happy



OVERHEARD IN THE HIGHLANDS.

First Chieftain. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, WHAT A DOOSE OF A BORE THESE GAMES ARE!" *Second Chieftain.* "AH, BUT, MY DEAR BOY, IT IS THIS SORT OF THING THAT HAS MADE US SCOTCHMEN WHAT WE ARE!"

day," and yet it is proposed to break it up! Out upon the thought! Have we no veneration for our relics of the past? Cannot we appreciate a boat that should have had an honoured place in the Museum at Woolwich? Do not let this act of Vandalism be done. Save the steamer for the sake of its past. Yours truly,

A REAR-ADMIRAL.
H.M.S. *Electric-Balloon, Skye.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I appeal to you, and I know I shall not appeal in vain. The picturesque Cabman's Shelter in the middle of Piccadilly is threatened! I hope you will exert your influence to preserve it. It absolutely teems with historical associations. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is supposed to have used it for writing his famous letter on the Poor-Laws, and to this day is shown the initials of CHARLES STUART PARNELL which were carved by that celebrated statesman on one of its benches about the middle of the last century—probably in 1854. And why is it to be removed? Simply because it is said to impede the traffic! Could anything be more absurd? Do, pray, save it from the hand of the ruthless "improver." Yours truly,

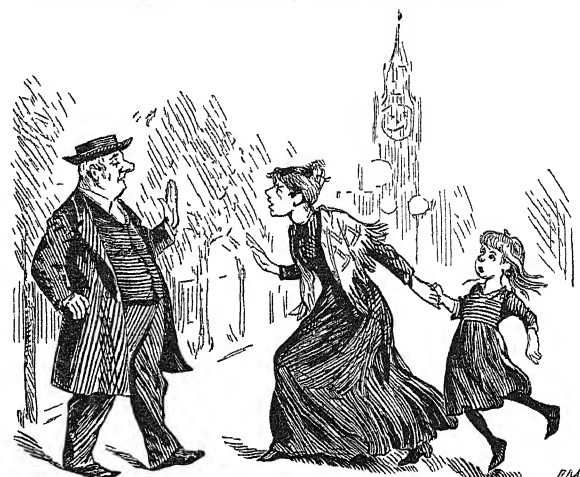
ONE WHO RESPECTS
THE PAST.
Tumbledowns, West Kensington (late Reading).

child. Dr. Burch, who is evidently easy-going, but good-hearted, after flirting with a lady who has her boots cleaned before the Royal Exchange, suddenly develops into a philanthropist, not to say a divine. On the carpenter's wife and child appearing on the Thames Embankment in the characters of would-be suicides, the worthy pedagogue convinces them (to quote the programme) "That they have no right to take away the lives which the Almighty has placed in their hands." Mother and child are quickly convinced, and the neat but drunken father (Signorina MALVINA CAVALAZZI) appearing on the scene, the good man informs him that his wife and child are dead, "driven to an untimely grave by his (the intemperate but natty artisan's) desertion and cruelty." The effect of this inaccurate statement is startling. To quote once more from the argument, "incontinently the now penitent ruffian falls fainting to the ground." But he is brought back to himself, his better self, by his child whispering "Father!" The situation is full of pathos, even when witnessed from the Stalls. Recovering his senses, the converted carpenter promptly borrows money from the good old Doctor, and when that estimable gentleman is about to enter the Empire Theatre of Varieties (accompanied by his school), a little later he has the "satisfaction of seeing his protégé Mortimer (the ex-ruffian), returning contentedly from his work." This is the simple but pathetic story that Mr. GEO. EDWARDES touchingly tells with the assistance of a full corps de ballet, five tableaux, and last, but certainly not least, the hints of Madame KATTI LANNER.



Jolly Tar A.B. "Hip, Hip, Hooray!"

There are many remarkable persons in *Round the Town*. Notably an effeminate but substantial stock-broker, who looks like a stock-jobber's maiden-aunt in disguise. Another important personage is a representative of the Navy, whose figure suggests as an appropriate greeting, "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!" Both these characters are well-played, and although subordinate parts, make their mark, or rather,



Dramatic Situation on the Embankment, as seen from Empire Stalls. we should say, score heavily. Altogether, the ballet is excellent both in dances and plot. The first is a testimony of the good head of Madame KATTI LANNER, and the last of the equally good heart of Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. There is no doubt that *Round the Town* will draw all London to see (in its realistic scenes) all London drawn!



A NUISANCE.

Miss Priscilla. "YES; IT'S A BEAUTIFUL VIEW. BUT TOURISTS ARE IN THE HABIT OF BATHING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE, AND THAT'S RATHER A DRAWBACK." *Fair Visitor.* "DEAR ME! BUT AT SUCH A DISTANCE AS THAT—SURELY——"
Miss Priscilla. "AH, BUT WITH A TELESCOPE, YOU KNOW!"

AT LAST!

(*Jeremiad by a Middle-aged Martyr to the great Seaside Superstition.*)
 ["To middle-aged people, at all events, nothing can be more trying and deleterious than holidays."—*Daily News.*]

OH, thanks to thee, thanks to thee, sage unconventional!
 Heaven be blest, the truth's out, then, at last!
 Holiday woes—'twould take volumes to mention all!—
 Now, in the lump, meet a shrewd counterblast.
Trying? Of course they are! *Most deleterious?*
 Scribe, let me clasp thee, in thought, to this breast!
 Holiday-hunting is Man's most mysterious,
 Maddening quest!

Quizote, I swear, was a model of sanity,
 When with the Holiday-seeker compared.
 Fidgety folly, and tussy inanity,
 These be the figments by which we are snared.
 Soon as you're drawn from your own cosy drawing-room,
 Far over flood, field, or foam—for your sins—
 Then, when your breast makes for vulturine gnawing room,
 Bother begins!

Bother, that bugbear of bufferish Middle-Age!
 Swift "scurry-funging" may do for the young;
 The "hey-diddle-diddle, the Cat-and-the-fiddle" age.
 "Over the moon" I myself once had sprung,
 Thirty years syne, in sheer fervour athletical—
 Now, like the dog, I would laugh, and look on.
 Once, with sheer "drive," I'd a sense sympathetical—
 Now I have none!

Holiday? Term, Sir, is simply a synonym
 For—waste of tissue! What doctor will dare
 Tell his poor patients so? I'll put my tin on him!
 Rest? Recreation? Pick-up? Change of air?
 All question-begging fudge-phrases of sophistry!
 Let city-toilers who're fagged or "run down,"
 Autumnal quiet (in home or in office), try;
 Not "out of town."

Out of town? Where is the term that's clapping?
Means out of temper, or out of your mind.
 Boot-black or old crossing-sweeper's far happier,
 Tied to his task in the town—as you'll find.
 Picking up coppers far better than picking up
 Shells by the sea, or sham friends on the shore.
 Bah! What have buffers to do with such kicking-up
 Heels? It's a bore!

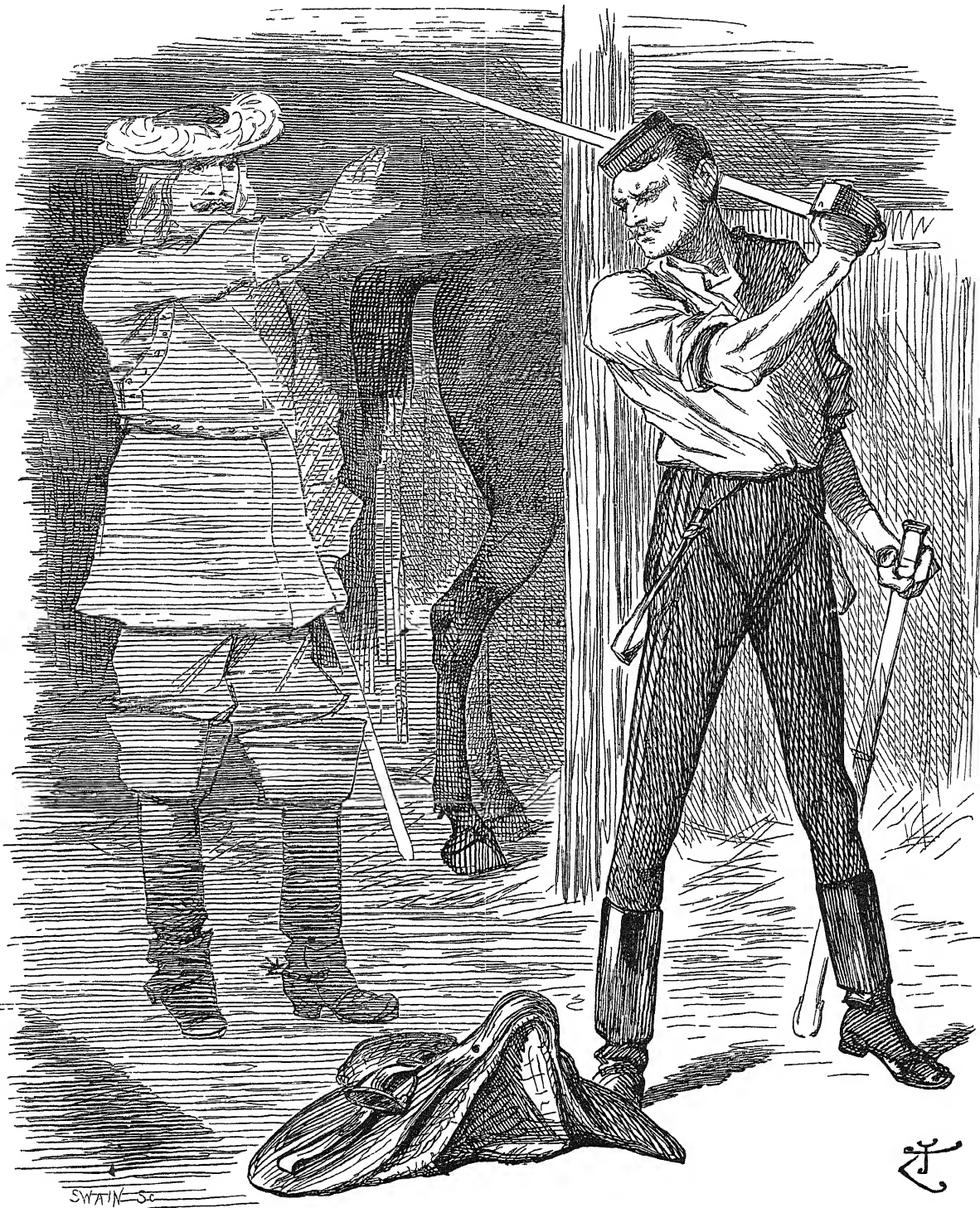
Who'll start a League to be called Anti-Holiday?
 Bet half the middle-aged men-folk will join!
 Then we *might* get an occasional jolly day,
 Free from the pests who perplex and purloin.
 "Health-Resort" quackery, portmanteau-packery,
 Cheat-brigade charges and chills I might miss,
 Dear-bought jumcrackery, female knickknackery!
 Oh! 'twere pure bliss!

BRAVO, BOBBY!

['The Brighton Police have received orders to move on all organ-grinders.']

BLESS you, Brighton Bobby, bless you, Boldly bringing balmy bliss! Barrel - organ barred — I guess you Banish blatant bands with this	Battered bands from Bremen, Berlin; Bearded bandits, born between Bari and Bergamo, hurl in! Bathed—that's what they've never been!
Brazen blasts, by boobies blow- ing, Bad as barrel's buzz can be. Bid them budge! I'd vote for throwing Beggars like these in the sea.	Britons all, oh, be not laggards, But, like Brighton, move them on! Bad, bacteria-bearing black- guards, Beastly, blatant brutes, begone!

ANOTHER ABOUT THE NEW LORD MAYOR ELECT.—"It's a *Knill*
wind that blows nobody any good." Signed, BOGIE MOORE.



THE OLD SPIRIT.

[“*Gentlemen of the Life Guards,—Forward—March!*”—SIR WALTER SCOTT. “*Old Mortality.*”]

L'ESPRIT DE CORPS (*log.*). “SHAME! SHAME!—IS IT THUS YOU USE YOUR SWORDS? WHATEVER MAY HAVE HAPPENED, ARE WE NOT STILL ‘GENTLEMEN OF THE LIFE GUARDS’?”

“It is stated that Lord METHUEN, after censuring the conduct of the regiment, requested the men who had cut the saddle-panels to step forward and own the act, which would in that case be dealt with simply as a case of insubordination. He gave them a few minutes to consider, but as none of them made any admission, he intimated that he should have to report the matter to the Commander-in-Chief as a mutiny.”—*Daily Paper*, 30th Sept., 1892.



AN ABSENT AUDIENCE.

Socialist. "AH!—IT'S ALL VERY WELL YER ALL LOOKING AT ME, WITH YER SMILES AND YER JEERS . . ."

DE CORONÂ.

"[The shape of the hat is another token in which individuality asserts itself, and the angle at which it is worn. There are men who vary this angle with their different moods.]—Article on *"Men's Dress," Daily News, Sept. 10.*"

You ask why I gaze with devotion
At ALGERNON'S features, my love?
Nay, you are astray in your notion,
My glance is directed above;
His hair may be yellow or ruddy,
No longer I'm anxious for that,
But now I incessantly study
The tilt of his hat.

At times it will carelessly dangle
With an air of æsthetic repose,
At others will point to an angle
Inclined to the tip of his nose;
When it rests on the side of his head, he
Will smile at whatever befalls,
When pushed o'er his brow, we make ready
For numerous squalls!

When he starts for his train to the City
It is put on exactly upright,
And who would not view it with pity
Return, mud-bespattered, at night?
When early, so polished and glowing,
Jammed on at haphazard when late;
It forms a barometer, showing
His mood up to date.

And you, who are young and unmarried,
Give heed to my counsel, I pray;
Do not, I entreat you, be carried
By wealth or affection away;
The heroine, novelists mention,
"Eyes fondly his features." Instead,
Observe, for *your* part, with attention
The hat on his head!

A NEW COLLECTION OF *HIMS*, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—The Church Congress at Folkestone.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WE were not overcrowded last week at Newmarket, and really the more one takes racing from a business point of view, the more attractive it becomes!—at least, I have found it so myself ever since it has been my duty to acquire information for the benefit of my readers.

There was only one thing that annoyed me during the week, and that was the inconsiderate behaviour of *Windgall* in winning the October Handicap, although it was a most extraordinary confirmation of my remarks anent his performance in the Leicester Handicap, in my last letter; but it is annoying that, when you select a horse to win a race, he runs *second*, and directly after wins a race for which he is *not* selected, beating the horse chosen by a length!—it puzzles me completely, as it is impossible in this case to put it down to want of good breeding! We were sorry not to have the *Buccaneer-Orviato* match decided, as it would have been the event of the meeting; but, as the old proverb runs, "a wise owner is merciful to his beast," so *Orviato* had an afternoon's rest at the price of £100!—rather more than some people might be inclined to pay for a game of forfeits!

The time is not yet ripe—(has anyone ever seen time get ripe, I wonder?)—for disclosing what I know about the *Cesarewitch*—(I never know whether I've spelt that correctly or not!—and the more you look at it the "wronger" it seems!)—but I may mention that I've heard great accounts of *Kingkneel*, who was bought the other day for Sir GREENASH BURNLEY (the latest favourite of fortune, and beloved of the ring)—and had he not earned a penalty—(this expression ought to be changed, as it implies, to my mind, which

is an excellent average sample; a misde-meanor)—by winning a paltry thousand pounds race somewhere; I really believe the *Cesare*—no!—not again!—was at his mercy—but now, as the turf-writer puts it—"I shall look elsewhere!"—as if that would make any difference!—but of this race, more anon, and meantime, those who are fond of the "good things" of this life must not miss my selection for the big race of next week at Kempton—on the Jubilee Course, which said course, I am told, is by no means a Jubilee for the jockeys, owing to the danger in "racing for the bend."

There are several horses entered who seem to have great chances, making the race as difficult as a problem in *Euclid*—but my selection will most certainly be "there, or thereabouts," which is a comforting, if somewhat vague reflection.

Yours truly, LADY GAY.

DUKE OF YORK STAKES SELECTION.

THE muse is dull!—the day is dead!

And vain is all endeavour

To light afresh the poet's spark—

I *can't* find a rhyme for the winner,
Iddesleigh.

P.S.—Really it's most thoughtless of owners to harass one with such names!

"IN THIS STYLE, TWO-AND-SIX"

(IN THE POUND).

SIR,—I have been much struck with the suggestion to do without hats, and have made trial of the system. It has also made trial of *me*, in the way of colds in the head, bronchial catarrh, &c, but I still persevere. *It's so much cheaper!* I have sold my stock of old hats for half-a-crown, and calculate that I shall save *quite three shillings per annum* by not buying new ones. Surely anybody can see that this is well worth doing! I am now seriously contemplating the possibility of *doing without boots!* Yours truly,

SAVE THE SAXPENCES.

SIR,—Talk about hair growing if you leave off hats! My hair was falling off in handfuls a little time ago. Did I abjure hats altogether? Not being a born idiot, I did not. But I saw that what was needed was proper ventilation aloft. So I had a specially-constructed top-hat made, with holes all round it. In fact there were more holes than hat, and the hatter scornfully referred to it as a "sieve." The invention answered splendidly. There was a thorough draught constantly rushing across the top of my head, with the speed and violence of a first-class tornado. My locks, before so scanty, at once began to grow in such profusion that it now seems impossible to stop them, except by liberal applications of "*Crinificatrix*," the Patent Hair Restorer. That checks the growth effectually. My general name among chance acquaintances is "*Old Doormat*." You can judge how thick my hair must be and I ascribe it entirely to the beneficent action of the draught, as before.

Yours, WELL-COVERED.

DEAR SIR,—Why would it be a mistake to say that a Negro was "as black as my hat?" *Because I never wear one.* The only inconvenience resulting is in wet weather—but, even then, I am prepared for all emergencies. I keep in my pocket a little square of black waterproof, to cover my head when it rains. In an Assize town, the other day, I was followed by an angry crowd, who imagined that I was one of the Judges, and that I had gone mad, and was walking about the streets with the black cap on! But all true reformers are treated in this way, even in England, the land of Liberty. Yours, HATZOFF.

THE JERRY-BUILDING JABBERWOCK.



"BEWARE the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!"—
Ah, CARROLL! it is not in fun
Your song's light lilt we snatch.

Our Jabberwock's a *real* brute,
With mighty maw, and ruthless hand,
Who ravage makes beyond compute
In Civic Blunderland.

Look at the ogre's hideous mouth!
His tiger-teeth, his dragon-tail!
O'er Town, East, West, and North and South,
He leaves his slimy trail.

And where he comes all Beauty dies,
And where he halts all Greenery fades.
Pleasantness flies where'er he plies
His gruesomest of trades.

He blights the field, he blasts the wood,
With breath as fierce as prairie flame;
And where sweet works of Nature stood,
He leaves us—slums of shame.

The locust and the canker-worm
Are not more ruinous than he.
"I'll take this Eden—for a term!"
He cries, and howls with glee.

"Beauty? Mere bosh! Charm? Utter rot!
What boots your 'Earthly Paradise,'
Until 'tis made 'A Building Plot'?
Then it indeed looks nice!

"O Jerry Street! O Jerry Park!
O Jerry Gardens, Jerry Square!—
You won't discover—what a lark!—
One 'touch of Nature' there!

"This handsome Villa Residence" [walks;
Means mud-built walls and clay-clogged
And drains offensive to the sense,
And swamps whence fever stalks.



METAMORPHOSIS.

(*"We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."*)

Conductor. "TAKE YER TO THE CIRCUS, AND THERE YOU 'LL CHANGE INTO A HELEPHANT."

Master Kenneth. "OH, MOTHER, WHAT A JOLLY CIRCUS! MAY WE GO AND SEE THE OLD GENTLEMAN CHANGE INTO AN ELEPHANT?"

"Beauty's best friends I drive away,
Artists who sketch, ramblers who rove,
Lovers who spoon, children who play,—
All, all who Nature love.

"Nor do I give them wholesome homes
For verdant meads—no, there's the fun!
Stuccodom, frail and sickly, comes
After 'Lot Twenty-One!'

"I make a clearing, dig a trench,
Run up a shell of rotten bricks.
And thus the rule of sham and stench
Upon the 'site' I fix.

"The ugly and unhealthy still
Associate with the name of Jerry;
And thus I work my wicked will,
And flourish, and make merry!"

'Twas so the Jerry-Jabberwock
Sang in a suburb, void of shame,
Blunderland's civic will to mock,
And put its sense to shame.

This ogre of our towns to slay,
Where is the urban "Beamish Boy"?
CARROLL, when comes that "frabjous day,"
We'll "chortle in our joy."

Young County Council, are you one?
'Tis said you're but a Bumble-batch!
Beware the Jobjob Bird, and shun
The Bigot-Bandersnatch!

We'll pardon much that seems absurd,
Excuse some blunders that bewilder,
If you'll but "draw your vorpal sword"
And slay—the Jerry-Builder!

THE MODERN MERCURY.



BEHOLD that urchin, occupied
In counting with an honest pride
The marbles he has won!

O tardy messenger of fate,
Without distinction, small and great,
Their telegrams, perforce, await
Until your game is done.

Perchance a philosophic strain
Makes you regard as wholly vain
Our human bliss and woes;
What matters, whether State affairs,
Or news of good, or weighty cares,
Or tidings relative to shares
Within your bag repose?

Well, not by me will you be blamed;
I like to see you not ashamed
To dawdle for awhile;
You furnish, by example sage,
A moral for our busy age;
And so, though others fume and rage,
I watch you with a smile.

He moves at length, and now we'll see
Which way . . . This telegram for me?
Oh, worst of human crimes
Is such delay!—it's monstrous quite!
I'll forward a complaint to-night!
Here, pen and paper—let me write
A letter to the *Times*!

MRS. RAM was heard to remark that she
"didn't know a finer body of men than the
Yokel Loamanry." Probably the old lady
meant the Local Yeomanry.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XVI—TO YOUTHFULNESS.

You are much misunderstood. For it is supposed that those who in this world bear your stamp upon them are to be recognised without trouble by the mere calculation of their years of life. No notion can be further from the truth. Mere absence of wrinkles, the presence or colour of the hair on the head, the elasticity of limbs, these do not of themselves, I protest, testify to youthfulness. I knew a lad of twenty, who, in the judgment of the world, was young. In mine he was one of the hoariest as he was one of the least scrupulous of men. No veteran that I ever met could have put him up to any trick, or added any experience to his store. He seemed to have a marvellous and intuitive experience of the ways of life, and of the tricks of men. No shady society came amiss to him. He gambled, in his way, as coolly, and with as careful a precision, as *Barry Lyndon*; he met the keen frequenters of the betting-ring on equal terms, and contrived, amid that vortex to keep his head above water. He had a faultless taste in wine—he knew a good cigar by an instinct. It is hardly necessary to add that, with all these accomplishments, he held and expressed the meanest opinion of human nature in general. Not even Sir ROBERT WALPOLE could have more cynically estimated the price at which men might be bought. As for women, this precocious paragon despised them, and women, as is their wont, repaid him by admiration, and, here and there, by genuine affection. I shudder to think how he might have developed in the course of years. It happened, however, that a shipwreck—a form of disaster against which cynicism and precocity afford no protection—removed him from the world before he had come of age. Now, to call this infant young, would have been a mockery. To all outward appearance, indeed, he was a boy, but his mind was that of a selfish and used-up *roué* of sixty, without illusions, and without hope.

Let me pass to a more pleasant subject, and one with which you, my dear boy, are more closely connected. I refer to my old friend, General VANGARD, the kindest and best-natured man that ever drew half-pay. Seventy years have passed over his head, and turned his hair to silver, but his heart remains pure gold without alloy. In vain do his whiskers and moustache attempt to give a touch of fierceness to his face. The kindly eyes smile it away in a moment. He stands six feet and an inch, his back his broad, his step springy; he carries his head erect on his massive shoulders with a leonine air of good-humoured defiance. To hear him greet you, to feel his handshake, is to get a lesson in geniality. I never knew a man who had so whole-hearted a contempt for insincerity and affectation. It was only the other day that I saw little TOM TITTERTON, of the Diplomatic Service, introduced to him. Tom is a devil of a fellow in Society. He warbles little songs of his own composition at afternoon teas, he insinuates himself into the elderly affections of stony-hearted dowagers, he can lead a *cotillon* to perfection, and is universally acknowledged as an authority on gloves and handkerchiefs. It was at a shooting-party that he and the General met. The little fellow advanced simpering, and raised a limp and dangling hand to about the height of his eyes. The General had extended his in his usual bluff and unceremonious manner. Naturally enough the hands failed to meet. A puzzled look came over the General's face. In a moment, however, he had grasped the situation, and TITTERTON's hand, and shaken the latter with a ferocious heartiness. "Ow!" screamed TOM. It was a short exclamation, but a world of agony was concentrated into it. "The old bear has spoilt my shooting for the day," said TITTERTON to me afterwards, as he missed his tenth partridge. That very evening, I remember, there was a great discussion in the smoking-room on the subject of wrestling. One of the party, a burly youth of twenty-six, boasted somewhat loudly of the tricks that a Cornishman had lately taught him. For a long time the General sat silently puffing his cigar, but at length the would-be wrestler said something that roused him. "Would you mind showing me how that's done?" he said; "I seem to remember something about it, but it was done differently in my time. No doubt your notion's an improvement." Nothing loth the burly one stood up. I don't quite know what happened. The General seemed to stoop with outstretched hands and then raise him-

self with a spring as he met his opponent. A large body hurtled through the air, and in a moment the younger man was lying flat on the carpet amidst the shouts of the company. "It's the old 'flying mare' my boy," said the General to me, "a very useful dodge. I learnt it fifty years ago."

In the company of young men the General is at his very best. He knows all their little weaknesses, and chaffs them with delightful point and humour, though he would not, for all the world, give them pain. It is a pleasant sight to see the old fellow with a party of his young friends, poking sly fun at them, laughing with them, taking all their jests in good part, and thoroughly enjoying himself. He can walk most of them off their legs still, can row with them on the broad reaches of the Thames, and keep his form with the best of them; he can hold his gun straight at driven birds, and revel like a boy in a rattling run to hounds across country. All the youngsters respect him by instinct, and love the cheery old fellow, whose heart is as soft as his muscles are hard. They talk to him as to an elder brother, come to him for his advice, and, which is perhaps even more strange, like it, and follow it. Withal, the General is the most modest of men. In his youth he was a mighty man of war. It was only the other day that I heard (not from his own lips, you may be sure) the thrilling stories of his hand-to-hand conflict with two gigantic Russians in the fog of Inkermann, and of his rescue of a wounded Sergeant at the attack in the Redan. With women, old or young, the General uses an old-fashioned and chivalrous courtesy, as far removed from latter-day smartness as was BAYARD from BOULANGER. The younger ones adore him. They all seem to be his nieces, for they all call him Uncle JOHN.

A year or two ago the General fell ill, and the doctors shook their heads. It was touching to see the concern of all his young friends. CHARLIE CHIRPER, a gay little butterfly of a fellow, who never seemed to treat life as anything but a huge joke, became gloomy with anxiety. Twice every day he called to make inquiries, and, as the bulletins got worse, CHARLIE became visibly thinner. I saw him at the Club one evening, sitting moodily in a corner. "What's up, CHARLIE?" I said to him. "You look as if you'd been refused by an heiress." "The Old General's worse to-day," said CHARLIE, simply. "They're very anxious about him. No, dash it all!" he went on, "it's too bad. I can't bear to think of it. Such an old ripper as the General! Why must they take him? Why can't they take a useless chap like me, who never did anyone any good?" And the unaccustomed tears came into the lad's eyes as he turned his head away. But the old General battled through, and, thank Heaven, I can still write of him in the present tense.

Yours as always, my dear boy, DIOGENES ROBINSON.

"ANECDOTAGE."

(Companion Volume to other Works of the same kind.)

A TRAVELLER in Italy during the middle ages knew a Chemist very well indeed. One day a rather stylish Lady, with a shifty look about the eyes, entered the shop and asked for some poison. "I cannot furnish you, Madam, with what you require. I have quarrelled with the undertaker." The Traveller subsequently ascertained that the name of the lady was LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Just before the Battle of Waterloo, FOUCHÉ met BONAPARTE, who was then in command of the French Army. He said, "You will find that, before this campaign is over, I shall have on one foot a BLUCHER, and on the other a WELLINGTON. It is fortunate for me I cannot find pairs of both!" This is a proof (if one is needed) of the EMPEROR's fear of fate.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was (as a lad) very fond of exploration. One day he went over to America, and, arriving at his destination, christened it Columbia. The land of the Yankees, even now, is occasionally known by this appellation.

Mr. Punch one day was invited to listen to Someone's Recollections or Reminiscences. All went well for five minutes, when the Autobiographer, looking up from his Autobiography, found that Mr. Punch was fast asleep. The Sage slumbered as the Representative of the Public.

'ARRY AT 'ARRYGATE.

(Second Letter.)

DEAR CHARLIE.—The post-mark, no doubt, will surprise you. I'm still at the "Crown."

Though I said in my last—wot was true—I was jest on the mizzle for town.

'Ad a letter from nunky, old man, with another small cheque. Good old nunk! So I'm in for a fortnit' more sulphur and slosh, afore doing a bunk.

Ah! I've worked it, my pippin, I've worked it; gone in for hexcursions all round, To Knaresborough, Bolton, and Fountains. You know, dear old pal, I'll be bound, As hantiquities isn't my 'obby, and ruins don't fetch me, not much! I can't see their "beauty," no more than the charms of some dowdy old Dutch.

A Castle, all chunnicks of stone, or a Habbey, much out of repair, A skelinton Banqueting 'All, and a bit of a broken-down stair, May appear most perticular "precious" to them as the picteresk coops; But give me the sububs and stucco, smart villas, and spick-and-span shops.

"Up to date" is our *siney quay non* in these days. *Fang der sickle*, yer know,

Wich is French for the same, I persoom, and them phrases is now all the go.

Find 'em sprinkled all over the papers; in politics, fashion, or art, If you can't turn 'em slick round yer tongue, you ain't modern, or knowing, or smart.

Still a houting to Bolton ain't bad when the *charry-bang*'s well loaded up

With swell seven-and-sixpence-a-headers. I felt like a tarrier-pup

On the scoop arter six weeks of kennel and drench in the 'ands of a vet;

I'd got free of the brimstone flavour and went it accordin', you bet!

'Ad a day at a village called Birstwith. The most too-ralooralest scene,

'Oller down among 'ills, dontcher know, ancient trees and a jolly big green.

Reglar old Rip-van-Winkleish spot, sech as CALDECOTT ought to ha' sketched.

Though I ain't nowadays nuts on the pasteral, even Yours Truly was fetched.

Pooty sight and no error, old pal! 'Twos a grand "Aughticultural Show,"

So the "Program of Sports" told the public. Fruit, flowers, and live poultry, yer know.

Big markee and a range of old 'en-coops, sports, niggers, a smart local band, Cottage gardenin', cheese, roosters, and races! Rum mix, but I gave it a 'and.

I do like to hencourage the joskins. One thing though, wos fiddle-de-dee, They 'ad a "Refreshment Tent," CHARLIE.

Oh my! Ginger-ale and weak tea! Nothink stronger, old pal, s'elp me bob! Fancy me flopping down on a form

A-munching plum-putty, and lapping Bohea as wos not even warm!

This 'ere 'Arrygate's short of amusements. There's niggers and bands on the "Stray"

(Big lumpy old field in a 'ole, wich if properly managed might pay.)

Mysterious Minstrels with masks on, a bleating contralto in black,

With a orful tremoler, my pippin!—yus, these are the pick of the pack.

Bitsick of "*Ta-ra-ra*" and "*Knocked'em*;"

"*Curissimar*" gives me the 'ump,

For I 'ear it some six times per morning; and then there's a footy old pump

Blows staggery toons on a post-orn for full aif a-hour each day,

To muster the mugs for a coach-drive. My heye and a bandbox, it's gay!

At the "Crown" we git up little barnies, to eke out the 'Arrygate lot,

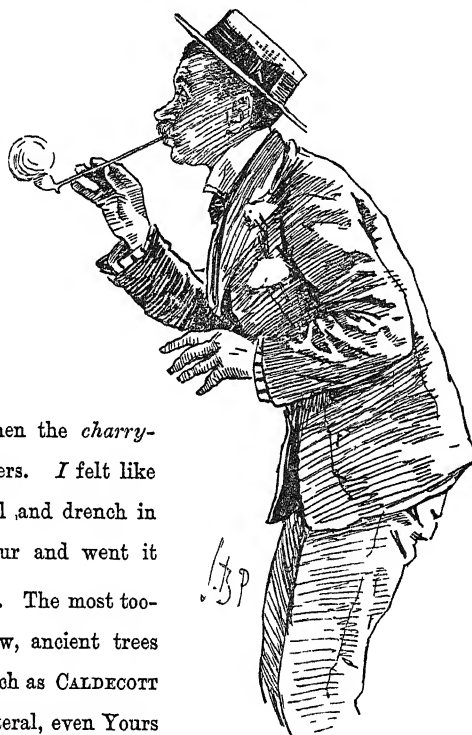
For even the Spa's a bit samesome for six times a week when it's 'ot;

Though they do go it pooty permiskus with pickter-shows, concerts, and such;

Yus, I must say they ladles it out fair and free, for a sixpenny touch.

But even yer Fancy Dress Balls, and yer lectures by ANNIE BESANT,

All about Hastral Bodies and Hether, seems not always *quite* wot yer want



To wile away time arter dinner. So thanks to that gent—six-foot-four!—

Who fair cuts the record as Droring-Room M.C.—of course *hammytoor*.

Then we've conjurors, worblers, phrenologists! One 'ad a go at *my* chump.

'E touzled my 'air up tremenjus, and said I'd no hend of a bump

Of somethink he called "Happybativeness." Feller meant well, I suppose,

But I didn't quite relish his smile, nor his rummy remarks on my nose.

When a tall gurl as pooty as paint, and with cheeks like a blush-rose in bloom,

'As 'er lamps all a-larf on yer face, and a giggle goes round the whole room,

'Tisn't nice to sit square on a chair, with a feller a-sharpening 'is wit

On your nob, and a rumpling your 'air till it's like a birch-broom in a fit!

One caper we 'ad, on the lawn, wos a spree, and no error, old man.

They call it a "Soap-Bubble Tournymnt." Soapsuds, a pipe, and a fan,

Four six-foot posts stuck in the ground with a tape run around—them's the "props,"

And lawn-tennis ain't in it for larks. Oh, the ladies did larf, though tip-tops!

Bit sniffy fust off. "Oh!" sez they, "wot a most *hntellectual* game!"

But I noticed that them as sneered most wos most anxious to win, all the same.

The gent he stands slap in the middle, and tries to blow bubbles like fun,

Wich his pardner fans over the tape; don't it jest keep the girls on the run!

Every bubble as crosses the tape afore busting counts one to that pair,

And the pair as counts most wins the prize. They are timed by a hegg-boiler.

There! It wos all a pantermime, CHARLIE, to see 'ow them gurls scooted round,

Jest like Japanese jugglers, a-fanning the bubbles, as *would* 'ug the ground.

Some gents wos fair frosts at the bizness; one good-'earted trim little toff

Would blow with the bowl wrong end upwards. His pardner went pink and flounced off.

He gurgled away like a babe with a pap-bottle, guggle-gug-gug!

And I 'eard 'er a-giving 'im beans as 'e mizzled, much down in the mug.

'Owsomever, it ain't for amusements as 'Arrygate lays itself hout;

No, dear boy, it's for doses and douches; and there it scores freely, no doubt.

Wy, there's thirty-two Springs in the Bog Field—a place like a graveyard gone wrong—

Besides Starbeck, the Tewit, and others, all narsty, and most on 'em strong.

Since Sir SLINGSBY discovered the first one, now close on three cent'ries ago,

Wot a lush of mixed mineral muck these 'ere Arrygate Springs 'ave let flow!

Well, ere's bully for Brimstone, my bloater, and 'ooray for 'Arrygate air!

Wich 'as done me most good I don't know, and I'm scorched if I very much care!

I know 'Arrygate girls cop the biscuit for beauty. They've cheeks like the rose,

Their skin is jest storberries and cream; it's the sulphur, dear boy, I suppose.

As for me, I look yaller as taller alongside 'em CHARLIE, wus luck!

I 'eard one call me saffron-faced sparrer, and jest as I thought 'er fair struck.

I'd nail 'em, in time, I've no doubt, when I once got the 'ang of their style.

There's a gal at the Montpellier Baths. Scissoree! 'ow I've tried for a smile,

When she tips me my tannersworth! Shucks! she's as orty and stiff as yer please.

Primrose Dames isn't in it for snubs with these arrygant 'Arrygatese!

But I reckon my "Douche" is now due. Doctor BLACK's that pertikler, old man.

These 'Arrygate doctors 'ave programs—you've got to pan out to their plan.

Up early, two swigs afore breakfast, and tubs when they tell yer's the rule.

Well, the teller as flies to a Sawbones, and don't toe the line is a fool.

Reglar Doctor-Shop, 'Arrygate is; see their photos all over the town.

Mine is doing me dollups of good; I'm quite peckish, and jest a bit brown.

I'm making the most of my time, and a-laying in all I can carry.

So 'ere ends this budget of brimstone and baths from your sulphur-soaked

'ARRY.

A FROG HE WOULD A-ROWING GO

A SAD SONG OF THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE.

(With Mr. Punch's cordial Compliments to the victorious French Eight.) AIR—"A Frog he would a-Wooing go."



Henry Woodhouse. Not a day

A FROGGIE would a-rowing go,
 Heigho for Rowing!
 To see if Big BULLIE could lick him or no;
 With his boating form that's all gammon and spinach.
 Heigho for British Rowing!
 So off he set with his boating-cap,
 Heigho for Rowing!
 And swore at Big BULL he would just have a slap!
 Which BULL declared was all gammon and spinach!
 Heigho for British Rowing!
 "Pray, Mr. BULL, will you race with me?"
 Heigho for Rowing!
 Says BULL, "If you like, but 'tis fiddle-de-dee!"
 For FROG against BULL is all gammon and spinach."
 Heigho for British Rowing!

When they came to Andrésey upon the Seine,
 Heigho for Rowing!
 Big BULL pulled his hardest, but pulled in vain,
 For he found his boasts were all gammon and spinach.
 Heigho for British Rowing!
 For in spite of the brag, and the bounce, and the chaff,
 Heigho for Rowing!
 The FROG beat the BULL by a length and a half,
 With your MOSSOP and JAMES, licked by BOUDIN and CUZIN,
 Heigho, says R. C. LEHMANN!
 "Pray, Mr. BULL, do you relish the spin?"
 Heigho for Rowing!
 (Said FROGGIE.) "And were you cocksure you would win,
 With your forty-one strokes all sheer gammon and spinach?"
 Heigho for British Rowing!



LOOKING AHEAD.

Miss Golightly (the Friend of the Family, and to whom Sir Percy has proposed). "OF COURSE I'M AWFULLY OBLIGED, SIR PERCY—BUT, SAY NOW, DON'T YOU THINK THERE WOULD BE SOME DANGER OF MY FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOUR ELDEST SON?"

"Humph! Regular take-down!" said Big Mr. BULL—
Heigho for Rowing!
"But, FROGGIE or not, by the lord you can *pull*,
With your much-decried 'hang,'—'twas all gammon and
spinach! Heigho for British Rowing!"

"Ha! Ha!" cried the Frog, "the old fable, thought true"—
Heigho for Rowing!
"Is out of date now. I'm as big, BULL, as *you*,
As an oarsman, which is *not* all gammon and spinach!"
Heigho for British Rowing.

So that in the end (for the present), you see,
Heigho for Rowing!
Of the race between Big BULL and Little FROGGIE.
BULL's fame, in a boat, seems all gammon and spinach.
Heigho for British Rowing!

MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW, the well-known American lawyer, wonders why on earth the British Government has not long ago given Home Rule to Ireland. He encourages Mr. G.'s Ministry to do their best in this direction, and chance-y it. We're always delighted to welcome Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW in England, so let him come over with a Depewtation to Mr. G. on the subject.

EQUESTRIAN FRUIT.—At the Horticultural Show the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS exhibited a "Cob of ADAM's Early Maize." No particulars are given. Was it 14'1 and a weight-carrier? Being ADAM's, it must be about the oldest in the world. "Maize" may be a misprint for "Mews." Next time the Baroness must send a pear.

PROBABLE DEDUCTION.—A pertinacious Salvation Army Captain was worrying a Scotch farmer, whom he had met in the train, with perpetual inquiries as to whether "he had been born again of Water and the Spirit?" At last, MCSANDY replied, "Aweel, I dinna reetly ken how that may be, but my good old feyther and mither took their toddy releegiously every nicht, the noo."

THE AUSTRO-GERMAN OFFICER'S VADE-MECUM.

- Q. You have heard of the Ride from Berlin to Vienna, and *vice versa*?
- A. Yes; and of the mishaps that befell many of the competitors.
- Q. You mean their horses?
- A. What applies to the one applies to the other.
- Q. Some of the poor steeds died on the journey?
- A. I daresay—of course, it was hard work.
- Q. And you have read that, even when the poor horses were fainting and refusing food, the riders still went on?
- A. Of course. The riders had magnificent pluck and nerve.
- Q. What, to observe the anguish of their chargers without emotion?
- A. No! The idea! I mean they had pluck and nerve in spite of all discouragement to push on to the winning-post.
- Q. And what do you think this breaking down of the horses proved?
- A. That, after all, the creatures were brutes—only brutes!
- Q. Does not the suffering of these brutes suggest—
- A. That the riders were brutes too?—Ah!

[No further question put, the Answerer having mastered the subject.]

IN EXCELSIS.—No better example of the methods employed by Vivisectionists could be given than was presented at the Church Congress last week, where in debate on this subject they were all engaged in cutting up one another. The Bishop of EDINBURGH, denouncing the morality of the Bishop of MANCHESTER and of Bishop BARRY, was a rare sight. His Lordship said that the morality of these two Bishops was "up in a balloon." Well, surely this is morality of the most elevated description. These Bishops are not "*in partibus*," but *in nubibus*.

IN WATER COLOURS.—The East London Waterworks Company had a very successful meeting the other day. *Inter alia* the Chairman said, that "the Waltham Well is a complete success." *Ergo* let Well alone. That from this source they still supplied "36 gallons per head." The heads must be uncommonly hard to stand all this water on the brain. A dividend of eight per cent. is, after all, a very pleasant draught.

"GREEN THE GUIDE."

(A Sketch on a "Royal Blue" Car at Jersey.)

On the Car is, among others, an Elderly Gentleman, in a tall hat, with a quantity of wraps; a Stout Shopkeeper, with a stouter Wife; a Serious Commercial Traveller, and a couple of young "Shop-ladies"; a Morose Young Man, who has "got out of bed the wrong side" that morning, and another, who has begun his potations rather early, and is in the muzzily talkative mood. The Car is one of a long string of similar vehicles, and is proceeding at a rapid rate along one of the winding roads.

The Muzzy Man. Frivolous, am I? Well, we came 'ere to be frivolous—to a certain extent. Am I out of the way in anything I've said? Because I woke this morning with a dry mouth, and I don't mind saying I've had a little drop o' brandy since.

His Neighbour. You might let people find out that for themselves, I should think!

The Muzzy M. No—I like to be honest and straightforward, I do. I don't want to be out of the way, you understand.

The Shopkeeper's Wife (to her Neighbour). This is a pretty part of the road we're on now—but, lor! there's nothing 'ere to come up to the Isle of Man. Douglas, now—that is a nice place, with all them Music Halls! And the scenery—why, I'm sure I felt sometimes as if I must stop, just to look at it!

The Muzzy Man. I consider scenery we're coming to most beautiful I've seen for—for miles around. [He goes to sleep.]

The Shopkeeper (to the Elderly G., who is shifting and turning about uneasily). Lost anything, Sir?

The E. G. No—thank you, no. I was looking to see whether GREEN the Guide was on the car. (Shouts of laughter are heard from the car behind.) Ah, that's GREEN the Guide! I wish he'd come on our car—very amusing fellow, Sir—capital company!

The Morose M. (to the Young Lady on his left). Who's GREEN the Guide?

The Y. L. Oh, don't you know? He comes with the cars and makes jokes and all that. I hope he'll come to us.

The Mor. M. I don't. I can do that sort of thing for myself if I want to, I hope. [With a scowl.]

The Y. L. Well, there's no harm in hoping!

The Serious Comm. T. (to his neighbour—one of the Shop-ladies). So you come from Birmingham? Dear me, now. I used to be there very often on business at one time. Do you know the Rev. Mr. PODGER there? A good old gentleman, he is. I used to attend his Chapel regular—most improving discourses he used to give us. I am fond of a good Sermon, aren't you? &c.

[He imagines—not altogether correctly—that he is producing an agreeable impression.]

A Young Man in a Frock-coat, Canvas-shoes, and Cloth-cap. Scarborough? Yes, I've been there—but I don't care about it much. You have to dress such a lot there, y' know, and I like to come out just as I am!

[The conversation, notwithstanding its brilliancy, is beginning to flag—when the car is boarded by a stalwart good-looking man, carrying a banjo, and wearing a leather shoulder-belt with "GREEN the Guide" in brass letters upon it; the Elderly Gentleman, and most of the Ladies welcome him with effusion, while the Younger Men appear to resent his appearance.]

The Mor. M. (sotto voce). If he's going to play that old instrument of torture, I shall howl, that's all!

Green the Guide (in a deep baritone voice). Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I congratulate you upon having a fine day for our excursion. My glass went up three feet this morning.

The Morose Man (aggressively). Was there whiskey inside it?

Green the Guide. No, Sir, it would have gone down suddenly if there had been. (The Elderly G. asks for a song.) I shall be delighted to entertain you to the best of my ability. What would you like to have?

The Mor. M. None of your songs—give us an imitation—of a deaf and dumb man.

Green the G. (with perfect good-humour). I shall be happy to do the deaf man, Sir,—if you'll help me by doing the dumb. (The Mor. M. begins to feel that he had better leave GREEN the Guide alone.) Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I'll sing you a good old-fashioned hunting-song, and I'll ask you to join me in the Chorus.

[He sings "We'll all go out hunting to-day!"

The Mor. M. (after the First Verse). The beggar don't sing so badly. I will say that for him! (After the Third.) Capital voice he has! Rattling good Chorus, too! "Join the glad throng that goes laughing along, and we'll all go a-hunting to-day!" (At the end.) Bravo! encore! encore!

[His good-humour is suddenly and miraculously restored.]

Green the G. (in a tone of instruction). You will notice that the thistle is very abundant just here, Ladies and Gentlemen. The reason of that, is that some years ago a vessel was wrecked on this part of the coast which was sailing from Scotland with a cargo of thistle-down. (Outcry of incredulity.) If you don't believe me, ask the Coachman.

The Coachman (stolidly). It's a fact, Gentlemen, I assure you.

G. the G. The soil of Jersey is remarkably productive; if you plant a sixpence, it will come up a shilling in no time. The cabbages on this island grow to an extraordinary height, frequently attaining twenty feet—(outcry)—yes, if you measure up one side, and down the other. (They pass a couple of sheep on a slope.) The finest flock of sheep in the island. The dark one is not black, only a little sunburnt. The house you see on that hill over there was formerly slept in by CHARLES THE SECOND. He left a pair of slippers behind him—which have since grown into top-boots. There you see the only windmill in this part of the island—there used to be three, but it was found there was not enough wind for them all. From here you have a clear view of the coast of France; and, when the wind is blowing in this direction, you have an excellent opportunity of acquiring the French accent in all its purity. (This string of somewhat hoary chestnuts meets with a success beyond their intrinsic merits, the Morose Man being as much entertained as anybody.) On your right is an inland lake of fresh water—

The Muzzy Man (waking up with sudden interest). Can you drink it with perfect impunity?

G. the G. Depends how far you are accustomed to it as a beverage, Sir. (The car stops at an hotel.) We stop here two hours, Ladies and Gentlemen, to enable you to lunch, and examine the caves afterwards. You can leave anything you like on the cars except five-pound notes—and they might get blown away!

ON THE WAY HOME.

The Shopkeeper's Wife (to her Husband). Ah, Tom, it's just as well you stayed behind—you'd never have got through those caves! You wouldn't believe I could have done it unless you'd seen me—clambering

down iron ladders, and jumping on to rocks, and squeezing through tunnels, and then up a cliff like the side of a house. I do wish you could have seen me, Tom!

Tom (philosophically). Ah, well, I was very comfortable where I was, settin' in the hotel room there, smoking my pipe. GREEN the Guide gave us, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," in first-rate style—he is a singer, and no mistake!

His Wife. Lor, I wish I'd known he was going to sing—I'd have stayed too! But here he is, waiting by the road for us—I do hope he's going to sing again!

Green the G. (mounting the car). I fear I am an unwelcome visitor.

The Eld. G. (graciously). It would be the first time in your life then, GREEN!

G. the G. Well, the fact is, I come to levy a little contribution on behalf of myself and the Coachman. Times are hard, Gentlemen, and both of us have large families to support. If you don't believe me, ask the Coachman. (The Elderly G. explains that his wrappings prevent him from getting at his purse just then, while the others contribute with more or less readiness and liberality.) Many thanks, Ladies and Gentlemen, on behalf of myself and the Coachman, and to express my sense of your generosity, I will sing you the great



"An elderly Gentleman, in a tall hat, with a quantity of wraps."

Jersey National Song, composed by myself, before leaving. (*He sings a ditty with the following spirited Chorus*):—

There the streets are paved with granite. So neat and clean
And lots of pretty, witty girls, are always to be seen!
With the brave old Mi-litia, Our foes to defy!
And there they grow the Cabba-gee—Ten feet high!
(*All together, Gentlemen, please!*) Yes, there they grow the Cabbages, there
they grow the Cabbages, there they grow the Cabbages—Ten feet high!

Thank you, Gentlemen, I've sung that song a number of times, and I never remember hearing the chorus better sung. If you don't believe me, ask the Coachman.

Coachman. *I've never 'eard it better sung, Ladies and Gentlemen, I assure you.*

[*GREEN the Guide descends in a blaze of popularity, and the "Royal Blue" rolls on in excellent spirits.*

POLITICAL TRAINING.

Monday.—Read Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's remarks on abstinence from bodily exercise. Sold my bicycle, and gave away all my rackets, bats, &c. Resolved to follow the latest system. Shall doubtless, by these means, reach Mr. C.'s high position as a statesman and orator. Went out in a Bath-chair. Five minutes after starting, man said he was not accustomed to drag so heavy an invalid, and must rest a little. Tried a speech—my maiden one—on the Disadvantages of Bodily Exercise. He listened respectfully, and, when at last I had finished, said he quite agreed with me, and that the fare was seven shillings.

Tuesday.—Have decided that exercise in a Bath-chair is quite superfluous. Resolved to take exercise, for the future, in a hammock, just outside the garden-door. Must practise speech-making to the gardener. Good idea—Orchids. Asked him what he thought about the new Orchid. Miserable fool answered, "Awkud, zur? Dunno waht thaht be." I said that was "awkud," and had to laugh at the highly original side-splitter myself, as he never saw it.

Wednesday.—Must really give up this long walk to the garden-door. Shall never become a great statesman unless I do. Resolved to take exercise in arm-chair in library. The children's governess came in to fetch a book. Addressed her at some length on Free Education. Afterwards, thought this subject was somewhat ill-chosen, as her salary is so small.

Thursday.—Really cannot stand this walking up and down stairs. Shall remain for the future in my bed-room and take exercise on sofa by fireside, as I feel chilly. Page came in with coals. Reminded me of Policy of Scuttle. Spoke of this at some length, and woke him up with difficulty when I had finished. Felt rather unwell.

Friday.—Dressing and undressing is certainly needless fatigue, and evidently causes this headache and general seediness. Shall take exercise in bed. Felt worse. Female relatives anxious, and insist on medical attendance. Assured them I was following the best system, and answered their persistent demands by a short address on Home Rule.

Saturday.—Felt so bad at five this morning, that Doctor was fetched. Tried feebly to address him on the Eight Hours' Question, when he said he never had any time to think how long he worked. Explained my new system to him. He said I should myself want a new system to stand such a course of treatment. Then he pulled me out of bed, and insisted on my walking ten miles as soon as I was dressed. Felt much better. Shall abandon politics and become a farmer, having just heard of an infallible system for growing wheat profitably.

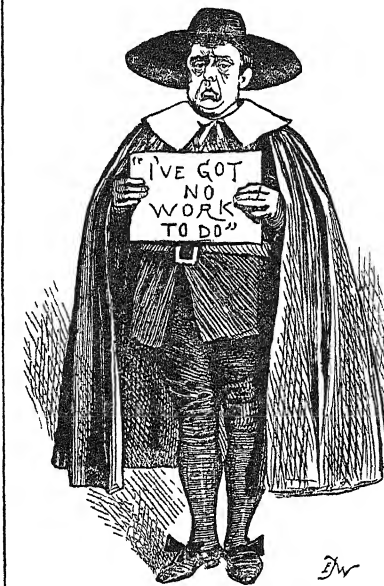
THE "RESTORATION" PERIOD.—Will the Chairmen of the L.C. & D. and the S.E. Lines unite their forces? After the meeting on this subject last week, Sir EDWARD will have lots of reason to listen to. But apart from every consideration of *mal de mer*, and "From Calais to Dover," as the poet sings "Tis soonest over," there is not anywhere a better, and we, who have suffered as greatly as the much-enduring Ulysses, venture to assert not anywhere as good a luncheon as at the "Restauration" (well it deserves the title!) of the Calais Station. Every patriotic travelling Englishman must be delighted to think that some few centuries ago we gave up Calais. Had it been nowadays in English hands, why it might even now be possessed of a "Refreshment Room" no better than—any on our side of the Channel, for there is no necessity to particularise. From Dover to Calais is the shortest and best restorative'd route for the traveller, whether ill or well, at sea.

MOTTOES for the new Lord MAYOR. "*Nil obstat*," "*Nil fortius*," and, from HORACE, "*Nil amplius oro*." This, in answer to thousands of correspondents, is our last word on the subject; so after this (except on the 9th of November), we say—*nil*

SUCH A "LIGHT OPERA!"

HAD Sir ARTHUR written the music for *The Mountebanks*, and Sir BRIAN DE BOIS GILBERT the book of *Haddon Hall*, both might have been big successes

So, however, it was not to be, and Sir ARTHUR chose this book by Mr. GRUNDY, which labours under the disadvantages of being original, and of not owing almost everything to a French source. It isn't every day of the week that Mr. GRUNDY tumbles upon *A Pair of Spectacles* in a volume of French plays. The period to which the very slight and uninteresting story of *Haddon Hall* belongs is just before the Restoration, but the dialogue of "the book" is spiced with modern slang, both "up to date" (the date being this present year of Grace, not sixteen hundred and sixty) and out of date. The "out-of-date" slang, which is, "*I've got 'em on*"—alluding to the Scotchman's trousers—has by far the best of it, as it comes at the end of the piece, and enjoys the honour of having been set to music by the variously-gifted Com-



"Pity a Poo' Bar-itone!"

poser: so that "*I've got 'em on*," with its enthusiastically treble-encored whiskey flogging capially danced by Miss NINA COLE as *Nance*, with Mr. DENNY as *The McCrankie*, may be considered as the real hit of the evening, having in itself about as much to do with whatever there is of the plot as would have the entrance of Mr. JOEY GRIMALDI, in full Clown's costume, with "Here we are again!" Of the music, as there was very little to catch and take away, one had to leave it. Of course this seriously comic or comically serious Opera is drawing—"Music," observes Mr. WAGG, parenthetically, "cannot be drawing"—and will continue to do so for some little time, long enough at all events to reimburse Mr. D'OXY CARTE for his more than usually lavish outlay on the *mise-en-scène*.

In the Second Act, the mechanical change from the exterior of Haddon Hall to the interior, must be reckoned as among the most effective transformations ever seen on any stage. It would be still more so if the time occupied in making it were reduced one-half, and the storm in the orchestra, and the lightning seen through black gauze on stage were omitted. The lightning frightens nobody, only amuses a few, and in itself is no very great attraction. Even if these flashes were a very striking performance, no danger to the audience need be apprehended from it, seeing that Mr. CELLIER is in front as "Conductor." Perhaps Mr. D'OXY CARTE, noticing that Mr. GRUNDY calls his piece "a light Opera," thought that, as it wasn't quite up to this description, it would be as well if the required "lightning" were brought in somewhere, and so he introduced it here. If this be so, it is about the only flash of genius in the performance.



"Christmas is comin'!"

The M'Clown of M'Clown dancing.
The Reel Hit of the Opera.



POST-PRANDIAL PESSIMISTS.

SCENE—*The Smoking-room at the Decadents.*

First Decadent (M.A. Oxon). "AFTER ALL, SMYTHE, WHAT WOULD LIFE BE WITHOUT COFFEE?"

Second Decadent (B.A. Camb.). "TRUE, JEONNES, TRUE! AND YET, AFTER ALL, WHAT IS LIFE WITH COFFEE?"

"CROSSING THE BAR."

IN MEMORIAM.

Alfred Lord Tennyson.

BORN, AUGUST 5, 1809. DIED, OCTOBER 6, 1892.

"TALIESSEN is our fullest throat of song."
The Holy Grail.

OUR fullest throat of song is silent, hushed
In Autumn, when the songless woods are still,

And with October's boding hectic flushed
Slowly the year disrobes. A passionate thrill

Of strange proud sorrow pulses through the land,

His land, his England, which he loved so well;
And brows bend low, as slow from strand to strand

The Poet's passing bell
Sends forth its solemn note, and every heart
Chills, and sad tears to many an eyelid start.

Sad tears in sooth! And yet not wholly so.
Exquisite echoes of his own swan-song
Forbid mere murmuring mournfulness; the glow

Of its great hope illumines us. Sleep, thou strong

Full tide, as over the unmoaning bar
Fares this unfaltering darer of the deep,
Beaconed by a Great Light, the pilot-star

Of valiant souls, who keep
Through the long strife of thought-life free
from scathe

The luminous guidance of the larger faith.

No sadness of farewell? Great Singer, crowned

With lustrous laurel, facing that far light,
In whose white radiance dark seems whelmed
and drowned,

And death a passing shade, of meaning slight;

Sunset, and evening star, and that clear call,
The twilight shadow, and the evening bell,
Bring naught of gloom for thee. What'er befall

Thou must indeed fare well.
But we—we have but memories now, and love
The plaint of fond regret will scarce reprove.

Great singer, he, and great among the great,
Or greatness hath no sure abiding test.

The poet's splendid pomp, the shining state
Of royal singing robes, were his, confest,

By slowly growing certitude of fame,
Since first, a youth, he found fresh-opening portals

To Beauty's Pleasure-House. Ranked with acclaim

Amidst the true Immortals,
The amaranth fields with native ease he trod,
Authentic son of the lyre-bearing god.

Fresh portals, untrod pleasaunces, new ways
In Art's great Palace, shrined in Nature's heart,

Sought the young singer, and his limpid lays,

O'er sweet, perchance, yet made the quick blood start

To many a cheek mere glittering rhymes left cold.

But through the gates of Ivory or of Horn

His vivid vision flocked, and who so bold
As to repulse with scorn

The shining troop because of shadowy birth,
Of bodiless passion, or light tinkling mirth?

But the true god-gift grows. Sweet, sweet, still sweet

As great Apollo's lyre, or Pan's plain reed,
His music flowed, but slowly he out-beat
His song to finer issues. Fingers fleet,
That trifled with the pipe-stops, shook grand sound

From the great organ's golden mouths anon.

A mellow-measured might, a beauty bound
(As Venus with her zone)

By that which shaped from chaos Earth, Air, Sky,

The unhampering restraint of Harmony.

Hysteric ecstasy, now fierce, now faint,
But ever fever-sick, shook not his lyre

With epileptic fervours. Sensual taint
Of satyr heat, or bacchanal desire,

Polluted not the passion of his song;
No corybantic clangor clamoured through

Its manly harmonies, as sane as strong;
So that the captious few

Found sickness in pure Elysian balm,
And coldness in such high Olympian calm.

Impassioned purity, high minister
Of spirit's joys, was his, reserved, re-

strained.

His song was like the sword Excalibur
Of his symbolic knight; trenchant, un-

stained.
It shook the world of wordly baseness, smote
The Christless heathendom of huckstering days.



“CROSSING THE BAR.”

“TWILIGHT AND EVENING BELL,
AND AFTER THAT THE DARK !

“AND MAY THERE BE NO SADNESS OF FAREWELL,
WHEN I EMBARK.”—TENNYSON.

There is no harshness in that mellow note,
No blot upon those bays;
For loyal love and knightly valour rang
Through rich immortal music when he sang.

ARTHUR, his friend, the Modern Gentleman,
ARTHUR, the hero, his ideal Knight,
Inspired his strains. From fount to flood
they ran

A flawless course of melody and light.
A Christian chivalry shone in his song
From Locksley Hall to shadowy Lyonesse,
Whence there stand forth two figures,
stately, strong,
Symbols of spirit's stress;
The blameless King, saintship with scarce
a blot,
And song's most noble sinner, LANCELOT.

Lover of England, lord of English hearts,
Master of English speech, painter supreme
Of English landscape! Patriot passion starts
A-flame, pricked by the words that glow
and gleam

In those imperial pæans, which might arm
Pale cowards for the fray. Touched by
his hand

The simple sweetness, and the homely charm
Of our green garden-land
Take on a witchery as of Arden's glade,
Or verdant Vallombrosa's leafy shade.

The fragrant fruitfulness of wood and wold,
Of flowery upland, and of orchard-lawn,
Lit by the lingering evening's softened gold,
Or flushed with rose-hued radiance of the
dawn;

Bird-music beautiful; the robin's trill,
Or the rook's drowsy clangour; flats that
run
From sky to sky, dusk woods that drape the
hill,

Still lakes that draw the sun;
All, all are mirror'd in his verse, and there
Familiar beauties shine most strangely fair.

Poet, the pass-key magical was thine,
To Beauty's Fairy World, in classic calm
Or rich romantic colour. Bagdat's shrine
By sheeny Tigris, Syrian pool and palm,
Avilion's bowery hollows, Ida's peak,
The lily-laden Lotos land, the field's
Of amaranth! What may vagrant Fancy
seek

More than thy rich song yields,
Of Orient odour, Faery wizardry,
Or soft Arcadian simplicity?

From all, far Faery Land, Romance's realm,
Green English homestead, cloud-crown'd
Attic hill,

The Poet passes—whither? Not the helm
Of wounded ARTHUR, lit by light that
fills

Avilion's fair horizons, gleamed more bright
Than does that leonine laured visage
now,

Fronting with steadfast look that mystic
Light.

Grave eye, and gracious brow
Turn from the evening bell, the earthly
shore,
To face the Light that floods him evermore.

Farewell! How fittler should a poet pass
Than thou from that dim chamber and the
gleam

Of poor earth's purest radiance? Love, alas!
Of that strange scene must long in sorrow
dream.

But we—we hear thy manful music still!

A royal requiem for a kingly soul!

No sadness of farewell! Away regret,

When greatness nears its goal!

We follow thee, in thought, through light,
afar

Divinely piloted beyond the bar!

TO MY SWEETHEART.

["Those roses you bought and gave to me are marvels. They are still alive."—*Her Letter.*]



A HOTHOUSE where some roses blew,
And, whilst the outer world was white,
The gentle roses softly grew
To fragrant visions of delight.

Some wretched florist owned them all,
And plucked them from their native
bowers,
Then gaily showed them on his stall
To swell the ranks of "Fresh-Cut
Flowers."

Some went beside a bed of pain
Where influenza claimed its due;
They drooped and never smiled again,
The epidemic had them too.

A gay young gallant bought some buds,
And jauntily went out to dine
With other reckless sporting bloods,
Who talked of women, drank of wine;

But whilst they talked, and smoked, and
drank,
And told tales not too sanctified,
Abashed the timid blossoms shrank,
Changed colour, faded, and then died.

Yet roses, too, I gave to you,
I saw you place them near your heart,
You wore them all the evening through,
You wore them when we came to part.

But now you write to me, my dear,
And marvel that they are not dead,
Their beauty does not disappear,
Their fragrant perfume has not fled.

The reason's plain. Somehow aright
The flowers know if we ignore them.
The roses live for sheer delight
At knowing, Sweetheart, that *you* wore
them.

THOUGHTS—NOT WORTH A PENNY.

(Fragment from the Burlesque-Romance of "No
Cents; or, The New Criticism.")

THE Critic of the new cult visited a tailor's
establishment, and was delighted with all he
saw. There were coats, and vests, and other
garments.

"I make some fifty per cent. profit," said
the proprietor of the establishment, stroking
his moustache with a hand adorned with
many a diamond ring. "Of course it causes
some labour, thought, and time—but I get
my money for my trouble."

"And why not?" replied the Critic. "Are
you not worth it? Do you not devote your
energy to it? Must you not live?"

And, having said this, the Reviewer visited
another place of business. This time he had
entered the office of a Stockbroker.

"Of course it is rather anxious work some-
times," said the alternative representative of
a bull and a bear. "But it pays in the long
run. I manage to keep up a house in South
Kensington, and a carriage and pair, out of
my takings."

"Again, why not?" responded the Critic.
"You have a wife and family. Must
you not live?" Then the Critic visited
Cheesemongers, and Bankers, Solicitors, and
Upholsterers. At last, he reached the modest
abode of an Author.

"Ah!" said he, in a tone of contempt;
"you write books and plays! Why?"

"Why, to sell them," answered the Poet,
in a faltering voice.

"Sell them!" echoed the Critic, in tones
of thunder. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, one must live!"

"Nonsense! The universe can get on

very well without anyone. You might be
dispensed with; and, if it comes to that, so
might I. Yes, I am not wanted."

"Quite true!" murmured the Author;
"indeed, you are not!"

"And, after all, what is your work? Mere
brain action! Anyone who could wield a pen
could do it for you! And you expect to be
paid, as if you were a tradesman—a Tailor or
an Upholsterer!"

"But am I not a man and a brother? Do
I not get hungry, like anyone else? Have I
not a wife and family?"

"That is entirely beside the question,"
persisted the Critic. "All you have to
consider are the claims of Art. Now, Art is
not to be served by paid votaries."

"Then I suppose I am unworthy," replied
the Author, mournfully shaking his head.
Well, let us exchange places. You shall be
the Author, and I will be the Critic."

"Very sorry, my dear friend, but that is
an unjust division. By that means you would
receive all the money."

"And why not? If I am to write, why am
I not to be paid?"

"Because it is beneath the dignity of an
Author to write with a view to obtaining
cash."

"Indeed! Well, I am tired of work.
You have nothing to do but criticise. Let
us swap positions."

"Are you mad?" shouted the Critic.
Why, I am fond of my work. You don't
imagine I am going to give up my salary to
you? Why, it would demoralise you. I
know the drawback of the system." And
the Author applied himself to the study of
the New Criticism, and it seemed as great a
mystery to him as ever.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

NOTHING but a keen sense of duty, coupled with the possession of the smartest thing in waterproof overcoats ever seen, would have tempted me to go racing last week; but the claims of Hurst Park were not to be denied, and my reward was, assisting at perhaps the most successful meeting ever held there—the backers "went down" to a man, and so did the excellent lunch—so what more *could* you want?—and, in addition, being told by at least twenty people, the name of the winner of the Cesarewitch!—they all named different horses, so that *one* is almost certain to be able to say next week, in that annoying tone of voice people adopt after a successful prophecy—(this does *not* apply to Just Prophets, who are notoriously modest in success)—

"There! I told you it was a certainty for *Whiteface*!—couldn't lose!—of course you backed it, after what I told you!"—which of course was the very reason why you *hadn't* backed it; however—as he may really be able to tell you something on a future occasion, you put on a ghastly smile, and say—"Oh, yes—I had a trifle on—but my money was on *Blackfoot* before you told me—but it got me out!"—and it does "get you out" too, for nothing is more annoying than to be told you "ought to have won a good stake!"

However, with regard to the great race next week, I am fortunately able to set aside all "information received," because I have had a *dream*!—not one of the ordinary lobster-salad kind of racing-dreams one reads about—(naturally I should not have an inferior kind, having ordered in a stock of the "best selected," one to be taken every night at bed-time)—in which the dreamer only sees *one* horse—but a most complicated affair, from which it will be an easy task for anyone skilled in dream-lore to extract the winner!

Well—I had been rather upset during the day, so to quiet my nerves, on reaching home, I took, before going to bed, just a little *Golden Drop* of Brandy as an Insurance against restlessness—went to sleep, and dreamt that my friends *Lady Vulkins* and *Madame d'Albany*, with their maid *Helen Ware*, were attacked on their way from *Ilkley* to *Weymouth*, by some *Dare Devil* of a *Circassian*, whose horse's hoofs rang in a *Metallic* manner on the road! They were rescued in the pass of *Ben Avon* by the gallant *Burnaby*, who after a long *Rigmarole*, squared their captor, *Roy Neil*, with a *Hanover Jack*, and acted as their *Pilot* to safe quarters at *Versailles*! There!—that was my dream—and I think it points most conclusively to the winner; and, anyone unable to pick the right one, need only back them *all*, and there you are!—or at least you *may* be. If they don't care to do this, they can avail themselves of my verse selection—which I did *not* dream—and which, therefore, is quite as reliable.

Yours, devotedly,

LADY GAY.

CESAREWITCH SELECTION.

OH, *Weymouth* is a pleasant place,
 And bathing tents are handy;
 P.S.—This advice is not intended for confirmed Topers.

When coming out, if white your face,
 Why, take a nip of Brandy.

"SUR LE TAPIS."—If the new Carpet Knight, Sir BLONDEL MAPLE—which is our troubadourish way of spelling it—be exceptionally successful on the Turf, isn't he just the man to "make his 'pile' and cut it"?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

NOT the least interesting figure in the circle of *The Racing Life of Lord George Bentinck*, which Messrs. BLACKWOOD produce in a handsome volume, is that of JOHN KENT, who, under the editorship of Mr. FRANK LAWLEY, tells the story. KENT was trainer to Lord GEORGE during the period when, to quote the characteristic Disraelian phrase, his Lordship became "Lord Paramount of the Turf." It is forty-four years since Lord GEORGE was found lying dead on his face in the water-meadows near Welbeck Abbey. Yet KENT remembers all about him—his six feet of height, his long black frock-coat, his velvet waistcoat, his gold chain, and his "costly cream-coloured satin scarf of great length, knotted under his chin, with a gold pin stuck in it." These scarves cost twenty shillings a-piece, and it was one of

Lord GEORGE's fancies never to wear one a second time. When he died whole drawersful of them were found, and honest JOHN KENT purchased half-a-dozen from his Lordship's valet, who seems to have kept his eye on them. Did he ever wear them on Sundays? My Baronite who has been reading the book throws not. JOHN KENT knows his place better than that, and when he goes the way that masters and servants tread together, the scarves will doubtless be found tucked away in his chest of drawers. My Baronite is not able to take the same lofty view of the defunct nobleman who played at politics and worked at racing as does his faithful old servitor. Lord GEORGE seems to have been, as the cabman observed of the late JOHN FORSTER, "a harbitery gent," kind to those who faithfully serve him (as one is kind to a useful hound), but relentless to any who offended him or crossed his path. Moreover, whilst, as his biographer devoutly says, he purified the turf, he was not, upon occasion, above fighting blacklegs with their own weapons. The book gives clear glimpses of men and times which, less than half a century dead, will never live again. It pleasantly testifies that, though no man may be a hero to his valet, Lord GEORGE BENTINCK remains one in the eyes of his trainer.

The Baron not having read a three-volume novel for some considerable time, may safely affirm, instead of taking his oath, that Mrs. OLFPHANT'S *The Cuckoo in the Nest* is one of the best he has come across for quite two months. It opens well, and if it drops a bit about the middle, there are all sorts of surprises yet in store for the reader, who, the Baron assures him or her, will be rewarded for his, or her, perseverance.

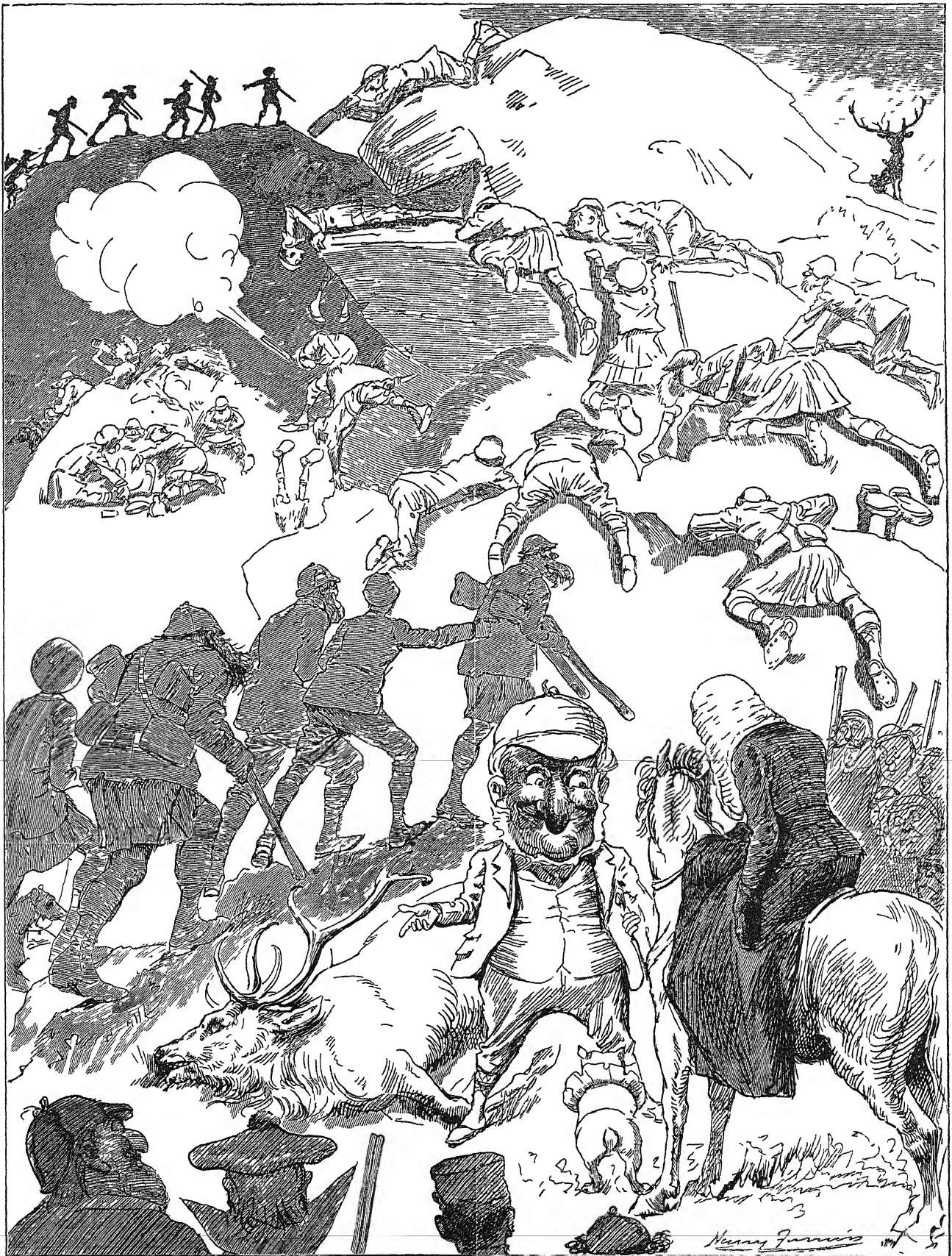
The Baron begs to recommend the latest volume of the Whitefriars Library, called *King Zub*, by W. H. POLLOCK. *Zub* is a wise poodle, and the waggish tale of the dog gives the name to the collection. *The Fleeting Show* is quite on a par with *The Green Lady* in a former collection by the same author, and such other stories as *Sir Jocelyn's Cap* and *A Phantom Fish* will delight those who, like the Baron, love the mixture as before of the weird and the humorous. In the *Phantom Fish* there is much local dialect, and The Baron coming across the expression, "a proper bender," is inclined to ask if this is not *Zummerset* for, and only applicable to, a running hare? The Baron remembers the expression well, though 'tis years since he heard it, and owns to being uncertain as to whether it is not *Devonian* or *Cornish*. 'hat he heard it applied to a hare apparent he is prepared to make oath and say; but he is not in the least prepared to assert that it is not generally applied as an expression of admiration for adroitness in avoiding pursuit. "Be that as it may, give me *King Zub* and the other stories, a good fire, a glass of spiritual comfort, a cosy chair, and a soothing pipe, and I am prepared to spend a pleasant evening," says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A CONTENTED MIND.

He. "A—THE FACT IS, I DON'T CARE FOR POPULARITY. I ONLY WISH MY BOOKS TO BE ADMIRIED BY THOSE WHOSE ADMIRATION IS REALLY WORTH HAVING!"
 She. "AND WHO ARE THEY?"
 He. "THOSE WHO ADMIRE MY BOOKS!"



MR. PUNCH'S DEER-STALKING PARTY.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

(By Mr. Punch's own Grouse in the Gun-room.)

IN our last (it is *Mr. Punch* who speaks), we indicated very briefly the conversational possibilities of the Gun. It must be observed, that this treatise makes no pretensions to be exhaustive. Something must, after all, be left to the ingenuity of the young shooter who desires to talk of sport. All that these hints profess, is to put him in the way of shining, if there is a certain amount of natural brightness to begin upon. The next subject will be—

CARTRIDGES.

To a real talker, this subject offers an infinite variety of opportunities. First, you can begin to fight the battle of the powders, as thus:—

"What powder are you shooting with this year, CHALMERS?"

"Schultze."

"How do you find it kill?"

"Deadly—absolutely—deadly: best lot I've ever had."

You need not say anything more now. The discussion will get along beautifully without you, for you will have drawn, (1), the man who very much prefers E.C., which he warrants to kill at a distance no other powder can attain to; (2), the man who uses E.C. or Schultze for his right barrel,



and always puts a black-powder cartridge into his left; (3), the detester of innovations, who means to go on using the good old black-powder for both barrels as long as he lives; and (4), the man who is trying an entirely new patent powder, infinitely superior to anything else ever invented, and is willing to give everybody, not only the address of the maker, but half a dozen cartridges to try.

You cannot make much of "charges" of powder. Good shots are dogmatic on the point, and ordinary shots don't bother their heads about it, trusting entirely to the man who sells them their cartridges. Still you might throw out, here and there, a few words about "drums" and "grains." Only, above all things, be careful not to mention drums in connection with anything but black powder, nor grains, except with reference to Schultze or E.C. A laboriously-acquired reputation as a scientific shot has been known to be ruined by a want of clearness on this important point.

"Shot." Conversationally much more valuable than powder. "Very few people agree," says a well-known authority; "as to what is the best size of shot to use, and many forget that the charge which will suit one gun, and one description of game, will not do as well for another. Usually, one gun will shoot better one size of shot than will another, and we may safely say, that large bores shoot large shot better than do smaller bores." This last sentence has the beautiful ring of a profound truism. Lay it by for use, and bring it out with emphasis in the midst of such disagreement and forgetfulness as are here alluded to. "If a shooter is a good shot," says the same classic, "he may use No. 6 early in the season, and only for partridges—afterwards, nothing but No. 5. To the average shot, No. 6 throughout the season." This sounds dreadfully invidious. If a good shot cannot kill grouse with No. 6, how on earth is a merely average shot to do the trick? But, in these matters, the conversationalist finds his opportunity. Only they must not be pushed too far. There was once a party of genial, light-hearted friends, who went out shooting. Early in the day, slight differences of opinion made themselves observed with reference to the size of shot. Lunch found them still more or less good-tempered, but each obstinately determined not to give way even by a fraction on the point under discussion.



Afterwards they began again. The very dogs grew ashamed of the noise, and went home. That afternoon there was peace in the world of birds—at least, on that particular shooting—and the next morning saw the shooting-parties of England reduced by one, which had separated in different dog-carts, and various stages of high dudgeon, for the railway station. So, please to be very, very careful. Use the methods of compromise. If you find your friend obstinately pinned to No. 5, when you have declared a preference for No. 6, meet him half-way, or even profess to be converted by his arguments. Or tell him the anecdote about the Irishman, who always shot snipe with No. 4, because, "being such a little bird, bedad, you want a bigger shot to get at the beggar." You can then inform him how you yourself once did dreadful execution among driven grouse in a gale of wind with No. 8 shot, which you had brought out by mistake. You may object that you never, as a matter of fact, did this execu-

tion, never having even shot at all with No. 8. Tush! you are puling. If you are going to let a conscientious accuracy stand in your way like this, you had better become dumb when sporting talk is flying about. Of course you must not exaggerate too much. Only bumptious fools do that, and they are called liars for their pains. But a little exaggeration, just a *souppçon* of romance, does no one any harm, while it relieves the prosaic dulness of the ordinary anecdote. So, swallow your scruples, and

Join the gay throng.

That goes talking along,

For we'll all go romancing to-day.

(To be continued.)

DOE VERSUS ROE(DENT).

["The basements of the Royal Courts of Justice have lately been invaded by swarms of mice. They have become very audacious, and have penetrated into the Courts themselves, whose walls are lined with legal volumes, the leaves of which provide them with a rich feast."—*Daily Paper*.]

FOR students of the law to "eat Their terms" is obviously right, But to devour the books themselves Is impolite.

Unfortunately Mr. STREET.

Who planned the legal edifice, Designed a splendid trap for men, But not for mice.

To view the Courts at midnight now, [Strand, The Courts all in the stilly With rodents squeaking out their pleas,

That would be grand!

No Ushers 'ush them; they consume

The stiffest calf you ever saw, Developing, these curious beasts, A taste for Law.

They fill—perhaps—the box wherein, [sat, Twelve bothered men have often And try, with every proper form, Some absent cat.

A fore-mouse probably they choose, The culprit's advocate deride, And fix upon that cat the guilt Of mouseicide.

At the Refreshment-bars, perchance, [the milk, They eat the cakes, and drink And in the Robing-room indulge In "taking silk."

The Judges' sacred Bench itself From scampering feet is not exempt; [Court, With calmness they commit, of Frightful "contempt."

Through *Byles on Bills* they eat their way; [digest; Law "Digests" they at will Not even *Coke on Littleton* Sticks on their chests!

Wanted—the stodgiest Law-book out! [these facts, The Judges soon must note And try a copy of the Judicial Acts!

WHY THE FRENCH WON THE BOAT-RACE.

(Answers supplied by an Unprejudiced Briton.)

BECAUSE the English Eight had had no practice on the Seine.

Because the Londoners had had a fearful passage crossing the Channel.

Because they smashed their boat, and had to have it repaired.

Because the English steering might have been better.

Because the weather was intolerable, and chiefly affected the Englishmen.

Because the Londoners had no chance of pulling together.

Because the French knew the course better than the English.

Because the race should have been rowed weeks before.

Because the race should not have been rowed for months.

Because the British naturally liked to see the foreigners win.

And last (and least), because the French had by far the better crew!



ECCLIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.—The style, title, office, and dignity of Archbishop of Canterbury, with all appurtenances thereto belonging, with all emoluments, spiritualities and temporalities appertaining, have been conferred by letters patent, under supreme authority, according to Act V. Henricus Noster in such cases made and provided, on the Rev. Mr. VINCENT, in consequence of the retirement of the Right Rev. ARTHUR STIRLING from the said office; the duties of which he so recently and so effectively performed between the hours of ten-thirty and eleven-fifteen every night for several months at the Theatre Royal Lyceum. We are in a position to add, that his resignation of this high and valuable office, has not taken place in consequence of any question as to the validity or invalidity of orders ("not admitted after 7.30"), nor has this step been rendered imperative by reason of any "irregularity" in "properties" or "appointments."

IN MEMORIAM.

William Gardwick Bradbury.

BORN, DEC. 3, 1832. DIED, OCT. 13, 1892.

LARGE-HEARTED man, most loyal friend,
Art thou too gone—too early lost?
Our comrade true, our tireless host!
Prompt to inspire, console, defend!
Gone! Hearts with grateful memories stored
Ache for thy loss round the old board.

The well-loved board he loved so well,
His pride, his care, his ceaseless thought;
To him with life-long memories fraught;
For him invested with the spell
O'er a glad present ever cast
By solemn shadows of the past.

That past for him, indeed, was filled
With a proud spirit-retinue.
Greatness long since his guest he knew.
Whom THACKERAY'S manly tones had thrilled;
Who heard keen JERROLD'S sparkling speech,
And marked the genial grace of LEECH.

What changes had he known, who sat
With our four chiefs, of each fast friend!
And must such camaraderie end?
Shall friendly counsel, cordial chat,
Come nevermore again to us
From lips with kindness tremulous?

No more shall those blue eyes ray out
Swift sympathy, or sudden mirth;
That ever mobile mouth give birth
To frolic whim, or friendly flout?
Our hearts will miss thee to the end,
Amphitryon generous, faithful friend!

Miss thee? Alas! the void that's there
No other form may hope to fill,
For those who now with sorrow thrill
In gazing on that vacant chair;
Whither it seems he must return,
For whose warm hand-clasp yet we yearn.

Tribute to genius all may give,
Ours is the homage of the heart;
For a friend lost our tears will start,
Lost to our sight, yet who shall live,
Whilst one who knew that bold frank face
At the old board takes the old place.

For those, his closer kin, whose home
Is darkened by the shadow grey,
What can respectful love but pray
That consolation thither come
In that most sacred soothing guise
Which natural sorrow sanctifies.

Bereavement's anguish to assuage
Is a sore task that lies beyond
The scope of friendship or most fond
Affection's power. Yet may this page,
True witness of our love and grief,
To bowed hearts bring some scant relief!

"ANECDOTAGE."

Companion Paragraph to Stories of the same kind.

CURRAN, the celebrated Irish Patriot, was a man of intense wit and humour. On one occasion he was discussing with RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN the possibility of combining the interests of the two countries under one Crown. "It is a difficult matter to arrange," observed the brilliant author of the *School for Scandal*, "Right you are, darlint," acquiesced CURRAN, with the least taste of a brogue. "But where are ye to find the spalpeens for it? Ye may wake so poor a creature as a sow, but it takes a real gentleman to raise the rint!" Then, with a twinkle in his eyes, "But, for all that, ma cruiskeen, I'm not meself at all at all!"

THE LAY OF A SUCCESSFUL ANGLER.

THE dainty artificial fly
Designed to catch the
wily trout,
Full loud *laudabunt alii*,

I talk as well as anyone
About the different
kinds of tackle,
I praise the Gnat, the
Olive Dun,

And I will join, at times,
no doubt, [pretence,
But yet my praise, without
Is not from great experience.



Discuss the worth of wings and hackle;
I've flies myself of each design,
No book is better filled than mine.

But when I reach
the river's side
Alone, for none of
these I wish,
No victim to a foolish
pride,
My object is to
capture fish;
Let me confess, then,
since you ask
it—
A worm it is which
fills my basket!

O brown, unlovely, wriggling
worm,
On which with scorn the
haughty look,
It is thy fascinating squirm
Which brings the fattest trout
to book,
From thee unable to refrain,
Though flies are cast for him in
vain!

Deep gratitude to thee I feel,
And then, perhaps, it's chiefly
keen,
When rival anglers view my
creel,
And straightway turn a jealous
green;

And, should they ask me—"What's
your fly?"
"A fancy pattern," I reply!

SWORD AND PEN;

OR, THE RIVAL COMMANDERS.

(Extract from a *Military Story of the near Future*.)

CAPTAIN PIPECLAY was perplexed when his Company refused to obey him. He was considered a fairly good soldier, but not up to date. He might know his drill, he might have read his *Queen's Regulations*, but he had vague ideas of the power of the Press.

"You see, Sir," remonstrated his Colour-Sergeant; "if the rear rank think they should stand fast when you give the command 'Open order!' it is only a matter of opinion. You may be right, or you may be wrong. Speaking for myself, I am inclined to fancy that the men are making a mistake; but you can't always consider yourself omniscient."

"Sergeant," returned the officer, harshly; "it is not the business of men to argue, but to obey."

"Pardon me again, Sir, but isn't that slightly old-fashioned? I know that theoretically you have reason on your side; but then in these days of the latter end of the nineteenth century, we must not be bound too tightly to precedent."

The Captain bit his moustache for the fourth time, and then again gave the order. But there was no response. The Company moved not a muscle.

"This is mutiny!" cried the officer. "I will break everyone of you. I will put you all in the cells; and in the orderly room to-morrow morning, we will soon see if there is such a thing as discipline."

"Discipline!" repeated the Sergeant. "Beg your pardon, Sir, but I don't think the men understand what you mean. The word is not to be found in the most recent dictionaries."

And certainly things seemed to be reaching a climax, for however much the Commander might shout, not one of the rank and file stirred an inch. It was at this moment that

a cloaked figure approached the parade-ground. The new-comer strode about with a bearing that suggested one accustomed to receive obedience.

"What is the matter?" asked the Disguised One.

"I can't get my men to obey me," explained the Captain. "I have been desiring them to take open order for the last ten minutes, and they remain as they were."

"What have they to say in their defence?" was the inquiry of the Man in the Cloak.

"He won't let us write to the newspapers!" was heard from the ranks.

"Is this really so?" asked the new-comer, in a tone more of sorrow than of anger.

"Well, Sir," returned the Captain, "as it is a rule of the Service that no communications shall be sent to the Press, I thought that—"

"You had no right to think, Sir!" was the sharp reply. "Are you so ignorant that you do not know that it is a birth-right of a true-born Briton to air his opinions in the organs of publicity? You will allow the men to go to their quarters at once, that they may state their grievances on paper. They are at perfect liberty to write what they please, and they may rest assured that their communications will escape the grave of the waste-paper basket."

Thus encouraged, the Company dismissed without further word of command.

"And who may you be?" asked the Captain, with some bitterness. "Are you the Commander-in-Chief?"

"I am one infinitely more powerful," was the reply. And then the speaker threw off his disguise-cloak, and appeared in morning-dress. "Behold in me the Editor of an influential Journal!"

A week later the Captain had sent in his papers, and every man in the Company he had once commanded wore the stripe of a Lance Corporal. And thus was the power of the Press once again sufficiently vindicated.

THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS; OR, THE LISTS FOR THE LAURELS.



PROEM.

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra! The trumpets blare!
The rival Bards, wild-eyed, with wind-blown hair,
And close-hugged harps, advance with fire-winged feet
For the green Laureate Laurels to compete;
The laurels vacant from the brows of him
In whose fine light all lesser lustrues dim.
Tourney of Troubadours! The laurels lie
On crimson velvet cushion couched on high,

Whilst *Punch*, Lord-Warden of his country's fame,
Attends the strains to hear, the victor-bard to name.

And first advances, as by right supreme,
With frosted locks adrift, and eyes a-dream,
With quick short footfalls, and an arm a-swing,
As to some cosmic rhythm heard to ring
From Putney to Parnassus, a brief bard!
(In stature, *not* in song!) Though passion-scarred,

Porphyrogeinitus at least he looks;
Haughty as one who rivalry scarce brooks;
Unreminiscent now of youthful rage,
Almost "respectable," and well-nigh sage,
Dame GRUNDY owns her once redoubted foe,
Whose polished pagantry's erotic flow,
And red anarchic wrath 'gainst priests, and kings,
The virtues, and most other "proper" things,
Once drew her frown where now her smile's bestowed.
Such is the power of timely palinode!

Soft twanged his lyre and loud his voice out-rang,
As the first Bard this moving measure sang.—

ON THE BAYS.

(To the tune—more or less—of "In the Bay.")

I.

Beyond the bellowing onset of base war,
Their latest wearer wendeth! With wild
zest,
Fulfilled of windy resonance, the rest
Of the bard-mob must hotly joust and jar
To win the wreath that he beyond the bar
Bare not away against the bland sea's breast.

II.

And sooth the soft
sheen of that death-
less bay
Gleams glamorous!
Amorous was I in my
day,
Clamorous were
Gath's goose-critics
But my fire,
Chastened from To-
phet-fumes, burns
purer, higher;
My thoughts on cour-
tier-wings might
make their way
Did my brow bear the
laurels all these
desire.

III.

For I, to the propie-
ties reconciled,
Who hymned Dolores,
sing the "weanling
child."
At "home-made
treacle" I made
mocking mirth;
That was before my
better self had
birth.
At virtue's lilies and
languors then I
smiled,
But Hertha's *not* thine
only goddess, O
Earth!

IV.

For surely brother,
and master, and
lord, and king,
Though vice's roses
and raptures did
not spring
In thy poetic garden's
trim parterre;
Though thou wert
fond of sunshine and
sweet air,
More than of kisses,
that burn, and bite,
and sting;

Some living love our England for thee bare.

V.

Thou, too, couldst sing about her sweet salt
sea,
And trumpet pæans loud to Liberty,
With clamour of all applauding throats. Thy
feet,
Not wine-press red, yet left the flowers more
sweet,
From the pure passage of the god to be;
And then couldst thunder praises of Eng-
land's Fleet.

VI.

I did not think to glorify gods and kings,
Who scourged them ever with hate's san-
guineous rods;

But who with hope and faith may live at
odds?
And then these jingling jays with plume-
plucked wings,
Compete, and laureate laurels are lovely
things,
Though crowing lyric lauders of kings and
gods!

Beshrew the blatant bleating of sheep-voiced
mimes!
True thunder shall strike dumb their chirp-
ing chimes.
If there be laureate laurels, or bays, or palms,
In these red, Radical, revelling, riotous times,

Some bards pipe from Parnassus, some from
Hermon;
Room for the singer of the Sunday Sermon!
His stimulant tepid tea, his theme a text,
Carmarthen's cultured caroller comes next!

THE WORTH OF VERSE.

AIR—"The Birth of Verse."

WILD thoughts which occupy the brain,
Vague prophecies which fill the ear,
Dim perturbation, precious pain,
A gleam of hope, a chill of fear,—
These vex the poet's spirit. Moral:—
Have a shy at the Laureate Laurel!



Experienced Sportsman (on Pony). "WELL—HAD GOOD SPORT, FRED, OLD BOY?"
Inexperienced Fred. "NOT EXACTLY 'GOOD,'—BUT I THINK I'VE LET OFF ABOUT A
HUNDRED CARTRIDGES."
Experienced Sportsman. "NOT SO BAD. S'POSE YOU MUST HAVE 'LET OFF' AN EQUAL
NUMBER OF PARTRIDGES!"

They should be the true bard's, though mid-
age calms
His revolutionary fierce rolling rhymes,
Fulfilled with clamour and clangour and
storm of—psalms

That great lyre's golden echoes rolled away!
Forth tripped another claimant of the bay.
Trim, titivated, tintinnabulant,
His bosom aped the true Parnassian pant,
As may a housemaid's leathern bellows mock
The rock-whelmed Titan's breathings. He
no shock

Of hard-like shagginess shook to the breeze.
A modern Cambrian Minstrel hopes to please
By undishevelled dandy-daintiness,
Whether of lays or locks, of rhymes or dress.

If these be not sufficient claims,
The worth of Verse is vastly small.
I've called him various pretty names,
The honoured Master of us all;
"His place is with the Immortals." Yes!
But I could fill it *here*, I guess!

His "chaste white Muse" could not object,
For mine is white, and awfully chaste.
Now ALGERNON has no respect
For purity and public taste.
EDWIN is given to allegory,
Whilst ALFRED is a wicked Tory!!!

He ceased. Great PUNCHIUS rubbed his
eagle beak,
And said, "I think we'll take the rest next
week!"

Some say no definite
thought there is
In my full flatulence
of sound.
Let National Obser-
vers quiz
(H-N-L-Y won't have it,
I'll be bound!)

Envy! O *trumpery*,
O *MORRIS*!
Could JUVENAL jealous
be of HORACE?

I know the chambers
of my soul
Are filled with lauda-
tory airs,
Such as the salaried
bard should troll
When he the Lau-
reate laurels
wears.

And I am he who
opened Hades,
To harmless parsons
and to ladies!

For I can "moralise
my song"
More palpably than
Mr. POPE;
And I can touch the
toiling throng.
There is small doubt
of *that*, I hope.

I've piped for him
who ploughs the
furrows,
And stood for the
Carmarthen
Boroughs.

Imayn't be strong, in-
spired, complete,
But on the Liberal
goose I'm sound.
And I can count my
(rhythmic) feet
With any Pegasus
around.

I witch all women,
and some men,
GLADSTONE I've
drawn, and writ-
ten "*Gwen*."

IN A GHOST-SHOW.

Warlock's "Celebrated Ghost-Exhibition and Deceptio Visus" has pitched its tent for the night on a Village Green, and the thrilling Drama of "Maria Martin, or, The Murder in the Red Barn, in three long Acts, with unrivalled Spectral Effects and Illusions," is about to begin. The Dramatis Personæ are on the platform outside: the venerable Mr. MARTIN is exhorting the crowd to step up and witness his domestic tragedy, while the injured MARIA is taking the twopences at the door; WILLIAM CORDER is finishing a pipe, and two of the Angelic Visions are dancing, in blue velvet and silver braid, to the appropriate air of "The Bogie Man."

INSIDE.

The front benches are occupied by Rustic Youths, who beguile the tedium of waiting by smoking short clays, and trying to pull off one another's caps.

First Youth (examining the decorative Shakspearian panels on the proscenium). They three old wimmin be a-pokin' o' that old nipper, 'ooever he be.

[The "old nipper" in question is, of course, MACBETH.

Second Youth. Luk up at that 'un tother side—it's a Ginerals' gho-ast a-frighenin' th' undertaker (A subject from "Hamlet.") They've gi'en over dancin' outside—they'll be beginnin' soon. (The company descend the steps, and pass behind the scenes.) We shall see proper 'ere, we shall.

[The Curtain draws up, and reveals a small stage, with an inclined sheet of glass in a heavy frame in front; behind this glass is the Cottage Home of MARIA MARTIN.

Maria (coming out of Cottage, and speaking in an inaudible tone). At last . . . WILLIAM CORDER . . . to make me his wife . . . I know not why . . . strange misgiving 'as come over me.

[She is unfeelingly requested to speak up.

William Corder (whose villany is suggested at once by his wearing a heavy silver double watch-chain, with two coins appended, and no neck-tie—enters left). Yes, MARIA, as I have promised, I will take you to London, and make you my wife—but first meet me in disguise to-night, and in secret, at the Red Barn.

[MARIA is understood to demur, but finally agrees to the rendezvous, and retires into the Cottage. Old Mr. MARTIN comes out in a black frock-coat, and a white waistcoat—he has no neck-tie either, but the omission, in his case, merely suggests a virtuous economy. He feebly objects to MARIA being married in London, but admits that, "Perhaps he has no right to interfere with WILLIAM's arrangements," and goes indoors again. WILLIAM retires, and the scene changes to a very small street, which is presently invaded by a very large Comic Countryman, called "TIM," who is engaged to MARIA's sister NANNY.

Tim. They tell I, as how the streets o' Lunnnon be paved wi' gold, and I be goin' 'oop to make ma fortune, I be.

[NANNY comes in and bribes him to remain by the promise of "cold pudden with plenty of gravy." Comic business, during which every reference to "cold pudden" (and there are several) is received with roars of laughter. WILLIAM CORDER, on the ingenious plea that he wishes to take some flowers up to London, borrows a spade and pickaxe from TIM, to whom it appears he owes ninnepence, which he promises—like the villain he is—to repay "the very next time he sees him in Church."

William (going off with a flourish and a Shakspearian couplet). My mind's made up. Hence all thoughts that are good!

Crimes once commenced, Must. End in—blood! [Act drop. A Female Spect. They don't seem in no 'urry to come to th' Gho-ast part, seemin'ly,

Her Swain. Ye wudn't have 'em do th' Gho-ast afor th' Murder, wud ye?

ACT II.—The interior of the Red Barn. WILLIAM discovered digging MARIA's grave in his shirt-sleeves, and thereby revealing that his shirt-front is as false as his heart. He announces that "Nothing

can shake him, now, from his pre-determined purpose," and that "the grave gapes for its coming victim."

Enter MARIA, disguised in a brown bowler hat and a very tight suit of tweed "dittoes," in which she looks very like the "Male Impersonator" at a Music-hall. The Audience receive her with derision and the recommendation to go and get her hair cut.

Maria. Here am I in disguise at the Red Barn. And yet something seems to whisper to me that danger is near. WILLIAM, where, where are you?

William (coming out of a corner). 'Ere, MARIA, 'ere! (Aside.) Now to 'url my victim to an early grave! (Aloud.) 'Ave you obeyed my instructions and avoided notice?

Maria. I have. Whenever I saw anyone approaching, I hid behind a hedge and ducked in the ditch.

William (with sombre approval). That was most discreet on your part, MARIA. No one saw you come in, and no one will ever see you go out. Be'old your open grave!

[After some pleading from MARIA, a desperate struggle takes place—that is, they catch one another's wrists, and walk up and down together. MARIA calls upon her Mother's spirit, whereupon a very youthful Angel is seen floating above the couple.

The Female S. (triumphantly). Theer now—theer ain't bin no murder yet, and theer's th' Gho-ast sure enough!

Swain (who is not going to own that he is mistaken). That ain't naw Gho-ast!

Female S. What is it, then?

Swain. Why, it's the "De-cep-ti-o Vissus," as was wrote up outside.

[The Guardian Angel vanishes; WILLIAM gets a spade, and aims at MARIA, who takes it away, and strikes him; he is then reduced to the pick-axe, but she wrests this from him too, and hits him in the face with it. He pulls her coat off, and her hair down—but she escapes from him a third time—on which he snatches up a pistol, and fires it.

William (with unreasonable surprise). Great Evans! What 'ave I done? I am become a Murderer! The shot 'as taken effect! See, she staggers this way! (Which MARIA does, to die comfortably in WILLIAM's arms.) I 'ave slain the only woman who ever truly loved me; and I know not whether I loved her most while living, or hate her most now she's dead! (The Curtain falls, leaving WILLIAM with this nice point still unsolved, and the Audience profoundly unmoved by the tragedy, and evidently longing for more of the Comic Countryman.

ACT III.—Interior of Old MARTIN's Cottage. He attempts to forget his anxiety about his daughter—who he fears, with only too much reason, has come to an untimely end—by going to sleep in a highly uncomfortable position on a kitchen-chair. The Murder is re-enacted in a vision, in dumb-show. The form of MARIA appears in the tweed suit, and urges him to search for her remains in the Red Barn.

Old Martin (awaking). I have 'ad a fearful dream, and I am under the impression that MARIA has been foully murdered in the Red Barn.

[He calls the Comic Countryman to help him "to commence a thorough investigation"—which he does, in a spirit of rollicking fun befitting the occasion, as the Scene changes to the Red Barn.

Old M. (finding the spade). What's this? A spade—and, by its appearance, it 'as recently been fused, for there are marks of blood upon it! I now begin to be afraid my dream will come true.

[Roars of laughter when the Comic C. discovers the body, and implores it to "say summat!" Change of Scene. WILLIAM CORDER discovered At Home, in a long perspective of pillars and curtains, ending in a lawn and fountain.

William (moodily). 'Tis now exactly twelve months since MARIA MARTIN was done to death by these 'ands. Since then, I have married a young, rich, and beautiful wife—and yet I am not 'appy.

[Enter Old MARTIN, who, by the simple method of changing his hat and coat, has now become a Bow-street Officer; he puts questions to WILLIAM, who at once betrays himself, and



"They catch one another's wrists, and walk up and down together."

has to be searched. As a pair of pistols exactly resembling one that was left in the Red Barn, are found in his coat-tail pockets; his guilt is conclusively proved, and he is led away. The next Scene shows him in the Condemned Cell, resolving to sleep away his few remaining hours on a kitchen-chair. He has a vision of MARIA in tweeds, who exhorts him to repent. Old MARTIN, who is now either the Governor of the Gaol or the Hangman, enters to conduct him to the scaffold, and on the way he is met—to the joy of the Audience—by the Comic C., who duns him for the ninepence. WILLIAM shakes his head solemnly, points to the skies, and passes on. The Comic C. then goes to sleep in a chair and has a vision on his own account, in which he beholds the apotheosis of MARIA—still in the suit of dittoes—and piloted by a couple of obviously overweighted Angels; and also the last moments of WILLIAM CORDER, who, as he stands under an enlarged "Punch" gibbet, pronounces the following impressive farewell before disappearing through a trap.

YE Youth, be warned by my Despair!

Avoid bad women, false as they are fair. (This is just a little hard on poor MARIA by-the-way.)

Be wise in time, if you would shun my fate,

For oh! how wretched is the man who's wise too late!

[And with this the Drama comes to an end, and the Comic Countryman begs the Audience to give the performance a good word to their friends outside.]

BETWEEN THE ACTS; OR, THE DRAMA IN LIQUOR.

SCENE—Refreshment Saloon at a London Theatre. A three-play bill forms the evening's entertainment. First Act over. Enter BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.

Brown. Well, really a very pleasant little piece. Quite amusing. Yes; I think I will have a cup of coffee or a glass of lemonade. Too soon after dinner for anything stronger.

Jones. Yes, and really, after laughing so much, one gets a thirst for what they call light refreshments. I will have some ginger-beer.

Robinson. Well, I think I will stick to iced-water. You know the Americans are very fond of that. They always take it at meal-times, and really after that capital *équivoque* one feels quite satisfied. (They are served by the Bar Attendant.) That was really very funny, where he hides behind the door when she is not looking.

[Laughs at the recollection.]

Brown. And when the uncle sits down upon the band-box and crushes the canary-cage!

[Chuckles.]

Jones. Most clever. But there goes the bell, and the Curtain will be up directly. Rather clever, I am told. The *Rose of Rouen*—it is founded on the life of Joan of Arc. I am rather fond of these historical studies.

Brown. So am I. They are very interesting.

Robinson. Do you think so? Well, so far as I am concerned, I prefer Melodrama. Judging from the title, *The Gory Hand* should be uncommonly good.

[Exit into Theatre. After a pause they return to the Refreshment Room.]

Brown. Well, it is very clever; but I confess it beats me. (To Bar Attendant.) We will all take soda-water. No, thanks, quite neat, and for these gentlemen too.

Jones. Well, I call it a most excellent psychological study. However, wants a clear head to understand it. (Sips his soda-water.) I don't see how she can take the flag from the Bishop, and yet want to marry the Englishman.

Robinson. Ah, but that was before the vision. If you think it over carefully, you will see it was natural enough. Of course, you must allow for the spirit of the period, and other surrounding circumstances.

Brown. Are you going to stay for *The Gory Hand*?

Jones. Not I. I am tired of play-acting, and think we have had enough of it.

Robinson. Well, I think I shall look in. I am rather fond of strong scenes, and it should be good, to judge from the programme.

Jones. Well, we will "sit out." It's rather gruesome. Quite different from the other plays.

Robinson. Well, I don't mind horrors—in fact, like them. There goes the bell. So I am off. Wait until I come back.

Brown. That depends how long you are away. Ta, ta!

[Exit ROBINSON.]

Jones. Now, how a fellow can enjoy a piece like that, I cannot understand. It is full of murders, from the rise to the fall of the Curtain.

Brown. Yes—but ROBINSON likes that sort of thing. You will see by-and-by how the plot will affect him. It is rather jumpy, especially at the end, when the severed head tells the story of the murder to the assistant executioner. I would not see it again on any account

Jones. No—it sent my Maiden Aunt in hysterics. However, it has the merit of being short. (Applause.) Ah, there it's over! Let's see how ROBINSON likes it. That tableau at the end, of the starving-coastguardman expiring under the rack, is perfectly awful! (Enter ROBINSON, staggering in.) Why, my boy, what's the matter?

Brown. You do look scared! Have something to drink? That will set it all to-rights!

Robinson (with his eyes protruding from his head, from horror). Here, help! help! (After a long shudder.) Brandy! Brandy! Brandy!!!

[At all the places at the bar there is a general demand for alcohol.]

Brown. Yes. IRVING was right; soda-water does very well for SHAKESPEARE's histories, but when you come to a piece like *The Bells*, you require supporting. [Curtain and moral.]

"IN A WINTER (COVENT) GARDEN."

THAT indefatigable Showman, Sir DRURIOLANUS, the Invincible Knight, commenced his Winter Operatic Season on Monday, the Tenth, at Covent Garden, so as to be well in advance of Signor LAGO, who may now boast of having *La Donna, Her Most Gracious MAJESTY*, for his patron.

Monday Night.—The two RAVOGLIS in good form in the *Orfeo*. Likewise the Player of the Big Drum made more than one big hit during the evening. "*Che farò*" was re-demanded. "Tired of 'Faro,'" quoth Mr. WAGGSTAFF—"why not make it 'Whisto,' or some other game?" Exit WAGGY. The *Intermezzo* of *Cavalleria*



OPERATIC TACTICS.

Sir Druriolanus. "I Say, Beviniani, I think we've got the right pitch, eh?"

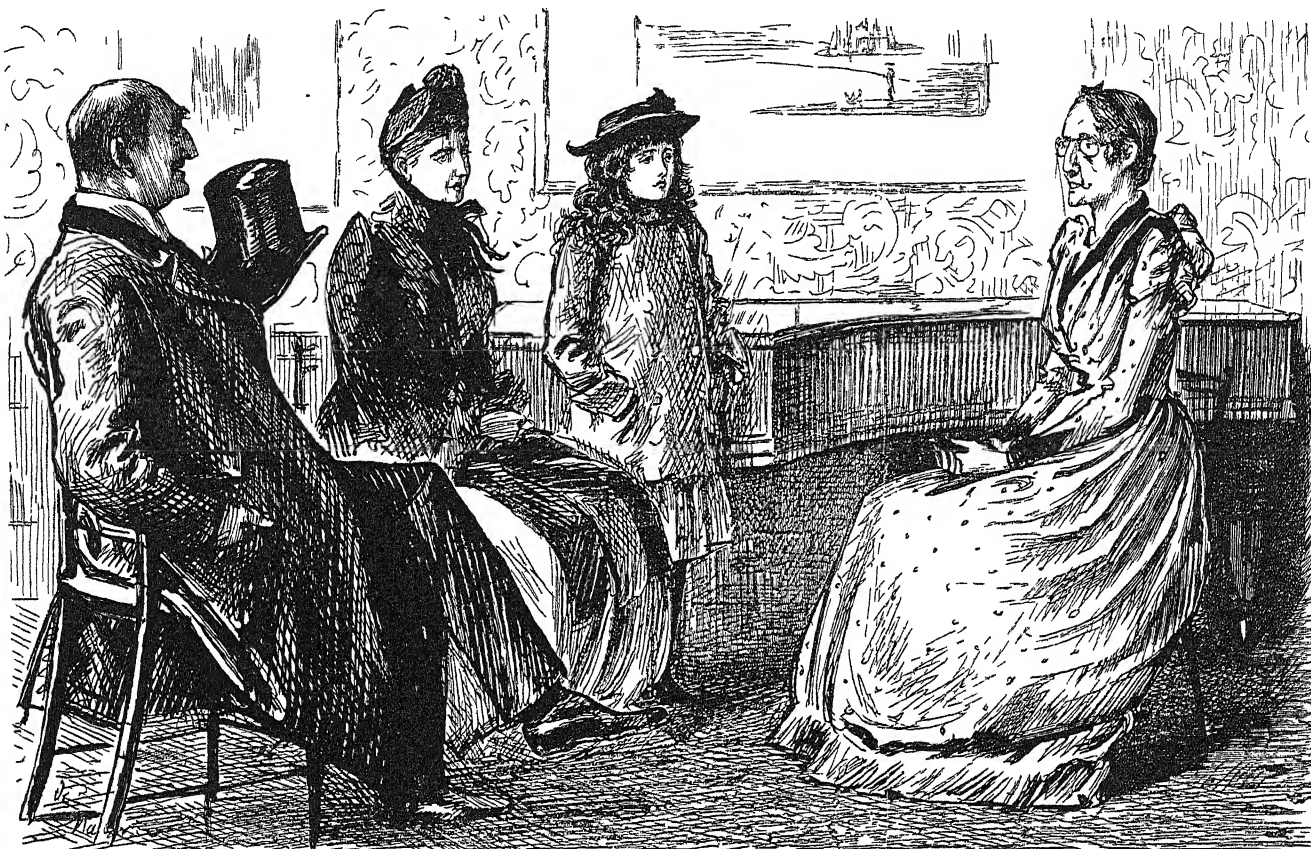
Rusticana of course encored enthusiastically. "Signor CREMON-NINI," quoth WAGG, returning, "is not half the 'ninny' his name implies. And, indeed, from the moment he was heard singing "in his ambush" (as the Irish boy in the Gallery said of TOM HOHLER at the Dublin Theatre when he heard the *Trovatore*'s voice behind the scenes) before the rise of the Curtain, everyone said, "This is the tinner for our money."

Tuesday.—The namesake of our own GEORGE AUGUSTUS, Mlle. ROSITA SALA, made a real hit as *Leonora* in *Il Trovatore*. "Handsome is as handsome does," and Mlle. SALA didn't act as "handsome" as she looked. Another "ninny" played to-night, namely GIAN-NINI, all right vocally, but not much dramatically. "*Il Balen*" was encored when sung by a manly baritone with the feminine name of ANNA; i.e., Signor DE ANNA. He might advantageously alter DE-ANNA to APOLLO, that is if he could be sure of looking the part.

Wednesday.—*Lohengrin*. MELBA as *Elsa*. WAGGSTAFF tried to make his usual pun on the name of *Ortruda*, but was "countered" by Young JUMPER who protested that he had heard it before and never wanted to hear it again. "I know what you're going to say," he exclaimed; "it's something about 'ought ruder!'" I know!" "I've no doubt you do," returned the defrauded WAGGY, sarcastically, "for you're uncommonly like *Othello*, 'Rude am I in speech'—only," added WAGGSTAFF, "he apologised for it." Young JUMPER sniggered, his friends laughed, and the incident terminated.

The Chorus seemed to have become Wandering Minstrels, so very uncertain were they.

Altogether, Sir DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS, with his successful Drury Lane Race-course, his Provincial Theatre, his Italian Opera, his Paper (not in the House, but his weekly one out of it), his Music-of-the-Future Hall, for which a temporary and limited licence has been granted, will—in a general-dealer kind of way—be having a good time of it till Pantomime Season slaps him on the back with a cheery "Here we are again!" and then he will have another and a better time. No doubt of Sir Gus's success, or in abbreviated proverbial Latin, "*De Gus. non disputandum*."



THE HEIGHT OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

Miss Prunes. 'Ah, DOCTOR, THESE HIGH SCHOOLS ARE SADLY MIXED' BUT, UNDER MY CARE, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT YOUR LITTLE WARD WILL ASSOCIATE WITH DAUGHTERS OF GENTLEMEN ONLY!'

The Doctor "THAT, MADAM, IS TO BE SELECT INDEED; SINCE I BELIEVE PALLAS ATHENE ALONE FULFILLED SUCH A CONDITION [For pedigree of Pallas Athene vide Classical Dictionary—Art "Minerva"]

COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS! We read of him every day,
In books, pamphlets, magazines, papers;
Whilst Italy, Portugal, Spain, U.S.A.,
Cut constant, consecutive capers.



They started last month with reviews on the main;
On the land with processions—a quaint row.
Such the *fêtes*, aptly called by the French "*Fêtes de Gènes*,"
Fait accompli, good luck, ça nous gêne trop!

But never say die; now Huelva goes on,
New York follows, steady and sober,
And Chicago makes ready for more derved, dog gone

Fêtes to last till, at least, next October!

COLUMBUS, your search for a sort of New Cut
Was meant for the best, we don't doubt it;
No harm in discovering Continents, but
You might have said nothing about it.

Still, had you not found a location for clam,
Canvas back, buckwheat cakes, we should sorter

Have missed the acquaintance of 'cute Uncle SAM.

And his fearless, free, fragile, fair daughter.

COLUMBUS! The newspapers never will drop
This subject; we wish, as months roll on,
Some common bacillus had put a full stop
Long ago to DON CHRISTOBAL COLON!

"ANECDOTAGE."

Companion Paragraphs to Stories of the same kind

SIR WALTER SCOTT was never so well pleased as when meeting a brother author. One day he passed by a gauger, who was so careless in his duties that the author of *Waverley* was able to smuggle into Edinburgh some whiskey that was supposed never to have paid duty. On reaching Abbotsford, "the Wizard of the North" was informed that he had met one of the greatest poets of North Britain. "So I suspected," he replied. "It must have been BURNS." Sir WALTER was right—it *was* BURNS.

PITT, the younger, and FOX were both fond of portwine, and lost no opportunity of indulging in their favourite beverage. Meeting at CROCKFORD'S one evening, PITT (being in straitened circumstances) proposed that they should play for a bottle of sherry. "No," said FOX, "if I must lose, I will lose in Claret!" and the rival Statesmen succumbed to intoxication.

WILBERFORCE, the well-known philanthropist, was accustomed to visit the prisons. At Newgate one day he met a well-known forger, and asked him "What he was in for?" "For the same reason that you are out," was the smart, but uncourteous reply.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE ENGLISH POLICE.

(Freely Adapted from the Irish Rules.)

1. CONSTABLES who are required to interfere in a street-row must have fourteen days' notice before they can be expected on the spot of the disturbance.

2. Policemen will parade the streets from 12 A.M. to 4 P.M., but will make themselves scarce in the event of meeting a party procession, or noticing the holding of a public demonstration.

3. Hyde Park, Trafalgar Square, and all other fashionable trysting-places, shall be considered without the sphere of Police influence at times of political excitement.

4. Constables shall not congregate on land set apart for workmen's gatherings, except to organise strikes amongst themselves.

5. The labours of the Police shall not commence before sunrise, or continue after sunset; and it will be left to the sagacity of the Public to guard their own property during the hours that the Constables are off duty.

6. In the absence of the Civil Power, it will be considered contrary to professional etiquette for any respectable member of the criminal classes to carry on his unimpeded vocation.





THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

PRESIDENT PROPRIETOR (*log*). "SEE HERE, GOVERNOR! HE'S A LIKELY-LOOKING ANIMAL,—BUT I CAN'T MANAGE HIM! IF YOU WON'T TAKE HIM, I MUST LET HIM GO!"

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

[The Rev. Dr. SMYTHE PALMER, of Trinity College, Dublin, has just compiled a Book of Extracts, entitled *The Perfect Gentleman*.]

A GENTLEMAN must be liberal, not to say lavish, to servants, porters, game-keepers, and others, or he is "nogen't." At the same time the Perfect Gentleman is never extravagant.

He must not work. At the same time he must not be an idler.

He is known by his scrupulous attention to the minutiae of personal appearance, while "despising all outside show."

The Perfect Gentleman "never wilfully hurts anybody." No soldier, doctor, or schoolmaster can, therefore, ever be a P. G.

He is always perfectly open and frank. He is also sufficiently artful to conceal the fact that he considers the person he is talking to a mixture of a snob and a blockhead.

When his favourite corn is trodden on by a weighty stranger, he never utters any expression stronger than "Dear me!"

He never loses his temper.

He must know how to treat everyone according to their rank and situation in life, but show special courtesy to those who are his inferiors.

He must be well-born, although there are plenty of "Nature's Gentlemen" in the ranks of day-labourers.



HIS BEST "SOOT."

Short-tempered Gentleman in Black (after violent collision with a Stonemason fresh from work). "Now, I'LL ARSK YOU JEST TO LOOK AT THE NARSTY BEASTLY MESS AS YOU'VE GONE AND MIDE ME IN! WHY, I'M SIMPLY SMOTHERED IN SOME 'ORRID WHITE STUFF!' WHY DON'T YER BE MORE CAREFUL!!!"

He must be sufficiently wealthy to keep up a good position, while recognising the fact that money has nothing to do with true gentility.

He should also try and remember that no such jumble of contradictions as the Perfect Gentleman ever existed.

EPIGRAMMATICALLY PUT.

—An Asylums Board Manager wrote to the *Times* to complain of Mr. LITTLE, M.P., Q.C.'s charges against the Asylums and Fever Hospitals' management. "Which is right, or which is wrong," to paraphrase Mr. Mantalim's words, is no business just now of ours, but the writer of the reply to the attack, might have summed up by saying "that to him, Mr. LITTLE, whatever his Christian names might be, appeared as a *Be-Littler*."

"MR. GLADSTONE ON RENTS IN WALES."—What the Right Honble. Mr. G. omitted to say, when speaking on this subject, was that "but a comparatively small rent in Wales would be produced by Disestablishment, whenever that event should happen, and that this would soon be mended."

TEMPERANCE RIDDLE.—Why is a man who is thoroughly good-natured and ever ready to oblige, likely to end as a confirmed drunkard? Because he is always *willing*.

A USEFUL EXPERIENCE.

I AWOKE at one in the morning,
I had been two hours in bed,
When—bang!—without any warning
A joke came into my head.
'Twas brilliant, awfully funny,
It flashed through my drowsy brain,
It was worth—oh, a lot of money!—
I chuckled again and again.

I thought how I might employ it,
I laughed till the tears rolled down,
Foreseeing how SMITH would enjoy it,
And how it would tickle BROWN.
I said, "I had best but hint it
To them, or they might purloin
This wonderful jest, then print it,
And between them divide the coin."

Late in the morn I awoke,—I
Puzzled with all my might
In vain to recall the joke I
Made in the silent night.
What *was* it about? No dreamer
Am I! No—I think—I frown—
When next I make a screamer
In bed—I will write it down.

By the side of the bed a taper
Shall ever with matches be,
A pencil and piece of paper,
To note what occurs to me.

* * * * *
Since then I have tried, but the late joke,
As seen in my bedside scrawl,
Is always so poor,—that the great joke,
I'm sure, was no joke at all!

YES OR NO?

[“The hand-writing of well-educated Ladies is often disgracefully illegible.”—*A Ladies' Journal*.]

OH, never did lover in fable
In such a predicament stand,
A letter I wrote to my MABEL,
To ask for her heart and her hand,
With compliments worded so nicely,
A lifelong devotion I swore;
She's answered—and left me precisely
As wise as before!

It is true that I begged, when inditing
My note, a reply with all speed,
And MABEL, to judge from the writing,
Fulfilled my petition indeed!
The drift of this scrawl, so erratic,
I am wholly unable to guess—
It may be refusal emphatic,
Or can it be "Yes"?

"Affection" she'll feel for me "ever,"
But stay—if that blot is an "n"
It turns it at once into "never,"
Or is it a slip of the pen?

Her heart will a "truant (or true?) be,"
And what is the word just above?
It looks like—it cannot be—"booby"!—
Perhaps it is "love."

A meeting must needs be awaited
To render these mysteries plain;
Perhaps in this letter she's stated
She never will see me again;
On one thing at least I've decided;—
Should she be my partner for life,
A type-writer shall be provided
For the use of my wife!

The German and Horse-trying Ride.

[“Most of the horses were standing, but propping themselves up against a wall or a post.”—*Standard*, Wednesday, October 12th.]

PITY the sorrows of a worn-out horse,
Whose trembling limbs support him 'gainst
a wall;
Who asks you,—fearing future trials worse—
To kill him with a sudden shot,—that's all.

A CORRESPONDENT signing "INNOCENTIA DOCTER," wants to know if "the Hub of the Universe" is an official appointment that can only be held by a Mahomedan or a Mormon?

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS.

(By Mr Punch's own Grouse in the Gun room.)

AND, next, my gallant young Sportsmen, just sharpen up your attention, and, if you have ears, prepare to lend them now. Be, in fact, all ears. At any rate, get yourselves as near as possible to that desirable condition, for we are going to discuss shooting-lunches, and all that pertains to them. Think of it! Are not some of your happiest memories, and your most delightful anticipations, bound up with the mid-day meal, at which the anxieties and disappointments of the morning, the birds you missed, the birds that, though they got up in front of you, were shot by your jealous neighbour, the wiped-eyes, the hands torn in the thorn-bushes, at which, as I say, all these are forgotten, when you lay aside your gun, and sit down to your short repose. Then it is that the talker shines supreme. All the conversation which may have been broken in upon during the morning by the necessity for posting yourself at the hot corner, or the grassy ride, or in the butt, or for polishing off a right and left of partridges, can then flow free and uninterrupted. Ah, happy moments, when the bad shot becomes as the good, and all distinctions are levelled! How well, how gratefully do I remember you! Still, in my waking fancies, there rises to my nose a savoury odour, telling of stew or hot-pot, and still the crisp succulence of the jam tartlet has honour in my memory. Ah, *tempi passati, tempi passati!* But away, fancy, and to our work, which is to speak of

SHOOTING-LUNCHES

in their relation to talk—

(1) Be extremely careful, unless you know exactly the ways of your host with regard to his shooting-lunch, not to express to him before lunch any very definite opinion as to what the best kind of lunch is. If, for instance, you rashly declare that, for your own part, you detest a solemn sit-down-in-a-farmhouse lunch, and that your ideal is a sandwich, a biscuit and a nip out of a flask, and if you then find yourself lunching off three courses at a comfortable table, why you'll be in a bit of a hole. Consistency would prompt you to abstain, appetite urges you to eat. What is a poor talker to do? Obviously, he must get out somehow. Here is a suggested method. Begin by admiring the room.

"By Jove, what a jolly little room this is. It's as spick and span as a model dairy. I wish you'd take me on as your tenant, CHALMERS, when you've got a vacancy."

CHALMERS will say, "It's not a bad little hole. Old Mrs. NUBBLES keeps things wonderfully spruce. This is one of the cottages I built five years ago."

There's your first move. Your next is as follows. Every rustic-cottage contains gruesome china-ornaments and excruciating-cheap German-prints of such subjects as "*The Tryst*" (always spelt "*The*

Trist" on the German print), "*The Sailor's Return*," "*The Warrior's Dream*," "*Napoleon at Arcola*," and so forth. Point to a china-ornament and say, "I never knew cows in this part of the country were blue and green." Then after you've exhausted the cow, milked her dry, so to speak, you can take a turn at the engravings, and make a sly hit at the taste in art generated by modern education. Hereupon, someone is dead certain to chime in with the veteran grumble about farmers who educate their children above their station by allowing their daughters to learn to play the piano, and their sons to acquire the rudiments of Latin "Give you my word of honour, the farmers' daughters about my uncle's place, get their dresses made by my aunt's dressmaker, and thump out old WAGNER all day long." This horrible picture of rural depravity

will cause an animated discussion. When it is over, you can say, "This is the very best Irish-stew I've ever tasted. I must get your cook to give me the receipt."

"Ah, my boy," says CHALMERS, "you'll find there's nothing like a stew out shooting."

"Of course," you say, "nothing can beat it, if you've got a nice room to eat it in, and aren't pressed for time; but, if you've got no end of ground to cover, and not much time to do it in, I can always manage to do myself on a scrap of anything handy. Thanks, I don't mind if I do have a chunk of cake, and a whitewash of sherry."

Thus you have fetched a compass—I fancy the phrase is correct—and have wiped out the memory of your indiscretion. Of course the thing may happen the other way round. You may have expressed a preference for solid lunches, only to find yourself set down on a tuft of grass, with a beef sandwich and a digestive biscuit. In that case you can begin by declaring your delight in an open-air meal, go on to admire the scenery, and end by expressing a certain amount of judicious contempt for the Sybarite who cannot

tear himself away from effeminate luxuries, and the trick's done.

But this subject is so great, and has so many varieties, that we must recur to it in our next.

TO OUR GUERNSEY CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. PUNCH is sorry to find that his fancy sketch of a Guernsey Car drive has been taken so seriously in some quarters as to give pain and offence which were very far from being intended. He begs to assure the honourable fraternity of Car-proprietors and drivers in the island, that he did *not* mean to suggest for a moment that there was the slightest real danger to the public who patronise those highly popular and excellently-conducted vehicles, or that any actual driver was either intemperate or incompetent, and that, should such an impression have been unfortunately produced—which he hopes is impossible—no one would regret so unjust an aspersion more sincerely than Mr. Punch himself.



IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX.

Hairdresser. "SAY THEN, SARE ZAT YOU ARE RASÉ—SHAVE,—IS IT THAT I SHALL CUT YOU OFF YOUR 'AIR?'"

Mr Brown (an old-fashioned Englishman, on his first Visit to Paris—startled) "HEY! WHAT! CUT MY HAIR OFF! NONG, MOSSOO—COMPRENNY!—NONG! DO YOU THINK I WANT TO LOOK LIKE ONE OF YOUR FRENCH POODLES?"



THE GOLFER'S DREAM.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Your marvellous judgment in the selection of your "staff"—(I believe that is the correct term to use in speaking of those who write for the paper, though as a rule a staff is *wooden-headed*, which I am sure none of your contributors are!—I can answer for *one*!)—has again placed you in the position envied of all Journals, viz.,—(why do people put "viz.," and not "namely"?—it is silly!) that of affording "information" given by no other Journal! All of which preamble means,—(by the way, why "pre-*amble*"?—if one is a speedy writer, why not "pre-*canter*"?)—that *Punch*, in the person of LADY GAY—(that *may* seem a little mixed, but it isn't)—was the *only* Sporting Paper which tipped the winner of the Cesarewitch!

For confirmation of this I refer the sceptical to my last week's letter, in which I stated that in dreaming of the race I dreamt that "*Burnaby came to the rescue*"—and if this is not giving the winner, I should like to know what is! It is true I made *Brandy* my "verse selection," but that would only mislead the people who go no further than the surface (not of the brandy), as anyone who gave the matter a moment's thought would realise that *Brandy* is always applied *after* a rescue! I hear there was a "ton of money" for the winner just before the start, but I did not see anyone carrying it about, so I suppose it was what they call "covering money," which, I presume, is covered over for safety, as it would be risky to walk about a race-course with a ton of loose money—not that I suppose anyone who goes racing would touch it, but it *might* be lost! Anyhow, there was a ton of money for the winner *after* the race, which his owner *had* to take, willy-nilly, or Hobson's choice!



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

"I SAY, GUV'NER! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO BE TOOK DOWN FOR HALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS?"

The pleasantest feature of the meeting, however, was the re-appearance of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, which was also pleasantly marked by one of his horses winning a race! The Public having anxiously "watched" for H.R.H., the success of *The Vigil* was received with enthusiasm!

Next week takes us to Gatwick and Sandown—(or rather the *train* takes us—another absurd expression)—the last day of the latter Meeting being devoted to "Jumping Races," which is the contemptuous way some people speak of the winter branch of our National Sport!—forgetting that it demands the two most desirable qualities in a horse, *speed* and *endurance*—whereas the modern flat-racing has degenerated, for the most part, into scrambles and gambles, where *speed* is the only requisite!—but more of this anon—but *not* anonymous, as I believe in signed articles, as the apprentice said! (*Not BRADFORD!*)

The most important race at Gatwick—(delightful place to go racing—lots of room to move about in)—is the Thousand Pound Handicap, in which race *Brandy* is worth keeping an eye on, as she ought to beat *Burnaby* at the difference in the weights—other horses that might make their mark during the week—(especially now the ground is soft)—are, *Pilot*, *Golden Garter*—(I never was guilty of such extravagance as that)—*Queen of Navarre*—(she might have been)—*Meadow Brown*, *Terror*, and *Seawall*, the last three in the "Jumping Races"—and, in conclusion, the inevitable rhythical winner, from

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

ORLEANS NURSERY SELECTION.

THE man who would back any other Appears but a gander to be, For the horse that all comers will smother Is certainly *Tanderagee*!

MY SEASON TICKET.

EVER against my breast,
Safe in my pocket pressed,
Ready at my behest,
Daintily pretty
Gilt-printed piece of leather,
Though fair or foul the weather,
Daily we go together
Up to the City.
Yet, as I ride at ease,
Papers strewn on my knees,
And I hear "Seasons, please!"
Shouted in warning:

Pockets I search in vain
All through and through again;
"Pray do not stop the train—
Lost it this morning.
No, I have not a card,
Nor can I pay you, Guard—
Truly my lot is hard,
This is the reason,
Now I recall to mind
Changing my clothes, I find
I left them all behind,—
Money, cards, 'Season.'"

WRITTEN A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

(From a Collection of Communications supplied by our Prophetic Compiler.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Pray protect the Griffin! Those Goths and Vandals, the Members of the Corporation of the City of London, will remove it, unless you intervene. This beautiful work of Art, that stands on the supposed site of the mythical Temple Bar, is to come down. What would our ancestors say if they were here? Would they not frown at their degenerate descendants? Every student of history knows that this Griffin was put up by universal consent, and considered one of the finest works of art of the nineteenth century. As, indeed, it was. It is full of historic memories. It was here that WELLINGTON met NAPOLEON after Waterloo; and here, again, was the Volunteer Movement inaugurated, when Mr. Alderman WAT TYLER, putting himself at the head of the citizens,

called for "Three cheers for the Charter and the Anti-Corn-Law League!" The beautiful bas-reliefs that used to represent the occasions have disappeared, but their subjects are tenderly cherished. If the Corporation *must* pull down something, let them destroy the recently-erected Mansion House! but spare, oh spare, the Griffin!

Yours truly,

A STUDENT OF THE LORE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
The Palace, Brixton.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It is time for a protest! One of the most beautiful erections of the nineteenth century (the old South Kensington Railway Station of the District Railway) is to be removed! Instead of the picturesque iron roof, we are to have some abomination in stone! Can this be? It is said to be falling to pieces under the ravages of Time. If this be really the case, why not let it be restored? There was no more picturesque outcome from the nineteenth century than these pretty arrangements in metal. The last generation swept them away by scores, by hundreds, by thousands—they did not even spare the Brompton Boilers! Let not such a reproach be applicable to us. We pride ourselves upon our love of Art and veneration for the antique and the beautiful, and yet we would pull down a building that for a century has been the admiration of all with a soul for Art and a mind for appreciating the sublimest efforts of genius in its highest sense! This must not be.

Burlington House. Yours truly, A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.
From 1 to 1000, Piccadilly.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I have had the advantage of reading the above letters before publication, and am of opinion that they are not one whit more nonsensical than letters about the *Foudroyant* and the Emmanuel Hospital that were printed early in the nineties. You may make what use you please of this communication.

Yours respectfully, THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.
The Earth (Branch Establishment, Mars and Jupiter).

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

IMPRESSIONS OF "IL TROVATORE."

(By a Matter-of-Fact Philistine at Covent Garden.)

ACT I. SCENE 2.—*Leonora's* confidant evidently alive to the responsibilities of her position. Watch her, for example, when her Mistress is about to confide to her ear the dawn of her passion for *Manrico*. She walks *Leonora* gently down to the footlights,



Manrico, a rather full-blown "Ghost in Hamlet."

as soon as swords are drawn? Tantalising to have all the duels and fighting done during the *entr'actes*.

ACT II. SCENE 1.—*Azucena* insists on telling *Manrico* a long and rather improbable story of how, in a fit of absorption, she once burnt her own son in mistake for the *Conte di Luna's*. *Manrico* listens, as a matter of filial duty—because, after all, she is his mother—but he is clearly of opinion that these painful family reminiscences are far better forgotten. Perhaps he suspects that her anguish may be due to a severe fit of indigestion—the symptoms of which are almost indistinguishable from those of operatic remorse. At all events, he does not find his parent a cheerful companion, and, as soon as he finds a decent excuse for escape, takes it.

SCENE 2.—The Cloisters of a Convent. Enter the *Conte di Luna*, with followers, to abduct *Leonora*. The followers range themselves

against a wall in the background, until the Count has finished "*Il Balen*." If their opinion was asked, they would probably be in favour of his making rather less noise about it, if he really means business—but of course it is not their place to interfere. *Leonora* enters to take the veil, with procession of nuns, preceded by four female acolytes—or are they pages?—in white tights, carrying tapers. The Count and his followers are evidently a little taken aback—an abduction not quite so simple an affair as they expected. While they are working themselves up to it, *Manrico* appears, as the stage-direction says, "like a phantom." In a helmet, with a horsehair tail, and a large white cloak, he does look extremely like the *Ghost in Hamlet*, and which is, perhaps, why the Count,



"Azucena," or, "My pretty Chain!"

under the impression that he is an apparition from some other Opera, allows him to walk off with *Leonora* under his very nose. Swords are drawn—with the usual result of bringing down the Curtain.

ACT III. SCENE 1.—Soldiers discovered carousing, as wildly as is possible on four gilded cruets, and a dozen goblets. *Azucena* is

brought before the Count, and manacled. Operatic handcuffs—a most humane contrivance—with long links, to permit of the freest facilities for entreaty and imprecation. Soldiers, who have been called to arms, but stayed, from a natural curiosity to hear what the *Conte di Luna* had to say to the Gipsy, go off, as she is led away to prison, with a sense that they have seen all there is to be seen, and a vague recollection that there is some fighting to be done somewhere.

SCENE 2.—*Leonora* and *Manrico* are about to be married; everything prepared—four apathetic bridesmaids, and the four acolytes in tights—who have possibly been kindly lent by the Convent for the occasion—in a vacuous row at the back of the scene. Fancy *Manrico* has forgotten to give them the usual initial brooches, and they feel the wedding is a poky affair, and take no interest in it. *Leonora* herself is in low spirits—seems to miss the confidant, and to be oppressed with a misgiving that the wedding is not destined to come off. Misgivings on the stage are never thrown away—the wedding is interrupted immediately by a crowd of men, in small sugar-loaf caps, who carry the bridegroom off to fight—whereupon, of course, the Curtain falls.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.—*Leonora* listening outside the tower in which *Manrico* is being tortured, after having been taken prisoner in a combat during the *entr'acte*. Here a confidant might have comforted her considerably by representing that they couldn't be torturing the poor Troubadour so very seriously so long as he is able to take part in a duet—but unfortunately *Leonora* seems to have discharged the confidant after the Second Act—an error of judgment on her part, for she is certainly incapable of taking care of herself. A cool-headed, sensible confidant, for instance, would have taken care that



Luna and the Star of the Evening.

the bargain with the *Conte di Luna* was conceived and carried out in a more business-like spirit.

"Now do be careful," she would have said. "Make sure that the Count keeps his word before you break yours. Don't go and see *Manrico* yourself—it can do no good, and will only harrow you! If you really must go, don't take a quick poison first—or you'll die in his dungeon, and spoil the whole thing!" Which is just what *Leonora*—like the impulsive operatic heroine she is—proceeds to do, and is cruelly misunderstood by *Manrico*, in consequence, besides hastening his doom by disappointing the Count, whose irritation was only natural, and pardonable, under the circumstances.

Don't quite see myself why the Count should be so horrified on learning that the person he has just had executed was his long-lost brother. It is not as if they had ever been friendly, or were at all likely to become so, considering their previous relations. Depend upon it, when he has time to think the matter over calmly, he will recognise that things are better as they are, and that Fate has solved his domestic difficulties in the only possible manner. A Troubadour Brother, with a revengeful and quite unrepresentable gipsy foster-mother, would have proved very trying persons to live with.

"A CHIEF'S AMANG YE MAKING NOTES."—Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN sat next to Sir HENRY HAWKINS during part of the recent sensational trial at the Ancient Bailey, making, of course not taking, notes. Sir HENRY occasionally conversed with the Knight of Music. Did the latter hum, *sotto voce*, "*And a good Judge too!*" with other selections from *Trial by Jury*? Everyone glad Sir ARTHUR is so well. Perhaps after this he will return to Real Eccentric Gilbertian Opera, and go away for "change of air." The "Carte" is at the door, ready to take him, but his original "Gee Gee" has gone to America.

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE!"

"This Garter, brighter from the knee
Of him who uttered nothing—important."



"Mister" Rosebery, loquitur:—

A STAR and Garter! Here's a go!
Well, well, no doubt 'twas to be worn meant;
And, as mere personal adornment,
It does look smartish, don'tcher know!
All personal adornment's vain,
Held Dr. WATTS, holds dear McDUGALL;
For dowdy dress and habits frugal
Befit the Democratic strain.
And I'm a Democrat—of course!
The BENJAMIN FRANKLIN of the Peerage!

And yet—ah! truly 'tis a queer age—
A Decoration has *some* force!
I wonder what the L.C.C.
Will say to this! That I should spurn it?
JOHN BURNS may swear I ought to burn it.
Still—it looks natty round my knee.
I need not wear it when I sit
Among the broadcloth'd heirs of BUMBLE!
But Foreign Minister too humble
Were butt of diplomatic wit.

Battersea's pride my pride may scourge.
Well—he may find he's caught a
Tartar.
A robe—a coronet—a garter!—
Materials for a new "PRIDE'S PURGE"!
The keen-eyed Democratic lynx
May watch me with alert suspicion,
As but a half-disguised patrician,
But—shame to him who evil thinks!

[Left posturing complacently.]



SOMETHING LIKE A MOUNT.

Sportsman (with gun). "HILLO, ALGIE, BEEN CUB-HUNTING? HOW DOES THE YOUNG 'UN GO?"

Algie. "SPLENDIDLY, OLD FELLOW, SPLENDIDLY! NEVER CARRIED SO WELL IN MY LIFE! GOT CLEAN AWAY WITH ME AS SOON AS THEY FOUND,—COULDN'T HOLD HIM A BIT—BOLD AS A LION, NOTHING STOPS HIM,—WENT SLICK THROUGH A FLIGHT O' FAIR-HOLED POSTS AND RAILS, SMASHED A GATE INTO MATCHWOOD,—TWENTY MINUTES STRAIGHT AS THE CROW FLIES THROUGH AND OVER EVERYTHING,—AND, HANG ME, IF HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN GOING YET, IF HE HADN'T PUT HIS FOOT INTO A RABBIT-HOLE CROSSING CRUMPLER COMMON, AND COME A REGULAR CROWNER. DON'T KNOW WHERE THE DEUCE THE HOUNDS WENT TO! HAD A GLORIOUS GALLOP, THOUGH, ALL TO MYSELF!"

THE COUNTY-COUNCILLOR'S DIARY.

(A few Years hence.)

Monday.—To-day's meeting of the Council rather stormy. The Council's Clerk of the Works, who superintends the fifty thousand builders, bricklayers, &c., who are now employed directly by us, reports that, unless the concessions demanded by the men are granted, they will all go out on strike to-morrow. The concessions are—Free beer three times a-day; half-holiday every other day at full day's wages; and a month's trip to the Riviera in winter, paid for out of the rates. Clerk of the Works (appointed, on elective principle, by the men themselves) describes these demands as "highly moderate and reasonable." Council unable to agree with him. After sitting for six hours, amid frightful uproar, Council breaks up, without coming to any decision.

Tuesday.—Workmen have struck! Awkward, as they have just pulled down north side of Strand, to make room for double lines of electric tramways in centre of roadway, and whole street in an awful litter. Begin to wish we had not "Abolished the Contractor" quite so hastily.

Wednesday.—Another meeting of Council. Quite unanimous to go on resisting men's demands. Clerk of Works reports that the Council's scavengers, plumbers, carters, lamp-lighters, and turncocks, are all threatening to strike, in sympathy with bricklayers. In consequence of evident enjoyment with which Clerk makes this announcement, proposal to decrease his salary from that of a Lord Chancellor to that of a Puisne Judge, carried *nem. con.* In spite of attacks on Council in the Press, satisfactory that it knows how to keep up its dignity at this crisis.

Thursday.—Matters getting serious. A deep fall of snow has occurred, and Council's men refuse to clear it away, or let others do the work! In addition, Strand tradesmen come in body to Spring Gardens to say that "nobody can get near their shops, and they are

being rapidly ruined." Hastily-convened meeting of the Council. Proposal to ask our old Contractor to rebuild Strand and clear snow away. Our old Contractor declines to tender for the job! He says, "Council has abolished the Middleman, and had better get on without him, if it can!" Rude, but forcible.

Friday.—Council heroically decides to do the work itself. Am told off by Chairman to help remove old bricks on the Strand site. Have first to dig snow away to get at bricks. Intense amusement of hostile crowd, from whom we are protected by a cordon of police. Bark my shins badly against wheel of cart. Chairman—who has been extremely energetic in running up and down a ladder with a hod of mortar over his shoulder, which he thinks is bricklaying—falls from ladder and is taken off to Charing Cross Hospital, amid shower of brickbats. Crowd wants to know "which is McDougall." When they find out, pelt him with snowballs. Burns—who has stuck loyally to Council—fiercely denounced as a "blackleg" by crowd. Amusing at any other time. Home in evening dead tired, under police escort. Find all my front windows smashed! After all—*was* it wise to abolish the Contractor?

Saturday.—Whole County Council, protected by several regiments from Aldershot, a park of Artillery, and all the City Police (Council's own Police being out on strike, in sympathy with bricklayers), manage with great difficulty to fill ten carts with rubbish, and then adjourn to Spring Gardens. Refreshments and free sticking-plaster handed round before Meeting takes place. Meeting unanimously decides to re-establish old Middleman system! Sir JOHN LUBBOCK humorously suggests that it is, at any rate, better than the "muddle-man" system which we have tried and found wanting. Bonus of £5,000 out of rates, enthusiastically voted to any Contractor who will tender for job of clearing snow and widening Strand.

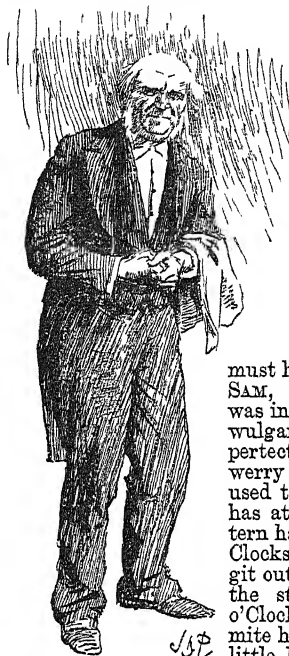
Later.—High Court disallows our "precept" for the £5,000 bonus—says we must pay it out of our own pockets!

Wish I had never stood for London County Council!

ROBERT'S COMPANIONS. No. 2.

ANOTHER of our speshal lot is good old SAM, with his wonderfool memmery. He won't tell not nobody his age. But he acshally swears as he remembers the time when there wasn't not no Cabs, nor no Homnybusses nor no Railways, nor no Steam Botes, nor no Perlce, in all London! And when there was grate droves of Cattel and Sheep druv thro' the streets, and people used to have to put up bars at their doors to keep 'em out. And menny and menny a time has he seen a reel live Bullock march into his Master's Counting 'Ouse, with his two wild horns a sticking out, and as it was to narrer for him to turn hisself round, he used to have to be backed out tale foremost, with a fierce dog a barking at his nose.

Ah, them must have been rayther rum times, them must! How the peepel got about he don't seem quite to remember; but he says, as how as amost all on 'em lived at their wariuous shops and warehouses, and so mostly walked. There was, it seems, a few ramshackel old



coaches, called Ackney Coaches—coz, they was all maid at Ackney, I suppose—all dorn by two ramshackel old Osses, and with werry shabby old drivers with wisps of storr round their shabby old hats. Then some brite Genus went and inwented Cabs, and they soon cut out the Ackney Coaches, which all went back to Ackney, and was never seen no more. And then, sum ewen briter Genus went and inwented Homnybusses, and they rayther estonished the Cabs, and what the next brite Genus will inwent in that line, I don't know, and SAM don't know, and I don't suppose as nobody else don't. But the most wunderfullest thing of all

must have bin the having of no Perlce! For SAM, acshally declares, that before Perlce was inwented by Sir ROBERT PEEL—therefore wulgarly called Bobbys and Peelers—the only perfecters as London had at night was a lot of werry old men, all crissened CHARLEY, who used to sit in little boxes, such as the Solgers has at the QUEEN's Pallaces, with a little lantern hanging up in front, and when the Church Clocks all struck the hour, they all used to git out of their boxes and wark up and down the streets a calling out, "Parst Three o'Clock!" or "Parst Five o'Clock!" as it mite happen to be, and then go back to their little boxes, and hang up their lanterns, and

quietly go to sleep! Ah, them must have been werry nice times for Messrs. DICK TUPPIN, JACK SHEPHERD, BILL SIKES, and Cumpny, unlimited. But, SAM says, as they made up for it by hanging ewery body as stole amost anything, such as a sheep, or a fi-pound note, or a gold watch, and that on Mondays, which was Hanging Days, he has often and often stood at the hend of the Hold Baley and seen sum five or six pore retches, with white nite caps on, all a hanging together! and he says it all so serously that we are forced to bleeve him.

Then there's old slowcoach Jo, the tea-totaller. We all likes to work with him, and for a werry good reason. But he's rayther a comical feller is Jo. He says, when peeple cums to know all the true fax of the case, they'll willingly pay dubbler price for tea-total Waiters. And he reelly is such a poor simple fellow that I werrily bleeves as he bleeves hisself when he says it. I can't think what he means by it; but BROWN says as it's a perfectly shameful attack on the charakter of all us Waiters as ain't such fools as to be Tea-totallers, and that we really ort all of us to cut him. But no—I'm in favour of Free Trade in Waiters as in Wine, and I shoud think that, in this pertickler case, his hobstinacy brings its own punishment. For what can be a creweller life for a poor Waiter to lead, than to be constantly surrounded by harf emty bottels of most bewtiful Wines, of all kinds, so as to suit the most fastidigeous Waiter's taste, and not ellowd to taste ewen one glass of 'em! I thinks as I've heard of sum unfortnait hindiwidual, in holden times, as used to be seated down hevrey day to a werry scrumpshus dinner, but, whatever he fixt his mind upon, the Doctor wouldn't allow him to taste it, not by no means. His name, I think, was SANKY PANSEY, some relashun of MOODY and SANKY, I sposes. His master's name was DAN QUICKSHOT, ony another name, I bleeves, for BUFFALO BILL. But that was nothink of a case to wun as my son WILLIAM told us of the other day. It seems as there was, wunce upon a time, a Greshian Gent, by the name of TANLUS, who, becoz he was found out in helping hisself to sum werry speshal brand of Neckter, was condemned to stand up to his neck in water for ewer so many years; and altho he was so dredfool thusty that he would have

drunk a lot of ewen that cold, thin stuff, he wasn't allowed not to taste a drop; and, not only that, but there was a lot of most bewtiful frute a hanging jest above his pore hed, and whenever he tried jest to pluck a bit of it, the crewel wind blowed it away-out of his reach. Hence the prowerb, "You be blowed!"

In course I don't pertend to know how these things was manidged in former times, but I werry much douts whether ewen a Greshian Gent's constitushun coud posserbly have stood it for ewer so menny years!

ROBERT.

CARON AND CHARON.

(After dipping into Major Le Caron's "Recollections.")

MAJOR LE CARON! Major! True, a greater
Or more accomplished spy who ever knew?
And so original! In fact, the *pater*
Of all deception yields the palm to You!
Courageous, honest, crafty, how you met
Wile with wile willier! And then, forsooth,
You so transformed yourself to suit each set,
That it is praise to say, "you lied like truth!"
And in an honest cause! Renown'd Ulysses,
That craftiest hero yields to you in guile.
You touch the gold! You're not the man who misses
A chance! You caught the wariest with your smile!
"CARON!" The "h" is dropped, or we could fix
(And so we can if Greek the name we make)
You as the ancient Ferryman of Styx,
Punting the Ghosts across the Stygian lake.
The simile is nearly perfect, note,
For you, with your Conspirators afloat,
Were, as you've shown us, all in the same boat.

AT IT AGAIN!

THE following correspondence and extracts have been sent to *Mr. Punch* for publication:—

I.—*Königlich-Kaiserlicher Ober-Hof-Rath Doctor Hermann Dummwitz von Hammelfleisch to The Emperor-King William the Second.*

MOST GRACIOUS IMPERIAL MAJESTY,

I HAVE the honour to announce to your Majesty, that my spouse, the beautiful and accomplished clergyman-daughter, ANNA ANSELMA, whom, by your Majesty's ever-to-be-with-gratitude-remembered permission, I last year to the altar led, is now of good hope, and will shortly, if all should go well, add one to your Majesty's loyal and submissive subjects. I make this announcement in accordance with your Majesty's Hochzeit's Decree, Section 6.

And I remain, &c. &c. &c.,

DUMMWITZ VON HAMMELFLEISCH.

II.—*William the Second to K. K. O. H. R. D. H. D. von Hammelfleisch.*

HERR DOCTOR,

I HAVE received your letter. In accordance with Section 7 of my Hochzeit's Decree, I graciously give permission for the birth of the child referred to in your communication. I beg, at the same time, to point out that, by my Supplementary Decree (Proportions of Sexes), issued last week, it is necessary that the child should be a boy. Communicate this at once to the Frau K. K. Ober-Hof-Rathin Doctorin A. A. VON HAMMELFLEISCH.

(Signed)

WILLIAM I. ET R.

III.—*K. K. O. H. R. D. von Hammelfleisch to the Emperor-King, William the Second.*

MOST IMPERIAL MAJESTY,

YOUR with-satisfaction-received letter has been to my wife communicated. She desires me to assure you that she is your Imperial Majesty's obedient subject, (Signed) D. VON H.

IV.—*Extract from the "Reich's Anzeiger."*

"FRAU ANNA ANSELMA VON HAMMELFLEISCH, having last week given birth to a girl in contravention of his Imperial Majesty's Supplementary Decree (No. 10. Proportions of Sexes), it is our painful duty to announce that the Herr Doctor DUMMWITZ VON HAMMELFLEISCH has been dismissed from his post as K. K. Ober-Hof-Rath, and will immediately be prosecuted for the crime of *lese Majesté*.

V.—*Extract from the "Reich's Anzeiger," a month later*

"The prisoner, HAMMELFLEISCH, was yesterday condemned to twenty years' solitary confinement in the fortress of Spandau. The wretched man acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and begged others to take warning by his fate."

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Most delightful weather favoured us last week at Gatwick and Sandown, and most of the horses I mentioned as worth following either finished nowhere or were not there at all, which I think is a fair average record for a Turf prophet! I heard at Sandown that sweeping reforms are to be expected in Turf matters next Season, but I will not harp too much on this string, as more able pens than mine have undertaken it—though how a "pen" can harp on a string I don't quite see—or hear, it should be.

I certainly think *Brandy* would have won the Gatwick Handicap, but I suppose the bottle is getting low, and is being reserved in case the Cambridgeshire is run on a cold day! And that brings me to the consideration of this great race. I do not propose to analyse the form of all the horses, but will devote my attention to a few of the likely ones—who should feel complimented thereat (I suppose a horse can feel a compliment just as well as it can a whip)—from which might spring the winner. First and foremost, then, *La Fliche* has, in my opinion, enough weight to carry, even if the jockey is included, as I believe is the case—and I was told by Sir CHARLEY WHITELEY, that to win the Newmarket Oaks she had to be "bustled up"—a fashion which I thought had quite gone out!—anyhow, many people think she is "not the same mare she was"—though how they can have changed her I don't quite understand, but it would not surprise me to find *Windgall* the best of the Baron's on the day.

There are several horses spoken of as "rods in pickle," but as a rule, these animals stop at "rods" and never get to "poles" much less "perches!" Should Sir JAS. MILLER win the race, the town may resound with many a merry *Jodel*, but this is trying weather for voices, though I believe he is running untried, but certainly trying! There was some doubt as to the starting of a great favourite, owing to a report that the owner had been "forestalled"—an excuse which always sounds very weak to me, as surely if outsiders can back a horse at a long price, the owner should also be able to do so, and thus put backers "in the cart"—where some of them would present a picture which might lead people to think the "cart" was on its way to Tyburn! There appears to be considerable doubt as to whether *Buceaneer* has eaten anything lately or not, so I must discard him; but I think if he were given a sherry and bitters at once he might recover his appetite and win, as he is known to be a "glutton" for work! JEWITT's best will take some beating, when we know which it is, which we shall do shortly, as no stable is more ready than this to let everyone into the secret of their "good things," so if some *Whisperer* should tell you that his *Suspender* is broken, it is on the cards that the *Pensioner* may still be able to walk home in safety! But enough of this (as your readers will doubtless say!)—and let us come to the point as the knife said to the pencil—so I will conclude by recommending a "maximum" on my choice, and as it is a foreign one, I must necessarily break out into foreign poetry—(just as easy to—),

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE SELECTION.

Le type le plus "noir" dans le monde,
Le nomme, on dit, Le Chouan!
Mais, roulé au dessous de l'onde,
Devient "Blanc" comme *Kairouan*!

TO ASTRÆA.

(Who would have me show her my hand.)

Too pretty Palmist, oh, refrain,
Nor thus my Destinies importune
To bare the map of trite and plain
Misfortune.

Methinks, that I, sweet sorceress,
Whose weird persuasions fascinate us,
Can read my stars without express
Afflatus.

"I'm o'er ambitious"—more than true;
To fail, the lot of clever men 'tis.
Who's not a genius in his two-
And-twenties.

(Your two-and-twenties bide above,
While mine—I'm in the sere and yellow—
But I was once the model of
A fellow.)



"My line of head
is vague: now
quite
Down in the
depths, now
past the sky-
line!"

Hard lines! The line that sways a kite
Is my line.

"My line of heart is insecure—"

Let "x" be hearts; to render scarce "x,"
Let "I"-s divide it; eyes are your
Unfair sex.

"My love will ne'er endure:" you wrong

My passion: sooth, 'it will, if you're it:
Yet stay: to wed?—I couldn't long
Endure it.

"My line of life is shurred and queer."

It always was—a hankey-pankey
Of glories missed—a fine career,
But manqué.

So there, forbear to spell my fate;
I've saved you that sibylline trouble;
You could but this true estimate
Redouble.

Still, if you clasp my hand, and plead,
And, pouting, claim your second-sight, it
May chance that though you may not read,
You'll write it.

WAS, IS, AND WILL BE.

(Three Periods of Biography.)

PAST (*Historical*).—General SIMEON SNOOKES was one of the greatest Commanders that ever figured in an European war. His defence of Herren-Bayoz, in 1796, will be long remembered by those of his grateful countrymen who feared that the Corsican upstart would get the upper hand in the semi-fraternal struggle in the Portugo-Hispanian Peninsula. A service nearly as important was performed when SNOOKES (then a Colonel), led the forlorn hope that gave PEGGE WELL BEY (the Turkish conqueror) into the grasping hands of the British Government. Yet still another victory was scored when Captain SNOOKES forced the gates of Ram and Mar, and brought the proud Earls of the Five Free Ports to their knees and their senses. That he should have received the freedom of the City of London was as it should have been, and it must have been gratifying to his sorrowing friends and relatives that Royalty itself should have been represented at his obsequies. His fame as a victorious General will never fade, and although his private life may have been uninteresting, his connection with the noble family of DE SCROGEXNS will for ever gain for him the respect of his fellow-countrymen.

PRESENT (*Anecdotal*).—General SNOOKES—better known in the last century as "SIMPLE SIMON"—was a most interesting personage. Of his military career it is unnecessary to speak, as it was extremely commonplace, and void of incident. He was a *petit maître*—and numerous tales are told of his gallantry. On one occasion, meeting Lady BESSIE FRIZZYPHEAD, on the Green at Turnham, he called attention to the fairness of the sunset. "Quite like cream, Lady BESSIE," said the old *beau*, taking a pinch of snuff. "Whipped, you mean," replied the malicious maiden, with a smile. "SIMPLE SIMON" simpered, but never forgave the liberty. At another time the General was speaking to the late Duke of York, when that illustrious personage commanded the British Army. "I say, SIMMY," exclaimed H.R.H., "if the French invade us, you must look after Number One." "You mean, Sir," was the prompt answer, "Number One Hundred and One!" The King, hearing this anecdote a little later, made "SIMPLE SIMON" his extra Equerry. But perhaps the best story of all was that told of his interview with Dean SWIFT. "I propose listening to your Reverence on Sunday," said the simple one. "Oh, indeed!" replied the sarcastic ecclesiastic. "Then we shall have a case of a *Gulliver* come to judgment!" Many other good stories are told of this General, whose career was rather in the drawing-room than in the field of glory. He died in 1825, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. At his funeral there was a large assemblage of the best-known people of the day, and amongst them the Editor of the *National Defender*. "*Sic transit gloria*," said someone. "*Mundi*!" added the journalist.

FUTURE (*Conjectural*).—SNOOKES, SIMEON. No one knows who this person was, but it is shrewdly conjectured that he may have had some official connection (possibly as a Government contractor) with one of the ancient wars. As his monument is defaced, and there are no records of his family, it is useless to attempt to make his biography any fuller.



STUDIES IN CONTINENTAL PERSPECTIVE.

A DUET FOR TENOR AND BASS.

"SQUARED!"

A SONG OF A SETTLEMENT.

AIR—"The Death of Nelson."

RECITATIVE.

NEAR NELSON'S monument, with gloom
oppress,
The rowdy mourns a Question, now at rest.
But ASQUITH'S laurels shall not fade with
years,
Whose canny settlement the public cheers.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Square,
We heard the spouters blare,
Each rough rejoicing then.

They scorned churl WARREN'S yoke,
Of order made a joke,

And claimed the Rights of Men.
But ASQUITH came, the cool and brave,
And poured oil on the troubled wave.

His speech was just a beauty!
Along each line this meaning ran:—
"England respects true Rights of Man,
But means enforcing Duty."

No more rude mobs may roar,
A nuisance and a bore,
Where'er BURNS lead the way.
As victory is this claimed

By spouts, by cool sense tamed?
All right! Let them hooray!
But dearly is their conquest bought,
'Twas scarce for this mad GRAHAM fought

'Tis fair, though—there's its beauty.
All just claims met by this shrewd plan,
The speechifying Rights of Man,
Plus the Policeman's duty.

ASQUITH'S clear, certain sound,
Will spread dismay around!

Some circles. "We believed
ASQUITH was on our side."
The roughs will say. "He's tried,

And we—well, we're deceived.
If we're permitted in this Square
To muster there, why should we care?
The game has lost its beauty!

Licence unfettered is our plan.
Who cares a cuss for Rights of Man,
Checked by that bugbear Duty?"

PRESENTED AT COURT.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM indignant—disgusted! I went last night to see a new piece, called *The Guardsman*, at the Court Theatre, the plot of which, reminded me—'tis merely a coincidence—of *Incognita*, now going strong at the Lyric Theatre. The coincident being that a certain young man won't marry an uncertain young lady whom they want him to marry, because he is in love with quite another young lady (as he thinks) who (the *incognita*) turns out to be the very lady whom he is required to wed. However, that's not what I'm writing about. I leave criticism to your "professional gent." Well, Sir, it was very amusing, and very well acted. But from a military point of view, shameful, Sir!—shameful! The people about me were laughing, and said that the lines were good; that, take it all round, it ought to be a success; that it was most amusing. But how could I appreciate anything when I found a Captain in the Guards, on the Queen's Birthday, walking about in plain leather boots! It was as bad, in my mind, as when Mr. CHARLES WARNER, in the piece called *In the Ranks*, appeared as a private in the same distinguished Regiment in patent leathers! And what was the Captain doing, Sir, in mess uniform at his uncle's chambers, when he was supposed to be on guard at the Tower? At least so I understood him to be, but I may have been wrong. At any rate, an odd sort of place to dine at, if he was not on duty, and if he were, he should not have left his post. Moreover, where was his scarf, as orderly officer? But perhaps he was not on duty, and had dropped in upon the mess (in the height of the Season!) in a friendly sort of way. Well, that might explain matters a bit, but not to my entire satisfaction. And my wife tells me that it is rather late to make alterations in a Court dress the day before the Drawing-Room. And she says, too, that she has never been hustled and crushed when she has gone to Buckingham Palace. And if it comes to that, Sir, I have accompanied her, and can vouch for the strict accuracy of the statement. But these are minor matters. What I cannot stand are *The Guardsman's* boots!

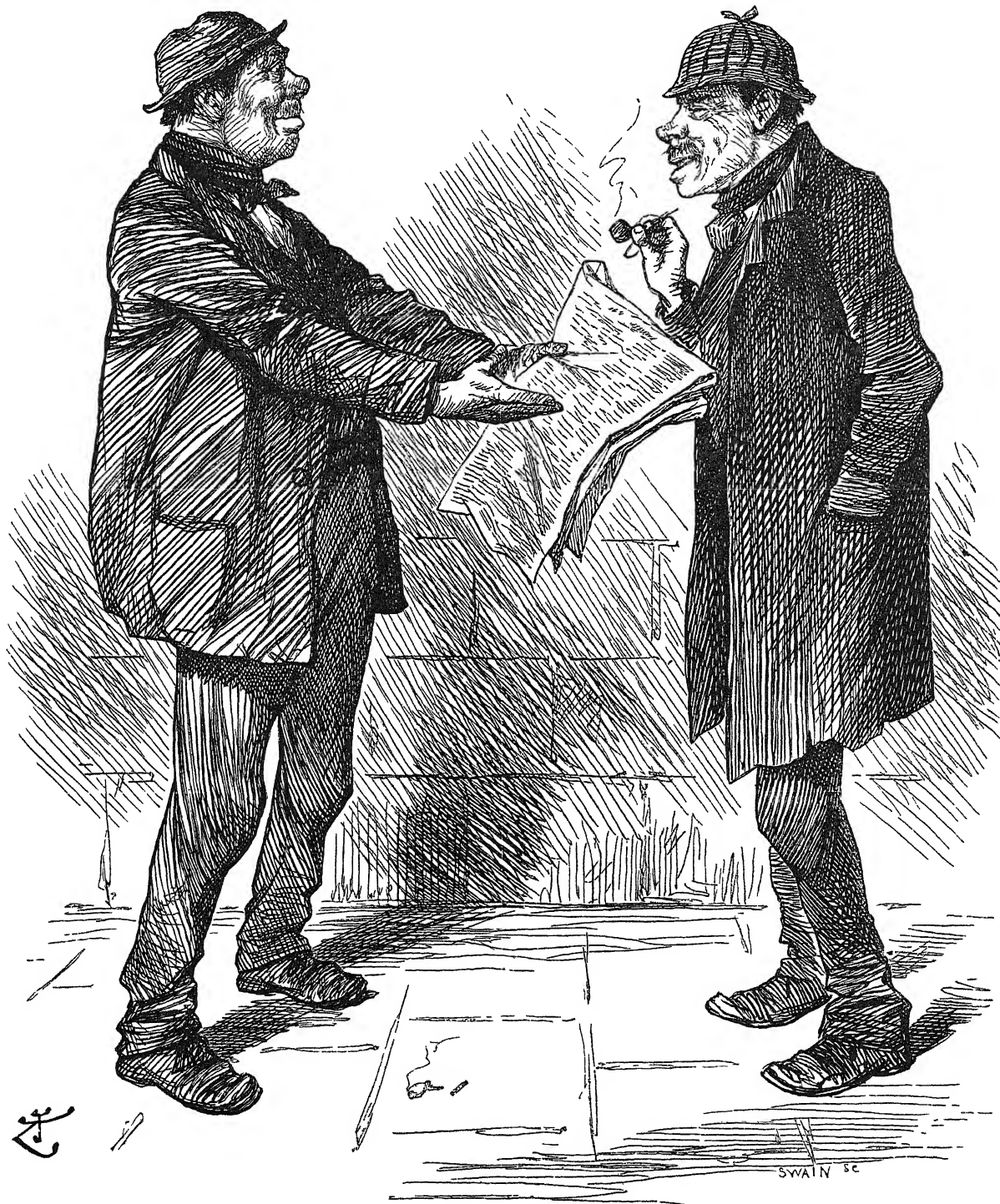
Yours more in anger than in sorrow,
AN OLD SOLDIER.

Mars Lodge, Cutsaddleborough,
Tomatkinshire.

Rhymes for the Times.

If I were a missionary
On the plains of Ugandā,
I'd leave that position airy
Ere, at dawn, anew 'gan day.

QUESTION FOR A DICKENSIAN EXAMINATION
PAPER.—"Here's *Ask Pip*. *Pip's* our
mutual friend." In which of DICKENS'S
Novels does this occur?



“SQUARED!”

FIRST CITIZEN. “WOT! ‘ALLOWED’ TO MEET IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS, AND BANK ‘OLIDAYS, ARE WE!!”

SECOND CITIZEN. “THEN WE JUST WON’T GO!! HE-HE!!”

THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS;

Or, *The Lists for the Laurels.*

FYTTE THE SECOND.

"WIRE in, my warblers!" PUNCHIUS cried.
 "To 'wire,'
 Though slangy, sounds appropriate to the
 Lyre."

Then forth there toddled with the mincing
 gait
 Of some fair "Tottering Lily," him, the
 great

New Bard of Buddha!
 Grave, and grey of
 crest.

'Tis he illumines the nubi-
 bustic West

With the true "*Light of*
Asia,"—or, at least,

Such simulacrum of the
 effulgent East

As shineth from a home-
 made Chinese lantern.

No HAFIZ he, or SAADI, yet
 he can turn

Authentic Sanscrit to—
 Telegraphese,

And make the Muse a
 moon-faced Japanese.

Leaderesque love of gentle
 gush and "Caps.,"

Is blent in him with fond-
 ness for the Japs.

"Wah! wah! futtee!—
 wah! wah, gooroo!"

he cried,

And twanged his tinkling
 orient lyre with pride.

THE MOANING OF
THE BARDS.

No moaning of the bards!
 A pleasant quip!

No manufactured gloom
 to dim that far light!

Of dirge's luxury deprive
 my lip?

So suns might say there
 shall be no more

starlight!

Lamping is *not* required at
 day's full noon,

Lanterns *are* out of
 place in dawn's fair

flush-light;

But when dark night sets
 in, and there's no

moon,

There is a chance for
 stars, or even a rush-

light.

No moaning of the bards?
 That were hard lines

For minor line-spinners,
 imperial TENNYSON!

Owls only have their
 chance when day declines,

That's why the night-birds crown thee
 with prompt benison.

LEWIS has wailed and warbled—twiddlingly;

ALFRED has—rootley-tootley—wailed and
 warbled;

WILLIAM's young Muse hath wept—then why
 not Me,

Whose brow, not less than theirs, with
 woe is marbled?

ROBERT and AUSTIN (DOBSON) took their
 turns;

There is some talk, too, of Sir THEODORE
 MARTIN.

Seeing *my* lips, too, thrill, *my* heart, too,
 burns,

Why the great contest should I take no

May be I do not carry guns enough
 To epically glorify King ARTHUR,
 But I have penned some reams of rhythmic
 stuff
 Concerning (please admire the rhyme!)
 SIDDARTHA.

(That, as an "assonance," is quite as
 good

As "*sang* it," and "*began* it." Orna-
 mental

And Eastern Mythos draws me; but I'm
 good

At "Poems National and Non-Oriental."

Knocks her nice little flat nose on the floor,
 In Japanese politeness, my "Half Jewel."
 ALGERNON's nymphs, in song or in *amour*
 Are always coarse and generally cruel.

"*Pearls of the Faith*," is a most pious work,
 Although AL-MUTAHALI is the stringer.
 But only he who hates "The Unspeakable
 Turk,"

On *that* account would blame the Christian
 singer!

"Lotus and Jewel!" Doesn't that sound
 nice?



AN ILL-DIGESTED LESSON.

The Governess. "AND NOW, WHAT IS A PARABLE, EFFIE?"

Effie (who has got rather muddled). "A PARABLE? OH, OF COURSE, A PARABLE
 IS A HEAVENLY STORY WITH AN EARTHLY MEANING!"

I love the Hindoos, I adore the Japs;
 I'm fond of scraps of Oriental lingo;
 Yet I'm a patriot, and have hymned,
 perhaps,
 As much as most, my native god, great
 Jingo!

I think a Muse with twinkly almond orbs,
 Would—as a change—in England prove
 most fetching;

Is it not plain Jap Art our Art absorbs!
 Why not in singing, then, as well as
 sketching?

I'm sure my "GEISHA" is as good a girl
 As *Vivien*, or *Faustine*, or e'en *Dolores*.
 Is she more frail, less fair, that perfect pearl
 Of Singing Girls, Xipangu's great'st of
 glories?

vertiser acknowledged that it did not
 "harrogate to itself" any sort of right to
 republish wholesale without acknowledgment
 anything that has appeared in *Mr. Punch's*
 pages, and at once handsomely apologised for
 this instance of priggishness quite unprece-
 dented in the *Harrogate Advertiser's* columns
 (*Vide Harrogate Advertiser*, October 15).
Box and Cox are satisfied. *Causa finita est*.
Five 'ARRY! Likewise 'Arrygate! And,
 know, all men, by these presents, that *Mr.*
P. is quite wide-awake.

ANECDOTAGE.—Said the Old Parliamentary
 Hand, entering Christ Church, "I prefer *this*
 House to the other!" It was *the* success of
 the visit.

My mild Jap Muse *may*
 be a roguery-pogruery;
 But there's no stimulus to
 pleasant vice
 About a holy Brahman
 or chaste Yogi.

"Land of the Rising Sun,"
 delightful "Third
 Kingdom of Merry
 Dreams," of you I'm
 amorous.

Must *that* exclude me
 from the Wreath?
 Absurd!

I'm prettily pious, and
 I'm gently glamorous.

My Knighthood proves that
 I am quite O.K.,

My dear *D. T.* will
 answer for my morals;

I'm steeped in Sanscrit
 lore, and so must say

I can't see why I should
 not wear the laurels!

"Quite so," said *Punch*.

"I like your rhyme—
 and cheek;

Still, there be others yet
 to hear—next week!"



A COOL HAND.

Irrepressible Pupil "POOR STUFF, SIR, THIS VIRGIL DON'T YOU THINK SO?"
Suffering Coach (who can scarcely believe his ears) "POOR STUFF, SIR!! VIRGIL—POOR STUFF! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
Irrepressible Pupil (unmoved) "SEEMS TO ME, SIR, IT'S MERELY A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF SOME OF THE BEST ENGLISH CRIBS!"

LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES!

"It is to be sincerely hoped that there is no truth in the rumour that a paper for children will shortly make its appearance, entirely written and illustrated by children under fifteen years of age"
 —*St James's Gazette, October 12th*

WHY, churlish critic, do you hope sincerely
 The rumour, which you mention, is untrue?
 Mere prejudice makes you regard severely
 The cause of liberty which we pursue.
 We are, *The Prattler* will establish clearly,
 Quite competent to edit a review,
 The age of greatest wisdom will be seen
 To be decidedly below fifteen.

We never showed, as we need hardly mention,
 That fabled ignorance about the stars,
 From earliest days we spoke about 'declension,'
 And argued on the atmosphere of Mars,
 While parents we put up with, more attention
 We paid towards another kind of "pars",
 Full soon was lit the journalistic flame,—
 We hisped in leaders, for the leaders came.

That foolish custom, which at present smothers

Our youthful genius, we shall supersede.
 Here are some papers which, with many others,
 Will make *The Prattler* eminent indeed,—
 A series on "The Management of Mothers,"
 Will meet, we hope, a long-experienced

need;
 Elsewhere we'll note, in some attractive way,
 The latest long-clothes fashion of the day.

Instruction in the art of window-breaking,
 And modes to tame a fiery governess,
 Descriptions of perambulator-making—
 No need on details to lay further stress,

You'll own our journalistic undertaking,
 Must prove an unequivocal success,
 While you, who uttered this untimely sneer,
 Will blush, apologise, and disappear!

MY FIRST BRIEF.

WHEN you, my first brief, were delivered,
 Every fibre in me quivered
 With delight. I seemed to see
 Myself admitted a Q C;



Piles of briefs upon
 the table,
 More work to do than
 I was able,
 Chents scrambling
 for advice,
 Then LORD CHAN-
 CELLOR in a trice.

I seized my virgin
 pencil blue,
 Marked and perused
 you through and
 through.

The story brief, instructions short,
 Defendant in a County Court,
 It needed not an ounce of sense
 To see that you had no defence.
 But, erudite in English law,
 I fashioned bricks without the straw.

Around my chamber-floor I sped,
 Harangued the book-case on each head;
 DEMOSTHENES and CICERO
 On hearing me had cried a go.
 Then I must own that I was nettled—
 Out of Court the case was settled.
 All my points were left unmade,
 And the fee is left unpaid.

POLITE LEARNING.

[Professor LOMBROSO writes in the *Revue des Revues* that all women are liars. Mr VICTOR HORSLEY writes in the *Times* that one of Miss COBBE's statements is a lie.]

SHAMEFUL, shocking, rude Professor!
 CRICHTON BROWNE—your predecessor
 In attacks, would-be suppressor
 Of the higher
 Education—once compared them
 To the Pantaloon, and scared them,
 But he was polite and spared them
 Words like "liar"

Lie, indeed!! There is a middle
 Course—say "fib" or "tarradiddle,"
 "Not quite true," "A sort of riddle
 Facts to smother."

We, who love the fair romancer—
 Be she talker, singer, dancer,
 What you will, she's sweet—we answer,
 "You're another!"

As for you, rough Mr. HORSLEY,
 Arguing so very coarsely,
 May I say yours is a worse lie,—
 Rhyming badly?

You, so skilled in vivisection,
 Could cut up Miss COBBE's objection,
 With your tongue in some subjection,
 Not thus madly.

Why, LOMBROSO would despise you,
 Though he is so rude. These "lies" you
 Freely write make folks surmise you

An impostor,
 Not the lady. You've not "licked" her.
 (Slang to suit you) though you're VICTOR,
 Since you stoop to contradict her
 Like a coster.



MR. PUNCH'S SHOOTING-PARTY.

SONGS OUT OF SEASON.—MY CARETAKER.

A MYSTERIOUS thing
For our commonplace day,
Is the lady I sing
In the following lay.

While I'm shooting the
grouse,
Or enjoying the sea,
She takes care of my house
For a nominal fee.

For ten shillings a-week
Does this wonderful
woman
Undertake, so to speak,
An existence inhuman.

Like their dwellings the
rabbits [treats,
Deep in darkling re-
This weird widow inhabits
Subterranean seats.

What with humour "con-
trary,"
Or ironic despair,
She denominates "airy"—
From its absence of air!

It would give me the blues
Household gods to uphold
With a *Lloyd's Weekly*
News
Of some fifty days old.

In a Stygian gloom,
Far from sun and ozone,
She sits looked in her room,
Unaccompanied, alone.

At a knock, at a call
How she shivers and starts!
She's "that nervous"—and "Hall
Of 'er fambly 'as 'earts."



Not till gloaming obscure
Cools hot London at last,
Hies she forth to procure
Her ideal repast.

"A red 'er'ring, an inon,
Just of dripping a bite"
—This is not my opinion,
Hers *verbatim* I cite.

But I fancy, though loth
to
Thus detract from her
merits,
(And I've her solemn oath
too!)
That she's "partial to
sperrits."

For once suddenly coming
(She supposed me away)
I was struck by her hum-
ming
"Ta - ra - ra Boom de
Ay!"

And not humming it only;
Also dancing the same,—
This bereaved, honest,
lonely
Deferential dame!

"Ta - ra - ra Boom de
Ay!"
In my desolate hall;
I, though prone to be
gay,
Didn't like it at all.

"Which," she said, "it was Fits—
The Sint Biteus"—her fling!—
Yes! The Caretaker, it's
A mysterious thing.

the beggar till he all but flew
into my face, and then away he
went, like a streak of greased
lightning. I let him have both
barrels; but I might as well have
shot at a gnat. Still, I fancy I
tickled him up with my left.

*Second Sportsman (a stout,
jovial man, breaking in).* Tickled
him up! By gum, I thought I
was going to be tickled up, I tell
you. Shot was flying all round
me—bang! bang! all over the
place. I loosed off twice at him,
and then went down, to avoid
punishment. Haven't a notion
what became of him.

*Third Sportsman (choking with
laughter at the recollection).* I saw
you go down, old cock. First go
off, I thought you were hit: but,
when you got that old face of
yours up, and began to holler
"Wor guns!" as if you meant
to bust, why I jolly soon knew
there wasn't much the matter
with you. Just look at him, you
chaps. Do you think an ordinary
charge of shot would go through
that? Not likely.

*Fourth Sportsman (military
man).* Gad, it was awful! I'd
rather be bucketed about by
EVELYN WOOD for a week than
face another woodcock. I heard
'em shoutin', "Woodcock for-
ward! Woodcock back! Wood-
cock to the right! Woodcock
to the left! Mark—mark!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

(By Mr. Punch's own Grouse in the Gun-room.)

LUNCH (CONTINUED).

How well I remember a certain day in the by-gone years, when for the first time a great truth suddenly burst upon me in all its glory. The morning's sport had been unsuccessful. We were all fairly tired, and some of us, in spite of the moderate temperature, were perspiring freely. For we had been walking up late partridges most of the morning, with just an occasional shot here and there at pheasants in covert. Now, late partridges are perhaps the least amenable of created things. They cherish a perfectly ridiculous conviction that nature, in endowing them with life, intended that they should preserve it, and consequently they hold it to be their one aim and object to fly, whirring and cheeping, out of sight, long before even an enthusiastic shot could have a chance of proving to them how beautifully a bird can be missed. For some reason or other, our host had refused or had been unable to drive the birds. One result was that we had tramped and tramped and tramped, getting only rare shots, and doing but little execution. Another result was, that the place was simply littered with lost tempers, and we sat down to lunch very much out of conceit with ourselves, our guns, our cartridges, the keepers, the dogs, and everything else. The pleasant array of plates and glasses, and the savoury odours of the meats mitigated, but did not dispel the frowns. Then suddenly there dropped down amongst us, as it were from the sky, the Great Woodcock Saga. In a moment the events of the morning were forgotten, brows cleared, tempers were picked up, and an eager hilarity reigned over the company, while the adventures of the wonderful bird were pursued from tree to tree, from clump to clump, through all the zig-zags of his marvellous flight, until he finally vanished triumphantly into the unknown.

Now the Great Woodcock Saga is brought about in this way:—First of all suppose that a woodcock has shown himself somewhere or other during the morning. If he was seen it follows, as the day follows the night, (1), that *everybody* shot at him at the most fantastic distances without regard to the lives and limbs of the rest of the party; (2), that (in most cases) everybody missed him; (3), that everybody, though having, according to his own version, been especially careful himself, has been placed in imminent peril by the recklessness of the rest; (4), that everybody threw himself flat on his face to avoid death; and (5), that the woodcock is not really a bird at all, but a devil. The following is suggested as an example of Woodcock-dialogue, the scene being laid at lunch:—

First Sportsman (pausing in his attack on a plateful of curried rabbit). By Jupiter! that was a smartish woodcock. I never saw

Gad! thinks I to myself, the bally place must be full of 'em. Just then out he came, as sly as he blowed. My old bundock went off of its own accord. I bagged the best part of an oak tree, and, after that, I scooted. Things were gettin' just a shade too warm, by gad! A reg'lar hail-storm, that's what it was. No, thank you, thinks I; not for this party—I'm off to cover. So that's all I know about it. Thanks, TOMMY—do you mind handin' round that beer-jug?

First Sportsman (rallying him). Just think of that. And we're all of us taxed to keep a chap like that in comfort. Why you're paid to be shot at—that's what you're *there* for, you and your thin red line, and all that. By Jupiter! we don't get our money's worth out of you if you're going to cut and run before a poor, weak, harmless woodcock.

[*Military Sportsman is heavily chaffed.*]

Military Sportsman. Oh, it's all very well for you Johnnies to gas like that—but, by Gad, you didn't seem over-anxious to stand fire yourselves. Why your teeth are chattering still, BINKS.

Binks. Ah, but I'm only a poor civilian.

Military Sportsman. Well, I cut and ran as a civilian. See? Did anyone shoot the bloomin' bird, after all?

The Host. Shoot him? I should think not. The last I saw of him he was sailing off quite comfortable, cocking snooks at the whole lot. Have another go of pie, JOHNNY?

So that is the Great Woodcock Saga, the absolute accuracy of which every sportsman is bound to recognise. And the great truth that burst upon me is this, that if you want to restore good temper to a shattered party, you must start talking about woodcocks. If you saw a woodcock in the morning, talking about that one. If not, begin about the woodcock you saw last week, or the woodcock somebody else missed the week before. But whatever you do, always keep a woodcock for a (metaphorically) rainy day. Bring him out at lunch next time you shoot, and watch the effect.

"GRIEVANCES OF CIVIL SERVANTS."—Sir, seeing this heading in the *Times* to a letter which I didn't stop to read, I can only say, for my part, that us servants as is really civil ought not never to have any "grievancies." Tips is the reward to "civil servants."—Yours, THE BUTLER.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

LUNCH (*continued*).—Perhaps the best piece of advice that I can give you, my young friend, is that—for conversational purposes—you should make a careful study of the natures and temperaments of your companions. Watch their little peculiarities, both of manner and of shooting; pick up what you can about their careers in sport and in the general world, and use the knowledge so acquired with tact and discretion when you are talking to them. For instance, if

PUFFINGTON's place—where we'd been dining. Devilish dark night it was, and SANDY's as blind as a bat. When we got to the Devil's Punchbowl I knew there'd be some warm games, 'cos the horse started off full tilt, and, before you could say knife, over we went. I pitched, head first, into DICK's stomach, and SANDY and BILL went bowling down like a right and left of rabbits. Lord, I laughed till the tears ran down my face. No bones broken, but the old BUTCHER's face got a shade the worst of it with a thorn-bush on the slope. Cart smashed into matchwood, of course."



—“ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ!”

A MODERN SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION.

Miss Fanny (a gentle and most voracious Child). “YAH! YOU CRUEL COWARD! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS SKINNED A LIVE FROG!”

Master Victor (an industrious but very touchy little Boy). “YOU'RE A LIAR! THE FROG WAS DEAD, AND YOU KNOW IT!”

Miss Fanny. “BOOHOO! WHETHER IT WAS DEAD OR NOT, YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO CALL NAMES; 'COS I'M A GIRL, AND CAN'T PUNCH YOUR HEAD!”

Master Victor. “IT'S JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A GIRL THAT I CAN'T PUNCH YOURS! YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU CALLED ME A COWARD!”

Young Shot. I must say I like the old style of walking up your birds better than driving, especially in a country like this. I never saw such difficult birds as we had this morning. You seemed to have the worst of the luck everywhere.

Bad Shot. Yes—they didn't come my way much. But I don't get much practice at this kind of thing—and a man's no good without practice.

Y. S. That was a deuced long shot, all the same, that you polished off in the last drive. When I saw him coming at about a hundred miles an hour, I thanked my stars he wasn't my bird. What a thump he fell!

B. S. Oh, he was a fairly easy shot, though a bit far off. I daresay I should do well enough if I only got more shooting. I'm not shooting with my own gun, though. It's one of my brother's, and it's rather short in the stock for me.

That starts you comfortably with the Bad Shot. You soothe his ruffled vanity, and give him a better appetite for lunch.

Now, besides the Good Shot, and the Bad Shot—the two extremes, as it were, of the

line of shooters—you might subdivide your sportsmen further into—
(1) *The Jovial Shot.* This party is on excellent terms with himself and with everybody else. Generally he shoots fairly well, but there is a rollicking air about him, which disarms criticism, even when he shoots badly. He knows everybody, and talks of most people by nick-names. His sporting anecdotes may be counted upon for, at any rate, a *succès d'estime*. “I never laughed so much in my life,” he begins, “as I did last Tuesday. There were four of us—Old SANDY, BUTCHER BILL, DICK WHORTLEBURY, and myself. SANDY was driving us back from Dillwater Hall—you know, old

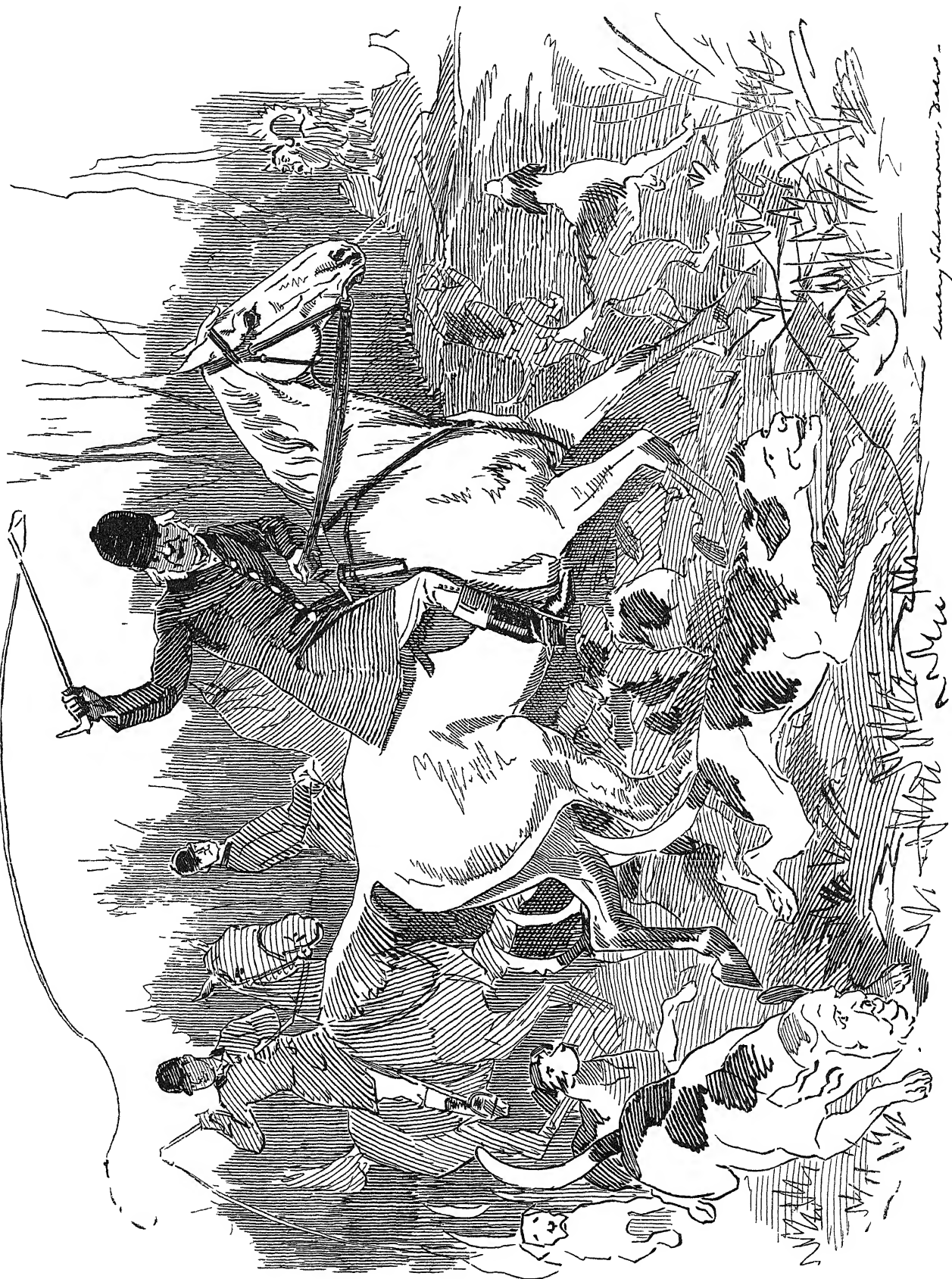
(2.) *The Dressy Shot.* Wonderful in the boot, stocking, and gaiter department. Very tasteful, too, in the matter of caps and ties. May be flattered by an inquiry as to where he got his gaiters, and if they are an idea of his own. Sometimes bursts out into a belt covered with silver clasps. Fancy waistcoats a speciality. His smoking-suit, in the evening, is a dream of gorgeous rainbows. Is sometimes a very fair shot. Generally wears gloves, and a fair moustache.

(3.) *The Bored Shot.* A good sportsman, who says he doesn't care about sport. Often has literary tastes. Has views of his own, and is, consequently, looked upon as a rather dangerous idealist by honest country gentlemen, who confine their reading to an occasional peep at the *Times*, and an intimate quoting acquaintance with the novels of Mr. SURTEES. Often shocks his companions by telling them he really doesn't care much about killing things, and would just as soon let them off. However, he shows a perfectly proper anger if he misses frequently. Is not unlikely to be an authority on sheep and oxen, and may, perhaps, be accepted as the Conservative Candidate for his County division, dumb but indignant County magnates finding that he expresses their views better than they can do it themselves. Don't talk to him about sport. Try him with books, interesting articles in the *Magazines*, and so forth.

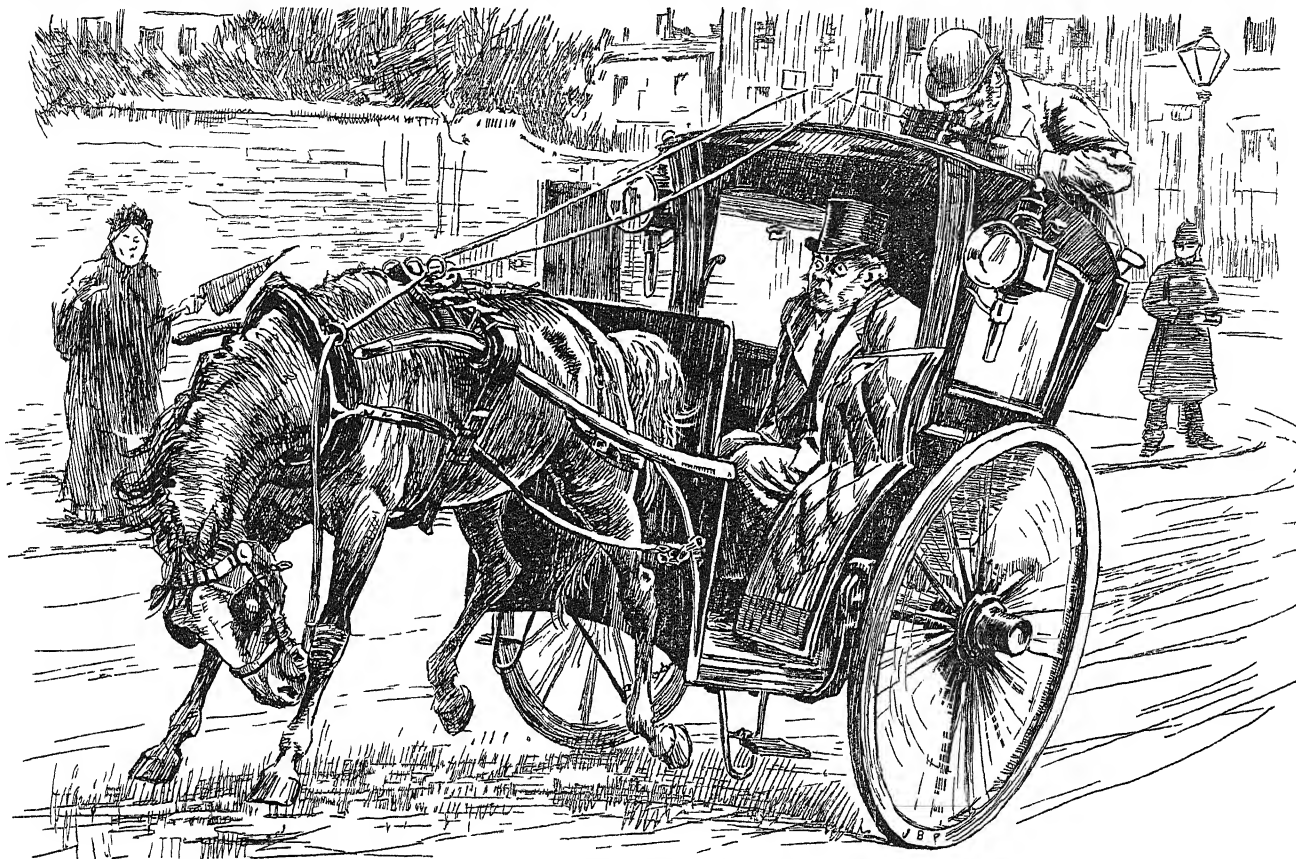
(4.) *The Soldier Shot.* This kind is generally a Captain, dresses well, but not gaudily, and smokes big cigars. There seems to be a general idea that a man who can teach privates to shoot targets must be able to shoot game himself. Yet the Soldier Shot misses birds quite beautifully. He will have often shot big game in India with an accuracy that increases in proportion to the number of miles that separate him from the scene of his exploits. After all, the ability to “brown” a herd of elephants does not guarantee rights and lefts at partridges. Apt to declaim tersely and forcibly about the hardships of a military career.

(5.) *The Average Shot.* Talk to him about average matters, unless you hear he is a celebrity in some other branch of sport. In that case, get details from him of his last Alpine climb, or his latest run to hounds, or ask his views on racing matters. Most average shots go racing, and think they understand all about it.

I say nothing here about the Dangerous Shot, because it is never right to get within talking distance of him. In fact, he ought not to be talked to at all. I am not sure he ought to be allowed to live. Still, his exploits furnish material for many an animated conversation amongst the survivors.



THE CABINET MEET.



A BUCKJUMPERISH SENSATION.

[It is rumoured that some of BUFFALO BILL's Broncos have been bought by the Cab Proprietors of London.]

Cabby. "SIT STILL, SIR! THIS AIN'T NOTHIN' TO WOT 'E CAN DO. YOU'LL SEE 'IM TURN 'EAD OVER 'EELS PRESENTLY!"

A QUESTION OF POLICE;

Or, What it may come to.

SCENE—Trafalgar Square just before sunset. Police in abundance; number of Processionists in various parts of the open space seen to be dispersing.

Police Inspector. Now, my good friends, I am going to be as polite as possible, but I must obey the regulations of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings. And I say you cannot speak, because you have not given proper notice to the authorities.

First Orator. But I have—I tell you I wrote to the Commissioner four days ago.

Pol. In. Oh, did you? Then that of course alters the case. What are you, Sir?

First Or. I am the "Friends of the Horny Hands of Labour."

Pol. In. (after referring to note-book). Ah, I thought I was right. Your application came in second, Sir—the "Decayed Washerwomen" got in before you. Look here. (Pointing out regulation.) "Not more than one Meeting shall be allowed at the same time, and if notices of two or more Meetings are given for the same day, preference shall be given to that Meeting of which notice shall have been first received." So you see, Sir, you are not in it. Better luck next time. There is another Bank Holiday six months hence.

First Or. But the "Decayed Washerwomen" are not here, and I—

Pol. In. Very sorry, Sir, but you must move on. (First Orator disappears with grumbling followers.) I say, BILL, I do really think these regulations are working quite pleasantly.

Bill (a subordinate). Yes, Sir.

Second Orator. (entering hurriedly, accompanied by some aged females). Here, I say, where are we to make speeches?

Pol. In. (genially). Nowhere, unless you have the proper authority. Who may you be when you are at home?

Second Or. (fussily). Why, the "Decayed Washerwomen," to be sure. Now, look sharp, and find us a place to deliver speeches. You know you must do it, by order of the—

Pol. In. Yes, I know. Well, what do you say to the top of that lamp-post?

Second Or. Now, none of your chaff. Mind, you are the servants of the public, and—

Pol. In. Yes—but don't deliver a speech to me—I am not a "Decayed Washerwoman."

Chorus of Indignant Females. We should think not. It would be a good thing if you were!

Second Or. Now, look sharp. We have been longer coming than we expected. The cabs and omnibuses were so troublesome. Now, where shall I stand?

Pol. In. (considering). Well, I think you would be out of the way if you got up there, and spoke to them down below.

[Points out elevated position in front of the National Gallery.]

Second Or. But they won't be able to see, much less to hear me!

Pol. In. Can't help that. The Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings don't provide telescopes nor yet ear-trumpets.—Bill (saluting). Sunset, Sir!

Pol. In. There, you see! Thought you would be too late. Time's up. Glad to see you another day. But now—move on!

[And the Police Regulations are obeyed. Curtain.]

THE GOOD OLD (SUNDAY) TIMES REVIVED.—The specimen number of *The Sunday Times* as it was at its commencement in 1822, given on Sunday, October 23rd, 1892, is most interesting. Theatrical advertising was quite "a feature" at that time, when only two Theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, seem to have advertised. The names there are of EDMUND KEAN simply as MR. KEAN, of Messrs. DOWTON, HARLEY, YOUNG, MUNDEN, Mrs. GLOVER, and of Madame VESTRIS as *Ophelia*. BRAHAM is there, as also LISTON and Miss STEPHENS. Prize Fights are done in the good old Tom-and-Jerry style, and the Police Reports are made so amusing as to suggest that such a light touch as is occasionally given in the "Day by Day" of the *Daily Telegraph*, might be nowadays welcome in (Police) Court News. Altogether, a happy thought to reproduce the *Sunday Times* of 1822, and may the *Sunday Times* of 1892 live up to it, and be "going strong" in 1992! *Prosit!*

GUY-FOX POPULI.

THE proceedings of the Midnight Mass Meeting of Unemployed Guys at Vauxhall on the fifth of November were of a somewhat disorderly nature, several of the speeches being characterised by a distinctly incendiary tone, as will be seen from the following account by Mr. Punch's Special Reporter, who was present throughout.

The Chair-guy (whose appearance was comparatively respectable) said he was proud to occupy the chair—notwithstanding that the bottom was out of it. (*Shame!*) Oh, he was used to that, although he could tell the meeting he had driven his own donkey-cart once upon a time, if he had come down to a wheelbarrow now! (*Cries of "Toff!" and "Aristocrat!" from the more extreme Guys.*) He did not understand those expressions of disapproval—a wheelbarrow with one leg missing was surely an unostentatious conveyance enough. Well, they had met that evening to discuss the means to be taken to obviate the depression in the important branch of out-door industry in which, if he did not mistake, they were all interested. (*Hear, hear!*) That such depression existed, and was on the increase, there was, unhappily, no doubt—it was becoming more and more difficult, as they knew without his telling them, for the steadiest Guy to maintain himself in a proper position, without extraneous support. He knew, for a fact, that there were hundreds of Guys at that very moment who, when their present job was over, would find themselves—through no fault of their own—thrown out of employment for another twelvemonth, at least. Did they call that justice? (*No! and groans.*) The whole system was iniquitous—the question was, how they were to put a stop to it. He invited suggestions from the Audience.

A Guy said that, in his opinion, their decline was entirely due to their inability to supply themselves with the apparel necessary and suitable to their calling. What were their duties? Why, to keep alive the memory of their famous Founder, the author of the great, and never-to-be-forgotten Gunpowder Plot—he need hardly say he alluded to GUIDO FAWKES! (*Enthusiastic and prolonged cheering.*) He was no scholar himself—he had never enjoyed a University education—and he did not pretend to be an authority on historical costume. Still, he felt safe in asserting that a Guy who, like himself, was compelled to represent their glorious Predecessor in an old tail coat, a pair of baggy tweed trousers, and a pot hat with a hole through the crown, did so under a cruel disadvantage. He had heard that, in former times, every Guy was sent out provided, as a matter of course, with a dark lantern and a box of matches. Who ever saw a Guy so equipped nowadays? They had been robbed of the very implements of their trade by the grasping greed of their so-called superiors. (*Shame!*) In his opinion every Guy had a right to be furnished with the correct costume of the period—whatever that might be—at the public expense. (*Loud cheers.*)

A Guy in a Cocked Hat said he did not think the previous speaker had mentioned the real cause of their fallen fortunes—their clothes were right enough; they had to thank their own shortsighted policy for their present position—yes, he was there to speak plainly, as Guy to Guy, and he told them that it was nothing short of social suicide for a Guy to carry about a placard, such as he saw too many of them wearing that evening, inscribed with the name of a recent murderer or some other popular but ephemeral favourite. (*Some murmuring.*) That was not the way to preserve the name and fame of their revered Chief. No; let every Guy be true to himself and his order, let him indignantly refuse to sully his descent by such vulgar and unworthy devices, and then—(*Uproar, amidst which the Speaker was compelled to resume his seat.*)

A Guy in a Blue Mask, who carried a placard bearing the name of the Ex-Premier, described the remarks of both his brother Guys as pestilent drivell. It was not clothes that made the Guy. A Guy was a Guy in any guise! (*Loud cheers.*) But no Guy ever rose in the world yet without combustibles of some sort inside him, and how many of them ever knew what it was to get their fill of crackers? They were starving amidst an abundance of squibs! Society was responsible, and must be forced to do its duty. He had had enough of it, he meant to get a good blow-out before he was much older, he could tell them, and if the Government refused to provide it free, he must loot a firework factory, that was all—he was ready to lead the way—if they would follow! (*Applause.*)

A Guy in a Yellow Mask said he was in favour of proceeding by peaceable and constitutional methods if possible. Much could be

done by organising and bringing their grievances before Parliament, with a view to remedial legislation. They might begin by agitating for the Franchise. "One Guy, one vote!" would be a popular cry just now, when some Electoral Reforms were believed to be in contemplation. Fortunately they had a Home Secretary whom they might reasonably hope to find sympathetic—he thought they should ascertain his views before taking any other steps.

A Guy in a Pink Mask said he had organised till he was sick of it. As for the Home Secretary, he happened to have headed a deputation to the Home Office that very afternoon—and what did the Meeting

think was the result? Why, the Home Secretary had declined to receive him! (*Shame!*) Ah, he might call himself a Radical—but did he treat a Guy as a Man and a Brother? Did he recognise that, creatures of rags and shavings as they were, they had their feelings? Not he! they were all alike, these politicians, directly they got into office. How long, he asked them, were Guys to be chivied, and harried, and moved along into back-

streets by the brutal minions of a corrupt middle-class? If they wanted to get their rights, they must make themselves a nuisance to the Authorities, like other people. It was all very fine to talk about the Franchise, and "One Guy, one vote!" and all the rest of it, but they all knew that Home Rule blocked the way at present. They must go to Trafalgar Square in their thousands; it was the finest place for a bonfire in all London, and they had been kept out of it long enough. He meant to go, if he had to be carried there! (*Loud cheers.*)

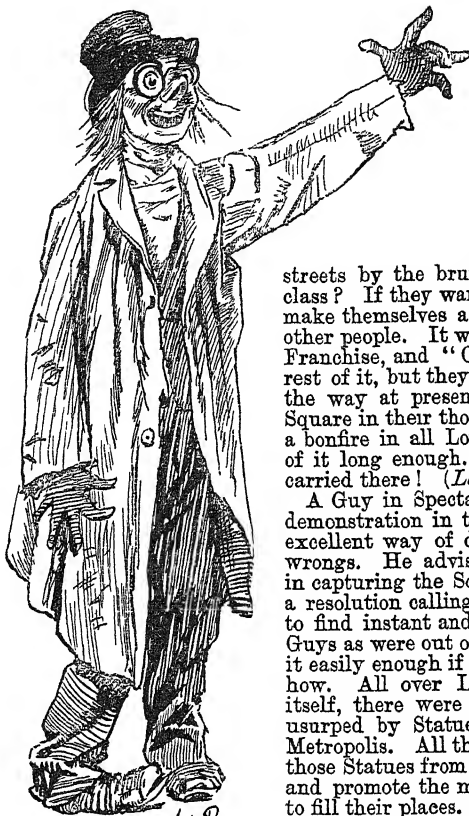
A Guy in Spectacles and a Tall Hat, said that a demonstration in the Square would, no doubt, be an excellent way of drawing public attention to their wrongs. He advised that when they had succeeded in capturing the Square, they should proceed to pass a resolution calling upon the London County Council to find instant and permanent employment for such Guys as were out of work. (*Cheers.*) They could do it easily enough if they liked, and he would tell them how. All over London, nay, in the very Square itself, there were innumerable pedestals at present usurped by Statues which were a disgrace to the Metropolis. All the Council had to do was to remove those Statues from positions they had so long abused, and promote the most deserving and destitute Guys to fill their places. (*Uproar.*)

A Guy in Fustian and a Red Comforter rose excitedly to protest against the last speaker's proposals, which he declared were an insult to their common Guyhood. They might have come down in that world, but hitherto, whatever might be said of them, they had, at least, never rendered themselves publicly ridiculous. Now they were asked to degrade themselves by accepting the ignominious position of London Statues! Was there a Guy who would ever hold up his head again, after such an infamous surrender of his self-respect and independence? He felt it his duty to denounce the Guy who was guilty of such a suggestion as a wolf, in sheep's clothing, a base traitor to his order, and a paid spy!

[Intense excitement; charges and countercharges, and vain attempts by the Chair-guy to restore order. Several Guys, unable to control their indignation any longer, exploded, and the Meeting finally dispersed without attempting to pass any resolution, amidst a scene of indescribable confusion.]

A PATRON OF THE GAIETY THEATRE AND MODERN VARIETY EXTRAVAGANZA SHOW ANTICIPATED BY CHARLES DICKENS.—"There's a lot of feet in SHAKESPEARE'S verse, but there ain't any legs worth mentioning in SHAKESPEARE'S Plays. *** What the people call dramatic poetry is a collection of sermons. Do I go to the theatre to be lectured? No, P.P. If I wanted that, I'd go to church. What's the legitimate object of the Drama, P.P? Human nature. What are legs? Human nature. Then let us have plenty of leg-pieces, P.P, and I'll stand by you, my buck!" — *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

N.B.—This is the Pip of our puzzle to Dickensian Students last week. The reference, chapter and verse, was given immediately by Mr. COMYNS CARR, who, on the spot received his reward, and went away rejoicing. We regret that there are no second and third prizes, otherwise Messrs. WALTER WREN and VAN TROMP would have been "placed."—ED.



"A Guy in Spectacles and a Tall Hat."

REFRESHERS.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE said, 'The extent to which Refreshers are carried in these days makes my historical mouth water. In my younger days at the Bar, —'"



(One for Song.)

"In my younger days at the Bar, Tra la la la!" &c.

THE NEW BROOM, AND THE BLACK PEERAGE.

(Rhyme by a Rad.)

[LORD SALISBURY, in his article in the *National Review* for November, makes fun of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON's assertion that the Government could, at a pinch, secure a majority in the Upper Chamber by elevating five hundred Sweeps (which Lord S. calls the "Black Peerage") to the House of Lords, with the assent of the Crown.]

FIVE HUNDRED? Good gracious! there's no need of that.
"Black Peerage," indeed! Though as black as my hat,
They could hardly be blacker than SALISBURY's lot;
But to talk of such sooty recruits is sheer That bad Upper House to reform—or degrade—
We don't want the charge of this queer Five hundred? FRED HARRISON, you are a green one!
I'd settle the business with one sweep—a clean one!

THE COURT JESTERS.

THANKS to Messrs. SIMS and RALEIGH and the Court Company for a good hearty laugh, and many of them at their new three-act farcical comedy, *The Guardsman*. It Raleigh is good, and Sims likely to be in for a long run. Therefore, congratulations to Mr. CHUDLEIGH, who is in the proud position of "Sole Lessee and Manager," of the Court. Odd, as a correspondent remarked in a letter to *Mr. Punch* last week, is the coincidental resemblance of the master-motive of the plot to that of *Incognita* at the Lyric; viz., the young man refusing to marry the girl with whom he is really in love, because he is in love with the very same young lady without knowing her name or anything about her. But hath not the old Spanish Comedy-writer, GONZALES, used it three times? hath not his fellow-countryman, VEGA MORVEGA, used it in his now obsolete play of *The Distressed Mother*? and hath not VODENDOL, the Norwegian dramatist, absolutely nauseated us with it, not to mention its constant use by that imitation of GOLDONI, Count ERFITO D'ALUMINIO? And to come nearer home, did not the German—but why pursue the "motive" until you run it to the New Zealand playwright among the



An Inhabitant of Noah's Ark.

earth, and even then it won't be killed, but will be flourishing thousands of years hence, when the ruins of London shall take up his note-book and commence a scenario on the old, but to him, quite original idea.

Then, in the last Act of *The Guardsman*, if we have a French room with half-a-dozen doors, leading to half-a-dozen different places, with which arrangement not a few of us are familiar in pieces brought over fresh from the Palais Royal, and occurring in farces of which *Bébé*, *Anglicè* *Betsey*, at the Gymnase and *Criterion* is a type, shall we complain? Shall we not rather laugh heartily over the good old game of Hide-and-Seek, which on the stage is invariably the cause of much amusement to one person for whom, at all events,



Arthur Cecil's Collard Head à la G. O. M.

I can answer? What does it matter if to some it recalls a few farcical comedies—all excellent material? Not a bit! I gather from the genuine laughter and applause of the crowded house at the Court, that this amuses—and will continue to amuse some hundreds nightly, as long as it is all done so well, and at such high pressure, as it is now in *The Guardsman*. The First Act is good; the Second is the best; but the Third is like the last figure in an after-supper early-in-the-morning Lancers, ending in a whirligig gallop, when everything is fast and furious, and just the tune and its measure taken *prestissimo* and *fortissimo* keep the couples going till everybody is breathless and exhausted.

WEEDON GROSSMITH is excellent. In brief, he plays the part of a thorough donkey, who wishes to appear "horsey." ARTHUR CECIL is admirable as the Ex-Judge of the Divorce Court—suggesting the idea of a gay old gentleman, who is still a bit of a dog—but a dog who has had his day. If this is not his character, how is it he is on such friendly terms with the *Modiste*, carefully played, and with great spirit too, by Miss AGNES THOMAS? Mr. ELLIOT is all go and bustle; if he were not so, pop would go the piece. The make-up of Mr. LITTLE for the old Captain is uncommonly good; it is a small part, but, with a LITTLE in it, it is big. Mr. NAMBY, as the Irishman, *Miles*, first-rate; quite *Miles gloriosus*. But I can't go on with praise, they're all so good, and ELLALINE TERRISS charming. Miss CAROLINE HILL, fresher than the proverbial paint, makes a rattling part of *Lady Jones*, and, as the motto of this Company is that of Racing Eighties, "Swing, swing together!"—which might, in another sense, have been the refrain sung by a brazen band of Highwaymen in the good old times—it is likely that they'll keep the Court-Boat going the pace, with the tide of popular favour, for many months to come.

As a Postscript, I may add a letter on the subject addressed to *Mr. Punch*.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Oct. 26th.

In the admirable letter of "AN OLD SOLDIER" in your paper this week, there are a few unimportant errors—due, no doubt, to your Correspondent's age, and the shortness of memory consequent upon it—that mar, in a measure, the trenchant force of his criticism. I feel sure he will pardon my reminding him that the Coldstream Guards do not wear varnished or patent-leather boots with a tunic, except in "Levee dress;" that Mr. CHARLES WARNER did not play a private soldier in "the same distinguished regiment," but in the Grenadiers; that a Captain could never, by any possibility be "on guard" at the Tower; that the officer on duty at the Tower is called the "Picquet," and not the "Orderly" officer, and is never a Captain; that no Guardsman has ever, in the memory of man, worn a "scarf" in uniform; and that no soldier, worthy of the name, considers the mess of his own Battalion "an odd sort of place to dine at," even "in the height of the Season."

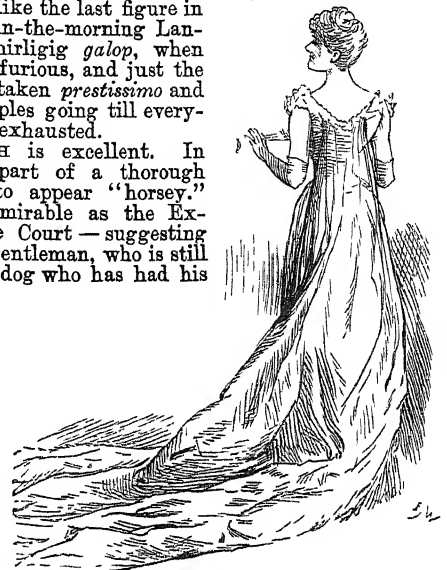
I may add that my mother tells me she has often had her Court-dress altered on the very morning of the "Drawing-Room." With these few trifling exceptions, "AN OLD SOLDIER's" letter is most accurate and just.

I am, Dear Mr. Punch,

Your enthusiastic Admirer, A PRESENT GUARDSMAN.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"—Last Friday, a Correspondent of the P. M. G., on board the *Angola*, interviewed "the Marine-mystery, the Sea-serpent," off the West Coast of Africa. It showed "two tremendous green eyes." The narrator counts upon there being a considerable amount of green in the eyes of those who don't happen to be Sea-serpents—unless after using very strong glasses (hot) and plenty of 'em.

"WE ARE NOTHING IF NOT CORRECT."—In last week's number the title of Picture, p. 198, should have been "Studies in *Contrapuntal* (not 'Continental') Perspective;" and at p. 201, in EFFIE's reply to the Governess, "AN" was a misprint for "no." This information will relieve a vast number of perplexed inquirers.



Miss Ellaline Terriss with her Special Train—to be continued in our next.



THE GENTLE EGOTIST.

The Doctor. "AND WHICH OF YOU TWO LADIES IS THE INVALID?"
Elder Sister. "I'M SORRY TO SAY IT'S ME, DOCTOR!"

THE ROAD TO RUIN;

Or, The Real Military Long-Distance Ride.

"A quarter of a century hence, France will have more than four million trained soldiers, and Russia more than four millions and a half. We may deplore, as we will, this conversion of Europe into a vast camp, but the German Government, witnessing the development of such colossal armies on either hand, cannot be said to propose anything excessive or unnecessary when it asks, as it now does, for the means of raising the trained soldiers of the Empire to 4,400,000."—*The "Times" on the German Army Bills*]

RIDE ON! Ride on! 'Tis a pace will kill!
 Like Smuggler BILL and Exciseman GILL,
 In the *Ingoldsby Legends*, you ride a race
 On a perilous path, at a breakneck pace,
 In a mingled spirit of hate and fear,
 Too hot to heed, and too deaf to hear;
 With a fierce red eye on each other cast,
 And a rate of going that *cannot* last,
 On a road that leads, as such roads lead all,
 To a crumbling cliff, and a crashing fall.

"The Road to Ruin? Pooh! preacher trite!
 'Tis a gallant race, and in glorious flight,
 With the clinkety-clank of scabbard and spur,
 O'er moor and meadow, by linden and fir,
 With the wind of speed blowing brisk in one's face,
 A Long-Distance Ride is a soul-stirring race!"

Verily yes,—for the riders gay,
 Saddled softly, in armed array,
 Hand on the bridle, heel at the flank,
 And that martial music, clinkety-clank!

Charming the ear in galloping time
 With the hoofs' hard rattle in clattering chime.

Clumpety-clump! Clankety-clink!
 Out on the cartiff who'd pause or shrink!
 Clinkety-clank! Clumpety-clump!
 The stout steed's heart at his ribs may thump,

In spasms the breath through his nostrils pump,

The strained neck droop, though 'tis held at stretch,

The labouring lungs in sheer agony fetch
 Blood - mixed breathings, red - dappled foam,—

Let the lash descend, let the spur strike home!

Are they not *racing*? Is not their pride
 Engaged in winning *this* Long-Distance Ride?

Excessive? No! Who dares hint so?
 The going's hot, and the steeds must go!
 Chargers entered for such a race
 Must not complain of the pounding pace;
 Must not grumble at crushing weight.
 Yes; they appear in a piteous state,
 Almost foundered, and well nigh blown,
 With the burden big o'er their shoulders thrown.

Ever swelling, like miser's sacks;
 But why have horses such broad strong backs,
 If not to *bear*—to the death at need,
 Though lungs may choke, and though flanks may bleed?

Ride, ye *militaires*, ruthlessly ride!
 Shouting Emperors hail with pride,
 "Gallant" riders, who lash and goad

Their staggering steeds on this desperate road;
 Their whips are wet, and their spur-points gory,
 But—beasts must bleed, in the name 'o' Glory!

Beasts of burden, ye peoples, still
 Ridden hard by a ruthless will!
 Militarism is mounted firm.

The saddled slaves may shudder and squirm,
 The bridled brutes may shy and shrink,
 The road is long, and the gulf's black brink
 Seems distant yet, and is scarcely seen
 By the rival riders, whose pride and spleen
 Blind them—save to each other's glare,
 To the pace they make, and the weight they bear,

Those hot-urged horses! Lash and goad,
 Rash riders!—but, at the end of the road,
 When the growing burden's last possible pound

Is piled; when the steed's last staggering bound

Is made, when the last short, labouring
 Is breathed, when over, in shuddering death,
 The charger rolls, with a sickening crash,
 And responds no more to the spur or lash;
 And the gulf yawns close, sheer slope to air,
 Black, unavoidable, ruinous there—
 Then, gallant rider, how will you fare?

In the County Council.

CHARRINGTON forgot his manners,
 Pleading for the *Jolly Tanners*;
 He gave his tongue, at serious cost,
 The Licence which the *Tanners* lost.



THE ROAD TO RUIN.



THE TROUBLES OF STALKING!!

Irate Gillie (on discovering in the distance, for the third time that morning, a "Brute of a Man" moving about in his favourite bit of "Forest"). "OH! DEIL TAKE THE PEOPLE! COME AWA, MUSTER BROWN, SIR; IT'S JUST PEKKADILLY!!!"

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON AT NAZARETH HOUSE.

O WEALTHY and world-weary triflers, O idle and opulent folk,
For whom time is a foe to be slain, and life's self but a bore or a joke,
Take yourselves, and your hearts, and your purses to Nazareth House and behold
The brave service of well-bestowed time, the brave uses of well-applied gold!
Where is Nazareth House, then, and what?
'Tis in Hammersmith, Madam, a place
That you probably seldom illumine with the light of your beautiful face.
But *what*? That's a far larger question, full answer to which would take time.
Far better go see for yourself. If there's aught of the moral sublime
In these gold-grubbing days, 'tis in scenes where love-service unbought and unpaid—
A vastly unbusiness-like thing in the eyes of the vassals of Trade!—
Is devoted in silence unseen to the outcast, the old, and the poor.
Five hundred such waifs are here housed, and they yearn to find refuge for more!
That's the pith of the matter, dear Madam!
And as for the rest, I've returned
From a visit, and fancy your heart, like my own, would have lightened and burned!
Had you walked through the wards, as I walked, with a Sister as frank and unfeigned
As sweet Charity's servant should be. There was nothing o'er piously strained

In this unrigid Refuge for helplessness. Cheeriness, confidence, mirth
Seemed to reign in these child-crowded rooms—in these wards where the aged, whose birth
Dated well-nigh a century back, whether sewing, or smoking, or prone
On the pallet of sickness, all *smiled*, and no soul seemed forlorn or alone.
How they sang, those close clustering toddlers, their curly heads tier above tier,
With never a trace of restraint, and unknowing the shadow of fear!
Here timidity checks not the young, and here weariness haunts not the old.
There is laughter on age-shrivelled lips, and the eyes of mere babies are bold
With the confidence born but of love. Even imbeciles, helpless and blind,
Shut out at each sense from full life, yet can feel unseen tendance is *kind*,
And sit silently placid, or burst into song of a heart-searching sort—
Muffled speech from unplumbed spirit-depths, yet inspired by the impulse of sport.
Have a chat, my dear Madam—shrink not, they are women!—with age-wrinkled dames,
Who are busily bed-quilting here, while the Autumn sun ruddily flames
On the walls from the liberal windows. Bestow but a smile and a jest,
They'll respond with a jest and a smile, for there's life in each age-burdened breast,
And confidence, comfort, and cheer. Here again clustered close round the fire
Are a number of grizzle-look'd men, every one is a true "hoary sire,"

Bowed, time-beaten, grey, yet alert and responsive to kindness of speech;
And see how old eyes can light up if you promise a pipe-charge a-piece.
For the comforting weed KINGSLEY eulogised is not taboo in this place,
Where the whiff aromatic brings not cold reproval to Charity's face.
Ah! the tale is o'erlong for full telling; but never a bright afternoon
In London's chill leaf-strewn October was better bestowed. 'Tis a boon
To be able to speak on behalf of Samaritan kindness so schemed,
In a way in which lovers of man, not of mummeries, ever have dreamed.
On such wise, wide, benevolent lines, with no bondage of class or of creed.
But the helpless Five Hundred still swell, and the Sisterhood feel sorest need
Of enlarging their borders and branches. The children especially swarm,
And for every poor, pale, helpless mite, who can here find a pallet and form.
Home, food, clothing, schooling, life-settlement, *love*, there are hundreds for whom
And their piteous appeal the response must unwillingly come, "No more room!"
Room, not in their hearts but their wards is this unselfish Sisterhood's lack;
There you, my dear Madam, can help, if your purse-strings a little you'll slack.
The Home for Poor Age, Helpless Childhood, Incurable Sickness, depends
Not on fees or on wealthy endowments, but alms and free service of friends.
Gifts, not only of money, but garments and furniture, beds, tables, chairs,
The Nazareth ladies will welcome—Come! Is there a Christian who cares
For God's poor and the Christ-welcomed children, who will not respond in some way
To the modest appeal of these ladies, who care for the Waif and the Stray?

TO MANKIND IN GENERAL—

THEREFORE TO MR. GLADSTONE IN PARTICULAR.
(See Speech by Miss Cozens at Meeting of Woman's Emancipation Union at Birmingham, Oct. 27.)

THE time is come, beware of "us,"
There's thunder in the air;
Your future's in the care of "us;"
Beware of "us"—beware



We'll cease to coax and "Cozen" you
By fascinating smiles,
And gaily now impose on you
By dynamic wiles.

A JUDGE'S LAMENT.

[Q.B.D. = Queen's Bench Division.]

AFTER the labours of Vacation,
Ten long weeks with nothing to do,
I feel that I need some recreation,
I'll sit in Court for a week or two:
It's just as well, now and then,
To show yourself to the public ken.
Ah me! who would be
Judge of the High Court, Q.B.D.?

But it's tiring work to sit on the Bench,
Hearing the Counsel, day by day,
Canting and ranting, while
they clench

Their fists, and thump
and hammer away:

Be their arguments
weak or strong,

Whatever I say I'm in
the wrong.

Ah me! who would be,
A badgered Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

Whenever I crack a judi-
cial jest,
Witnesses, jurors, suitors
smile,

They quite understand I
do my best,

A wearisome action to
beguile:

"Silks" and "Juniors"
seem to force,

A jeering laugh as a
matter of course.

Ah me! who would be,
A jocular Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

The public, solicitors,
counsel, frown

And grumble and growl
at the law's delay;

I'm never allowed to stop
in town.

Off on Circuit I'm hur-
ried away:

Election Petitions I'm
made to judge,

On Irish Commissions
I have to drudge.

Ah me! who would be,
A toiling Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

To a cause célèbre I don't
object, [me sit,

Leaders of fashion around
My robes and ermine com-

mand respect,

I rather fancy I'm mak-
ing a hit:

If I feel there's a chance of
getting, who knows?

Into *Vanity Fair* or
Madame Tussaud's.

Ah me! who would not be,
A popular Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

When the Sittings are in full swing, I'm
bound,

From half past ten till the clock strikes
four,

In Court or in Chambers to be found,

With half an hour for my lunch or more:
Summons and motion and cause I hear,

I'm only paid, five thousand a-year!

Many a man would like to be,
Judge of the High Court Q.B.D.

ANTI-THEATOTAL OPERA, "*Eugène Onegin*"
at the Olympic. Will it be followed by
Ourjane Twobrandsi? and subsequently by
the celebrated Opera, *Lotowski*?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"For graphic touch and keen appreciation
of humour, for easy conversational narration,
give me," quoth the Baron, "the papers now
being published in *Household Words* (most
appropriate place for them), written by MON-
TAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C. and Magistrate." His
paper on Ramsgate, telling how he travelled
down, who his companions were, is as
thoroughly amusing and interesting as his
tribute to the health-giving climate of
Ramsgate is true. These papers under the
comprehensive title of "Round London," are



Ethel (who has picked up a few sporting phrases, and thinks she can instruct her
Governess). "No, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM MUMMY, BUT I'VE HEARD FROM POPPA.
HE HAS KILLED 137 GROUSE, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE BRACES."

to be republished in book-form by, as I
believe, Messrs. MACMILLAN, and assuredly
they will be as popular as were the same
author's "Leaves" and "Later Leaves." False sentiment, MONTAGU WILLIAMS, as man
or magistrate, does not encourage. "Strongly
do I recommend his 'Round London,'" says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE MORRIS DANCE."—NEW FIGURE.—
The *Premier Danseur*, holding laurel-crown,
dances up to WILLIAM MORRIS offering him
the laurel-crown. Will MORRIS? MORRIS
won't. Premier retires gracefully, and is seen
approaching LEWIS MORRIS.

TO SOME AUTHORS.

"How did I like that book?" I gained,
From reading it, joy unrestrained;
'Twas perfect—had it but contained
An Index!

Brilliant, yet also erudite,
Profound in facts, in diction light,
Why failed its writer to indite
An Index?

'Twas history, on its social side,
With stories, good to quote, supplied,
Yet how quote anything, denied
An Index?

A book that "He who reads
might run"—
MACAULAY, BOSWELL,
GREEN, in one!

Its Printer, too—what
made him shun
An Index?

I missed a date, harked
back. "A fad!"

You'll say? Perhaps. It
made me mad.

My hunt was vain, because
it had
No Index.

O Authors of instructive
chat,

Supply this want when
next you're at

A book! "*Bis dat qui citò
dat,*"

An Index.

OUR NEW EXAM.

ANSWER any three of the
following five questions:—

I. (a.) What is a cassowary? (b.) Does its
internal construction
render it capable of anthro-
pophagy? (c.) Describe
its habits, nature and
food, and draw an outline
sketch of its skeleton.

II. (a.) Give the latitude
and longitude of Tim-
buctoo. (b.) State the
number and religious belief
of its inhabitants. (c.)
Discuss its natural advan-
tages; (i.), as a port, and
(ii.) as a centre for mission-
ary enterprise.

III. (a.) Is a missionary
best when served (i.) *au
naturel*; (ii.) *à la maître
d'hôtel*, or, (iii.) *aux petites
livrettes de psaumes*? Dis-
cuss the advantages of each
method of preparation;
(b.) Quote any advice given
by (i.) LUCULLUS, or (ii.)
EPICURUS on this subject.

IV. What version of the Prayer-book is
in use amongst the natives of Central Africa?
V. Discuss the authorship of the poem
entitled *Timbuctoo*, and adduce any reasons
for believing JULIUS CÆSAR to have written it.

THE OTHER PAPER.—MR. NEWNES is
bringing out a rival to the *Pall Mall Gazette*.
Is it to be published before the *P. M. G.*, or
later in the day? If the first, its title might
be *The Noon's Paper*: if the latter, *The
After-Newnes Paper*. Whichever you like,
my little dear! Mr N. pays his money and
takes his choice. Anyhow, "NEWNES' Paper"
is a marketable commodity.



THE HUNTING SEASON. THE MEET.

THE STEPNEY THAT COSTS.

["The circumstances will indeed have to be very remarkable to take two Judges into Stepney."—*Baron Pollock, re Stepney Election Petition, Oct. 26.*]

I CHANCED to meet a man the other day,
Whose store of legal knowledge was amazing,
He stormed at me in quite the stormiest way,
With fiery indignation simply blazing.
I wondered if he'd lost his (legal) hair
(Forgive the phrase) against a demi-rep? Nay!
They'd really ventured to presume to dare
To ask a Judge or two to go to Stepney!
Now if it had been merely Peckham Rye,
They would have gone at once, and gone right gladly.
Then Brondesbury, Barnet—New or High,—
Or Shepherd's Bush would not have done so badly.
Penge would have brought the Crystal Palace near,
And Kensington's Olympia made their soul burn,
They'd have enjoyed the jaunt to Greenwich Pier,
And Heaven had been synonymous with Holborn.
Oh! had it been Soho or Maida Vale
It would have been of course another story. A
Delightful trip to Euston could not fail
To please as much as Broad Street or Victoria.
Belgravia would have suited very well,
They could have done with Balham, Bow, or Brixton,
With Flower-laden Battersea. But tell
Me if you can—oh! why was Stepney fixt on?

ROBERT'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

WELL, it isn't for one like me to say as how as good luck means virtue rewarded, cos I have, in my long xperience, seen not a werry few cases where it wasn't so—no, not by no manner of means.

But this I can most trewly say, that my shoe of luck during this larst munth is worthy of being called a reel staggerer! And this is how it cum about:—

The Amerrycain Gent, at the Grand Hotel, wanted a change for about a weak or two, and he naterally arsked me what he shoold do. I made lots of wise suggeshons, in course, such as Margate, and Grinnidge, and Hern Bay, and other hily arrister-cratick places, but they none on 'em woodn't do. So presently he calls out, "Did you ever go to Ireland?" I was that staggered, that I could ardlly arnser him; but then I says, "Yes, Sir—but it were sum time ago." Then he staggers me much more wiolently, for he says, says he, "Why shoudn't you go with me then, and be my Wally!" When I recovered my breth, I says, "I don't know as our gentelmanly Manager here woud spare me." So he says, "I'll soon see about that." So he rings the bell wiolently, and arsk for him—and he cums—and, to my serprize, he doesn't make not no objecshun at all, which was, in course, werry complementary to me, and, strange to say, no more did Mrs. ROBERT, when I told her of it.

Well, I passes over all pre-limmenerry derangements, till we finds ourselves on board a lovvly steamer, bound for Old Ireland, as we allus calls her, tho' I don't spose as she's any older than the rest on us. It was that ruff that I perposed waitin till the sea got smooth; but my Master ony larft, and sed I shoold be all rite if I follered his advice, as he was used to the sea, and rayther liked it a little ruffish. So he got me a sheet of brown paper to put on my

manly chest, and gave me some champagne, and one glass of Perettie Sline, I think he called it, and, with their ade, I got over much better than I xpected.

We went as strate as we could go to the Lakes of Killarny, and if that isn't jest about as lovvly a plaice as the hole world can show, why then let sumbody show me another as is. If anybuddy arsked me if it never rained there, truth wood make me say yes, it most suttenly does sumtimes, but then so it does ewerywheres in ollidy time excep where it's most speshally wanted.

My Guvner's fust harty larf was at dinner on the fust day, when he told me to ring for sum pepper. TIM the Waiter arnsered the bell, and I told him what was wanted, and I scarce xpects to be bleevied when I says, as he cums back and he says, says he, "If you please, Sir, sure the Pepper's engaged!" I thort the Guvner wood ha larfed hisself hill, but he soon recovered, and said, "Thin niver mind TIM, we'll do without it to-day, but let us have fust turn at it to-morrow." "Suttenly, your honour," says TIM, and wanishes.

The next day, after driving us round the naybourhood, he came in without being arsked, and goes to the fire and warms his hands, and then says with a broad grin, "Sure it's a jolly lucky cupple as you are, for the rains a bustin down like thunder!" When handing the unpeeled Potatows to the Guvner he wood pint his finger at one and say, "That's a rale buty, Sir!"

I spose as the Guvner was rayther libberal to TIM, when we left, as all reel gennelmen allus is, for the tears acshally came into the pore feller's eyes, and he blessed us both, and wished as a few more gennelman like us woud sumtimes wisit poor old Ireland!

We stayed about a fortnight, but we didn't see another Waiter like poor TIM, who was the werry fust humane being as hever called me a gennelman, pore feller! but we had a werry nice time of it on the hole, which I may p'raps elude to sum day, when things ain't quite so brisk as they is just now, and I must say as my Guvner behaved like the reel Gennelman as he is, when we cum for to settel up.

ROBERT.

SECUNDUM HARTY.

["I have even gone so low as 1d. a course . . . with enough success as to elicit effusive eulogies from some distinguished literary persons . . ."]
—*Mr. Ernest Hart in "Where are the Cooks?"—Daily Graphic, Oct. 18.*

Oh! where are the Cooks;
where on earth can they be?
Pray, hark to the House-keeper's pitiful moan.

Mr. HART seems to know, and he tells us, with glee,
Of a plan which is his, and is his, too, alone.

It's a plan for a dinner, that's easily shown

To be cheap, and of pleasure the joy-giving source,
'Tis a wonderful plan—hear the epicure groan—

It costs just exactly one penny a course.

The dinner's Hartistic. Sweet HART says that he

Had a meal fit to soften the heart of a stone,

There were guests—men of letters, and lofty degree—

Who were pleased, and not only saw fit to condone,
But who ransacked each country, land, continent, zone,
For encomiums of praise, till they really grew hoarse.
But would they have done so, had only they known
It cost just exactly one penny a course?

Yes, a penny a head. It's not easy to see
How it's done for the price of a bun or a scone.
When the Mistress and Cook find it hard to agree,
And the former of these is provokingly prone
With the latter to pick a most terrible bone,
When it seems that disaster must follow perforce,
Oh! whisper them this in a Hart-rending tone—
It costs just exactly one penny a course!

L'ENVOI.

O Host, if all other ideas have flown,
Remember this plan as a final resource,
Be Harty! Be Earnest! Make his plan your own!
It costs just exactly one penny a course!

THE REAL ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.—Never to lend!



"I was that staggered, that I could hardly answer him."



THE GAME OF THE LITTLE HORSES.

(A Sketch at the Casino, Dinard.)

On either side of the circular Race-course, with its revolving metal horses, is a Green Table, divided into numbered squares, around which the Players, who are mostly English, are sitting or standing. A Croupier with his rake presides at each table. In an obscure corner of the balcony outside, Miss DAINTREE and her Married Sister have just established themselves. There is a Ball at the Casino, and the Orchestra are heard tuning up for the next dance.

The Married Sister. But SYLVIA, why have you dragged me out here to sit in the dark? I thought you were engaged for this?

Miss Daintree. So I am—to such a horrid little man. That's why I fled. He won't think of coming here after me!

The M. S. What made you give him a dance at all?

Miss D. JACK brought him up to me—so naturally I thought he was a dear friend of his, but it seems he only sat next to him at table d'hôte, and JACK says he pestered him so for an introduction, he had to do it—to get rid of him. So like a brother, wasn't it? . . . Oh, AMY, he's coming—what shall I do? I know he can't dance a little bit! I watched him trying.

The M. S. Can't you ask him to sit it out?

Miss D. That's worse! Let's hope he won't notice us.—Ah—he has!

[Mr. CUBSON, a podgy young man with small eyes and a scrubby moustache, wearing a tailless evening-coat and a wrinkled white waistcoat, advances.]

Mr. Cubson. Our dance, I believe? (The Orchestra strikes up.) Isn't that the Pas de Quatre? To tell you the truth, I'm not very well up in these new steps, so I shall trust to you to pull me through—soon get into it, y'know.

Miss D. (to herself). If I could only get out of it! (She rises with a look of mute appeal to her Sister.) We can go through this room. (They pass into the Salle des Petits Chevaux.) Stop one minute—I just want to see which horse wins. Don't you call this a fascinating game?

Mr. C. Well, I don't understand the way they play it here—too complicated for me, you know!

Miss D. (to herself). Anything to gain time! (Aloud.) Oh, it's quite simple—you just put your money down on any number you choose, and say "Sur le"—whatever it is, and, if it wins, you get seven times your stake.

Croupier. Tous sont payés—faites vos jeux, Messieurs,—les jeux sont partis!

Miss D. I know what I should do—I should back 7 this time. I've a presentiment he'll win.

Mr. C. Then why don't you back him?

Miss D. Because I don't happen to have brought any money with me.

Mr. C. Oh, I daresay I can accommodate you with a franc or two, if that's all.

Miss D. Thank you, I won't trouble you: but do back him yourself, just to see if I'm not right.

Croupier. Les jeux sont faits. Rien ne va plus!

Mr. C. (throwing a franc on the table). Sur le sept! (To Miss D.) I say, he's raked it in. What's that for?

Miss D. For the Bank, or Charity, or something—they always do that if you stake too late.

Mr. C. Swindle, I call it. And I should have won, too—it is 7. I've had enough of this—suppose we go and dance?

Miss D. Why, you're not going to give in already—after so nearly winning, too?

Mr. C. Ah, well, I'll have just one more go—and then we'll be off. I'm going to try the 9 this time. [He stakes.]

Miss D. I should have gone on the 4—it's time one of the even numbers won again.

Mr. C. Oh, would you? All right, then. (To Cr.) Pas sur le neuf—le quatre. (The Croupier transfers the franc to 4.) They're off—can't tell the winner yet. Now they're slower—4's good—4's very good. See where he's stopped, not an inch from the post! This isn't half a bad game.

[A horse with a red flag at his head, labelled No. 9, creeps slowly up, and stops just ahead of 4.]

Croupier. Neuf, impair, et rouge!

Mr. C. It's 9 after all—and I backed him first. (In an injured tone.) I should have won if you hadn't said that about 4!

Miss D. (with secret delight). I won't advise any more. What are you going to back?

Mr. C. We really ought to be dancing—but I'll try my luck once more on No. 4. I shall put on two francs this time.

Miss D. Shall you? How reckless! I heard someone say just now that No. 1 hasn't won for a long time.

Mr. C. I took your advice once too often. There—4's going to win—see how he's going round—no, he's passed.

[A horse with a yellow flag, labelled No. 1, stops close to the post.]

Croupier. L'As, impair, et jaune!

Miss D. Didn't I tell you so?

Mr. C. You only said I hadn't won—not that he would. If you had spoken more plainly—I don't think much of this game—I've dropped four francs already. How about that dance?

Miss D. (ironically). It would be rather a pity to go away without getting all that money back, wouldn't it?

Mr. C. (seriously). Perhaps it would. You're sure you're in no hurry about this dance?

Miss D. On the contrary!

Mr. C. Well, look here, I'm going to put on a five-franc piece this time—so be careful what you advise.

Miss D. Oh, I really couldn't undertake such a responsibility.

Mr. C. I shall follow this man then, and back five. (He does; the horses spin round, and the race is won by a horse with a tricoloured flag labelled No. 5.) There, I've done it without you, you see. (The Croupier pushes a heap of ivory counters towards him, which he takes up with trembling hands.) I say, I scooped in thirty-five francs over that! Not bad, is it? I'm glad I waited!

Miss D. Yes, it's better fun than dancing, isn't it?

Mr. C. Oh, lots—at least I didn't mean that quite—

Miss D. Didn't you? I did. What are you going to back next?

Mr. C. Well, I must just have one more turn, and then we'll go and get that dance over. I'm going to plunge this time. (He spreads his counters about the board.) There, I've put five francs on each colour and ten each on 8 and 9. You see, by hedging like that, you're bound to pull off something!

Miss D. (as the horses spin round). All the yellow flags are out of it.

Mr. C. Doesn't matter, 9's red, and he's going first-rate—nothing to beat him!

Miss D. Unless it's 5, and then you lose. (No. 5 wins again.) How unfortunate for you. 5 generally does win twice running, somehow.

Mr. C. (with reproach). If you had thought of that a little sooner, I shouldn't have lost twenty francs! (A player rises, and Mr. C. secures the vacant chair.) More comfortable sitting down. I must get that back before I go. I've got about twenty francs left. I'll put five on yellow, and ten on 9. (He does. Croupier. "Deux, pair, et rouge!") Only five left! I'll back yellow again, as red won last. (He does. Croupier. "Quatre, pair, et rouge!") He turns to Miss D. for sympathy. I say, did you ever see such beastly bad—?

A Frenchman (behind him). Plaît-il?

Mr. C. (confused). Oh, rien. I wasn't speaking to you, M'soo. (To himself.) Where on earth has that girl got to? She might have waited! She's gone back to the balcony! (He goes out in pursuit of her.) Oh, I say, Miss—er—DAINTREE, if you're ready for that "Pas de Quatre," I am. Hope I haven't kept you waiting.

Miss D. (sweetly). Not in the very least. Are you sure you've quite finished playing?

Mr. C. As I've lost all I'd won and a lot on the top of that, I should rather think I had finished playing.

Miss D. So has the Orchestra—quite a coincidence, isn't it? You were so absorbed, you see!—No, I won't keep you out here, thanks; my sister will take care of me.

Mr. C. (to himself, as he departs rather sheepishly). I've offended that girl—I could see she was wild at missing that Barn Dance. I wish I had danced it, I'm sure,—it would have saved me several francs. It was all her own fault. However, I'll ask her for a waltz another evening, and make it up to her that way. Confound those Petits Chevaux!

Miss D. AMY, he's gone,—and I haven't danced and I haven't sat out with him—and he can't say it's my fault either! (She kisses her hand to the Petits Chevaux inside.) Thanks, ever so much, you dear little beasts!



"Our dance, I believe?"



Mrs. Gusher. "OH, GOOD-BYE, SIR JOHN. SO SORRY NOT TO HAVE FOUND YOUR MOST CHARMING WIFE AT HOME."

Sir John. "THANKS—THANKS! BY THE WAY, LET ME ASSURE YOU I'VE ONLY GOT ONE,—AND—"

[Thinks that the remainder of the sentence is "better understood than expressed."]

"I am as artful, quite, as he, and much more young and active; I've a sweet vistle of my own the birds find most attractive. My nets may be unauthorised, and my decoys not his'n; Vot odds, ven those decoys vill draw, those nets the birds imprison?"

"VILLIAM's a old Monopolist, or would be if I'd let him; But on this here pertikler field I'll lik him, that I'll bet him. I am a cove as hates the Nobs; I dearly loves my neighbour; And if I have a feeling heart it is for Honest Labour!"

"VILLIAM's decoys are out of date, but ven I'd shake and rummage 'em He gets his back up like a shot. He's jealous of Young Brummagem! I'll set up on my own account, and I've a new half dozen Of nice decoys vich I am sure the shyest birds vill cozen."

"I am not arter nightingales, the pappy poet's darlings, I'm quite content vith blackbirds brisk, and even busy starlings. The birds vot delve, vot track the plough, vot vatch the rustic thatcher,

Are good enough—in numbers—for the Brummagem Birdcatcher."

"VILLIAM may lure his Irish larks, and redpoles, tits, and finches, Good British birds vill do for me. I'm vun as never finches From spreading of my nets all vido; vot comes I can't determine, But I don't care for carrion-birds, I looks on 'em as wermin!"

"And so I ups and spreads my nets. Vot if the birds see plainly? My vistle is so vondrous sweet, I shall not spread 'em wainly, Then, my decoys! Ah! them's the boys! In patience and in skill I am

The cove to catch a big bird-batch, and quite a match for VILL-I-AM!"

Old VILLIAM and young Vistling JOE are rivals, vot vere pardners! And some vill back the Brummytes, and some the Grand Old Harward'ners;

But vichsoever from the fight of victory be the snatcher, The Midlands own a champion in the Brummagem Birdcatcher.

"A ROYAL LINE" (IN THE BILLS).—The successor to King Henry the Eighth (at the Lyceum) will be King Lear the First. "Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron pauses in the midst of his varied literary and philosophic studies to look into No. 46, Vol. iv., Part ii., of *Our Celebrities*, a publication which has been admirably conducted by the late and the present Count ASTORÓG, which is the title, when he is at home, of the eminent photographer and proprietor of the Walery-Gallery. First comes life-like portrait of the stern Sir EDWARD W. WATKIN, on whose brow Time, apparently, writes no wrinkles, though Sir EDWARD could put most of us up to a few. Nor, strange to say, are there any lines on his countenance, probably because he has so many other lines, existing and contemplated, in his eye.

But 'tis not alone thy inky cloak, good Sir EDWARD, that attracts the Baron, nor is it the business-like profile of THOMAS DE GREY, sixth Lord Walsingham, Chairman of the Enslage Committee, that gives the Baron matter for special admiration; but it is the perfectly charming portrait of "DAISY PLESS" H. S. H. the Princess HENRY OF PLESS," which rivets the Baron's attention, and causes him to exclaim, "She is pretty, Pless her!" Miss CORNWALLIS WEST, but now a DAISY, now a Princess, came up as a flower at Ruthin Castle, and "in 1891 Prince HENRY OF PLESS," says the brief narrative written by A. BULL (an example of "a bull and no mistake") "wooed and won the beauty of the Season,"—lucky 'ARRY PLESS!—and then Prince 'ARRY took his bride to Furstenstein, in Silesia, "a fine schloss, with beautiful gardens and terraces,"—in short, "a Pleasaunce." Count ASTORÓG may do, as he has done, many excellent photographic portraits, but this one will be uncommonly "hard to beat," and King of Photographers as he seems to be, it is not every day that he has so charming a subject as Princess DAISY presented to him. Receive, Count ASTORÓG-WALERY, of the Walery-Gallery, without any raillery, the congratulations most sincere of the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"The Players are Come!"

First Player (who has had a run of ill-luck). I'm regularly haunted by the recollection of my losses at Baccarat.

Second Player. Quite Shakspearian! "Banco's" Ghost.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

LUNCH (*continued*).—How delightful it is to awaken interest in the female breast, to make the heart of lovely woman go pit-pat, as her eyes read the words one's pen has written. Even in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, it seems, bright eyes have marked these attempts to teach a correct conversational manner to those who engage in game-shooting. Here is one letter of the hundreds that *Mr. Punch* has one by one pressed to his gallant lips with an emotion that might, perhaps, not have been expected from one of his years and discretion. But how shall time or caution prevail against universal love? The flame burns on with an unquenchable ardour. Beautiful beings, the *Punch* of your affections is true to you all. He takes you in a lump and loves you. He takes you singly and adores you, passionately but paternally. Here, therefore, is the letter:—

DEAREST MR. PUNCH,

WE have all been so delighted to read your articles about shooting. I read them to Papa after dinner in the drawing-room. Mamma says she doesn't understand such matters; but, of course, things have altered *very much* since her young days, as she is always telling us. Now I want to ask your opinion about an important point. Do you think girls ought to go out and join the men at lunch? We all think it so delightful, but FRED, my eldest brother, makes himself *extremely* disagreeable about it—at least he did till last week, when EMILY RAYBURN, who is my very *dearest* friend, was staying with us. Then he told me we might come for a change, but we were to go home again directly afterwards. Generally he says that women are a *bore* out shooting. Please tell us, dear *Mr. Punch*, what you really think about it.

With much love, yours always, ROSE LARKING.

P.S.—I am so glad you write the word "lunch," and not "luncheon." I told FRED that—but he went to *Johnson's Dictionary*, and read out something about "Lunch" being only a colloquial form of "luncheon." Still, I don't care a little bit. Dr. JOHNSON lived so long ago, and couldn't possibly know *everything*—could he? R. L.

My darling young lady, I reply, your letter has made a deep impression on me. Dr. JOHNSON did, as you say, live many years ago; so many years ago, in fact, that (as a little friend of *Mr. Punch* once said, with a sigh, on hearing that someone would have been one hundred and fifty years old if he had been alive at the present day) he must be "a orle old angel now." The word "lunch" is short, crisp, and appetising. The word "luncheon" is of a certain pomposity, which, though it may suit the mansions of the great, is out of place when applied to the meals of active sportsmen. So we will continue, if you please, to speak of "lunch." And now for your question. My charming Rose, this little treatise does not profess to do anything more than teach young sportsmen how to converse. I assume that they have learnt shooting from other instructors. And as to the details of shooting-parties, how they should be composed, what they should do or avoid, and how they should bear themselves generally—the subject is too great, too solemn, too noble to be entered upon with a light heart. At any rate, that is not my purpose here. It was rude—*very* rude—of FRED to say you were a bore—and I am sure it wasn't true. I can picture you tripping daintily along with your pretty companions to the lunch rendezvous. You are dressed in a perfectly fitting, tailor-made dress, cut

short in the skirt, and displaying the very neatest and smallest pair of ankles that ever were seen. And your dear little nose is just a leetle—not red, no, certainly not red, but just delicately pink on its jolly little tip, having gallantly braved the north wind without a veil. To call you a bore is absurd. But men are *such* brutes, and it is as certain as that two and two (even at our public schools) make four, that ladies are—what shall I say?—not so popular as they always ought to be when they come amongst shooters engaged in their sport. Even at lunch they are not *always* welcomed with enthusiasm. This is, perhaps, wrong, for, after all, they can do no harm there.

But, darling Rose, I am sure FRED was perfectly right to send



A PRIZE.

Little Spiffkins. "DON'T YOU THINK ONE MIGHT GET UP A DANCE HERE SOME EVENING?"

Young Brown. "NOT GIRLS ENOUGH, MY BOY!"

Little Spiffkins. "NOT GIRLS ENOUGH! WHY, I'VE GOT TO KEEP 'EM OFF ME WITH A STICK!"

First Sp. Joking? Not I! I tell you six solid women are going to lunch with us. I heard 'em all talking about it after breakfast, and thinking it would be, *oh*, such fun! By the way, I suppose you know you've got a hole in your knickerbockers.

Tommy (looking down, and perceiving a huge and undisguisable rent). Good Heavens! so I have. I must have done it getting over the last fence. Isn't it awful? I can't show like this. Have you got any pins?

[The Keeper eventually promises that there shall be pins at the farm-house.

Another Sportsman (bringing up the rear with a companion). Hope we shan't be long over lunch. There's a lot of ground to cover this afternoon, and old SYKES tells me they've got a splendid head of birds this year. I always think—*(He breaks off suddenly; an expression of intense alarm comes over his face.)* Why, what's that? No, it can't be. Yes, by Jingo, it is. It's the whole blessed lot of women come out to lunch, my wife and all. Well, poor thing, she couldn't help it. Had to come with the rest, I suppose.

you home again directly the meal was over, though it must have wrung his manly heart to part from EMILY RAYBURN. Even, I, the veteran sportsman *Punch*, have qualms when a poor bird has been merely wounded, or when a maimed hare shrieks as the dog seizes it. I cannot, as I say, discuss the ethics of the question. The good shot is the merciful shot. But, after all, in killing of every kind, whether by the gun or the butcher's knife, there is an element of cruelty. And therefore, my pretty ROSE, you must keep away from the shooting. Besides, have I not seen a good shot "tailor" half-a-dozen pheasants in succession, merely because a chattering lady—not a dear, pleasant little lump of delight like you, ROSE—had posted herself beside him, and made him nervous? By all means come to lunch if you must, but, equally by all means, leave the guns to themselves afterwards. As for ladies who themselves shoot, why the best I can wish them is, that they should promptly shoot themselves. I can't abide them. Away with them!

But, in order that the purpose of this work may be fulfilled, and the conversational method inculcated, I here give a short "Ladies-at-lunch-dialogue," phonographically recorded, as a party of five guns was approaching the place of lunch, at about 1:30 P.M.

First Sportsman (addressing his companion). Now then, TOMMY, my son, just smarten yourself up a bit, and look pretty. The ladies are coming to lunch.

Tommy (horror-struck.) What? The women coming to lunch? No, hang it all, you're joking. Say you are—do!

But it's mean of CHALMERS—I swear it is. He ought not to have allowed it. And then, never to let on about it to us. Well, my day's spoilt, if they come on with us afterwards. I couldn't shoot an ostrich sitting with a woman chattering to me. Miss CHICKWEED's got her eye on you, LLOYD. She's marked you. No good trying to do a ramp. You're nailed, my boy, nailed!

Lloyd. Hang Miss CHICKWEED! She half killed me last night with all kinds of silly questions. Asked me to be sure and bring her home a rocketing rabbit, because she'd heard they were very valuable. Why can't the women stay at home? [They walk on moodily.

A few minutes later. Lunch has just begun.

Miss Chickweed (middle-aged, but skittish). Oh, you naughty men, how long you have kept us waiting! Now, Captain LLOYD, did you shoot really well? Or, were you thinking of— Well, perhaps I oughtn't to say. See how discreet I am. But do tell me, all of you, exactly how many birds you shot—I do so like to hear about it. You begin, Captain LLOYD. How many did you shoot? (Without waiting for an answer.) I'm sure you must have shot a dozen. Yes, I guess a dozen. And, oh, do give me a feather for my hat! It will be so nice to have a real feather to put in it. And we've got such a treat for you. MARY, you tell them. No, I'll tell them myself. If you're all very good at lunch, we're going to walk with you a little afterwards. There!

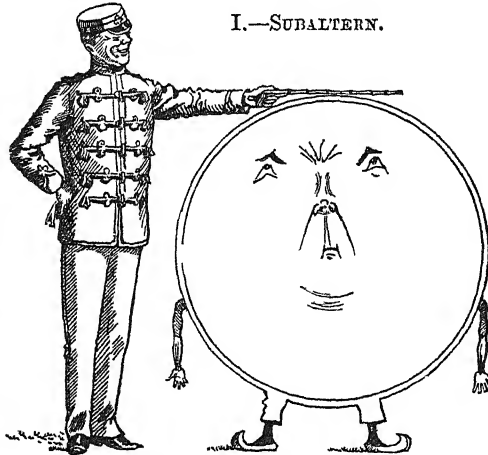
[But, at this awful prospect, consternation seizes the men. CHALMERS (the host) makes frantic signs to his wife, who (having, somehow, been "squared") affects not to see. A few desperate attempts are made to express a polite joy; but the lunch languishes, and darkness closes over the melancholy scene.

A NAVAL INQUIRY.—The Howe and the why?

THE VANISHING RUPEE.—A Cry from India.

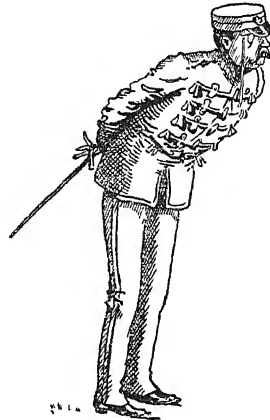
A Colonel laments the disappearance of the Rupee, and shows how, whenever he had a step up in his Regiment (each time growing in importance and having more calls on his purse), the Rupee at once took a step down, decreasing in importance and reputation.

I.—SUBALTERN.



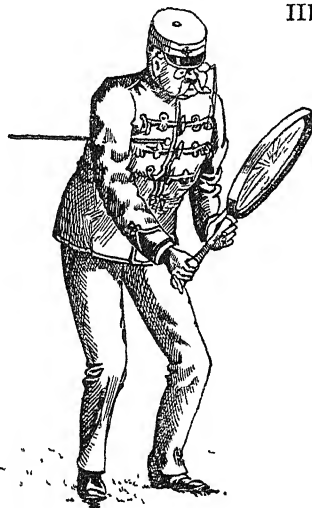
As a "Sub," free from family ties,
With constant "fivers" from the Pater,
The Rupee I thought a goodly size,
Though once its value was much greater.

II.—CAPTAIN.



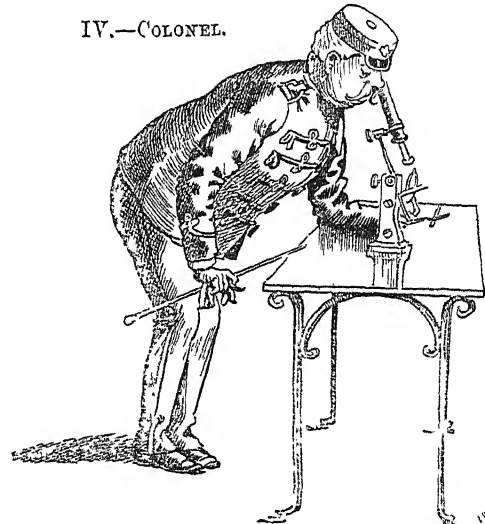
Raised to Captain's rank, it so fell out
I fell in love with the Station belle,*
Got spliced; the Rupee, at once, no doubt,
In spite, not in love, but value fell.

III.—MAJOR.



Children came, money went, all U P,
I thought, when promotion brought more pay
(What luck!); but that slippery Rupee
Decreased more visibly from that day.

IV.—COLONEL.



Cramming! Schooling! Bills by every post!
But now, as Colonel, I think I see
My way; but I count without my host.
Vanished, like a ghost, has the Rupee!

* By this I do not mean the Barmaid who presides over the stale buns at our Railway Refreshment-room; I refer to the prettiest girl at the Military Station where I was quartered.

PREMIER AND PHYSICIAN.

(Imaginary Report of an utterly impossible Interview.)

So you got through your labours at Oxford, my dear friend, without feeling any ill effects?—Certainly, never enjoyed myself more. Everyone paid the deepest attention. One Don actually used an ear-trumpet.

Well, and what do you intend doing next?—Oh, lots of things. You see my Parliamentary work is next, to nothing—not a moment more than ten hours a-day. So I must do something with my spare time.

Certainly, I have no objection. But I should like to hear your programme. —I have only got it into form for a week or so. Before the end of the year

I shall have it ship-shape. But say for November. Shall we say November? Certainly. What do you propose doing in November?—Well, I think I shall retranslate the works of HOMER, and write an exhaustive article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (new edition) on the "Life of WELLINGTON."

And that is all? Well, and a fair amount, too!—All! What nonsense! Why, that will take me less than no time. Then I think I shall ascend Mont Blanc, so as to be able to see how the summit looks in winter. Then I shall translate the *Waverley Novels* into Swedish.

Well, you might be worse employed, but you must not overdo it.—Overdo it! Certainly not! Why, I am strong as a horse. And that reminds me, I think I shall attempt a long-distance

ride on my own account. I feel sure that I can do better than those German and Austrian fellows.

Where do you propose to ride?—From John o' Groat's to the Land's End, I fancy, will be the course. I ought to do it in three days.

Of course you will use more than one horse?—Oh, certainly. No cruelty. And I think I shall try the walk myself on foot, just to see if a horse will be able to keep up with me.

And is there any other exploit that you contemplate?—I thought I might perhaps dine with the new Lord Mayor.

What! dine with the new Lord Mayor! Why, you would never be able to bear the strain; the great exertion!—I was half afraid you might say this, so I have written and respectfully declined the invitation!



FELINE AMENITIES.

'HOW KIND OF YOU TO CALL—I'M SO SORRY TO HAVE KEPT YOU WAITING!'

'OH, DON'T MENTION IT—I'VE NOT BEEN AT ALL BORED! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO IMAGINE WHAT I SHOULD DO TO MAKE THIS ROOM LOOK COMFORTABLE IF IT WERE MINE!'

"ICHABOD!"

Gog, *logutur* —

HERE'S a pretty fine business, my MAGOG!!!

Where are we a-drifting to now?

These here tears in my eyes you must twig, I detect the glum gloom on your brow.

Most natural, MAGOG, most natural! Loyal old giants, like us,

Must be cut to the heart by these times, which they get every year wus and wus!

It's Ikybod, MAGOG; I see it a-written all over the shop.

Our glory's departed, old partner. And where is it going for to stop?

That Feast of BELSHAZZER weren't in it for worritting warnings of woe;

Which our beautiful Annual Banquet will soon not be worth half a blow.

It's not half a blow-out as it is, not compared with old glorious gorges.

I wish, oh I wish, MAGOG mine, we was back in the times of the GEORGES,

Or even DICK WHITTINGTON's days, which for Giants was quite good enough;

But they've spoilt all the good things of life with their Science, and Progress, and stuff.

I see how it's drifting, dear MAGOG. The Munching House and the Gildhall

Did use to be London's fust pride. Is it so in these days? Not at all!

Whippersnappers cook snooks at us, MAGOG; A ignerent pert L. C. C.,

To whom Calipash is a mistry, whose soul never loved Calipee,

A feller elected by groundlings, who can't tell Madeira from Port,

Some sour-faced suburban Dissenter—he, MAGOG, may make us his sport,

Without being popped in the pillory! Proper old punishment that!

As all the old punishments was. We're a-getting too flabby, that's flat.

The gallows, the stocks, and the pillory kept rebel rascals in hor,

But now every jumped-up JACK CADE, or WAT TYLER can give us his jor

Hot-and-hot, without fear of brave WALWORTH's sharp dagger, or even a shower

Of stones, rotten heggs, and dead cats. Yah! The People has far too much power

With their wotes, and free speech, and such fudge. Ah! if GLADSTONE, and ASQUITH, and BURNS,

And a tidy few more of their sort, in the pillory just took their turns,

Like that rapsallion, DANIEL DEFOE, what a clearance he'd have of the cads

Who worrit us out of our lives with Reform, and such humbugging fads!

MAGOG, *logutur* —

AH, GOG, I am quite of your mind! Which I don't mind admitting that KNILL

To a Protestant Giant like me was the least little bit of a pill.

Stillsomever, he's Lord Mayor now, and did ought to be backed up as such,

For what City Fathers determine it ain't for outsiders to touch.

But where are the Big Pots? The Banquet seems shorn of its splendour to-day.

No Premier, nor no Foreign Sec., nor no Chancellor!!! Really, I say

This is rascally Radical imprence! How can they dare stop away,

From the greatest event of the year, when the words of ripe wisdom, well wined,

Should fall from grave turtle-fed lips to make heasy the poor Pubhc mind,

As when PALMERSTON, DIZZY, and SALISBURY, spoke from that time-honoured

Chair! And that GLADSTONE—he ain't no great loss!

—but to think the Woodchopper should dare

To neglect his fust duty like this!!! Oh! it's Ikybod, just as you say,

My Gog. Civic glory's burst up, and the splendour of Lord Mayor's Day

Is eclipsed by that L.C.C. lot and their backers. I'm full, Gog, of fears;

The look-out's enough to depress us, and move the poor Turtle to tears.

It's Ikybod, Ikybod, Ikybod! Oh, for the days that were gayer,

No GLADSTONE, no ROSEBERRY, no HARCOURT!!! Wy, next we shall have no

Lord Mayor! [Left lamenting.]

VERY CRUEL.—Mrs. R. was very much annoyed at something she said having been misreported by a friend. "I can't trust him," said the excellent Lady; "he twists and gargles everything I say."

OFTEN TALKED ABOUT BUT NEVER SEEN.—"A Clean Sweep."



“ICHABOD!”

Gog. “NO PRIME MINISTER! NO FURRIN SECKETARY! NO CHANCELLOR O’ TH’ EXCHEQUER!”
MAGOG (*bitterly*). “S’POSE WE SHAN’T HAVE NO LORD MAYOR NEXT!!”

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

I.—THE MAN WHO WOULD BE LAUREATE.

His name was LEGION. He had kept his eye on the Laureateship from his early boyhood, when he sent verses to the Poets' Corner of the *Bungay Weekly Mail*, which sometimes published them; then he cut them out, and pasted them neatly in a book, which he still possesses. He always wrote on an occasion. "Lines on the Recovery of My Sister EMILY from the Mumps"; "Dirge on the Decease of a Favourite Squirrel," beginning, "No more!" but there was always plenty more where that came from, and is still. At College he was one of the three men who wrote in *College Rhymes*, and secured for that periodical a circulation by taking a hundred copies each. LEGION sent dozens of his, marked, to every poet he heard of, generally addressing them "Dear ALURED" (if that was the Minstrel's Christian name), or, in verse, "Brother, my Brother, my sweet, swift Brother!" This annoyed some poets, who did not answer; others were good-natured, and would reply,—

"DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge, with many thanks, your *Cebren and Paris*, and anticipate much pleasure from its perusal."

LEGION kept all these letters in a book, and published some of them as advertisements of his *Cebren and Paris* (an unsuccessful Newdigate), when it appeared in a volume, with an astonishingly decorative cover. It was a classical piece, in blank verse. Cebren, the father of ENONE, is represented asking Paris what his intentions are as regards that lady. It was a piece of classical *genre*, the author said: such interviews must have occurred when a young Trojan prince, with no particular expectations, paid marked attentions to the daughter of a River-god, like Cebren. Here is a specimen piece,—

"Now mark me, Paris," said the River-god,
Seated among the damp lush water—
His tresses crowned with crows-foot,—

"Mark my words,
Thou daldest with my daughter; what
thine aim,
I ask, and crave an answer—great thy
line,

The lineage of renowned Laomedon.
Thy sires have wedded goddesses ere
now.

But wealthy though the House of Troy
may be.

Thy father has a monstrous family,
Daughters and sons as countless as the
rills

That Ida sends to be my tributaries.

What he can give thee, what thy pro-
spects are,

What settlements thou art prepared to make,
If thou wouldst lead ENONE to the altar,
This would I know; excuse an anxious sire!"

Then Paris murmured:—

"Honourable but vague,
Remote, but honourable, my purpose is:—"
And that great River-god arose in flood,
Monstrous, and murmuring, and to the main.
He swept the works of men and oxen down,
And had not Paris climbed into a tree,
He ne'er had crossed the ocean; never seen
The fairest face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium.

Some accused LEGION of plagiarising the last line and a half, which reminded them, they said, of MARLOWE. But he replied that great wits jump, that it was an accidental coincidence. The public, which rarely cares much for poetry, was struck by *Cebren and Paris*. "There is in it," said the *Parthenon*, "an original music, and a chord is struck, reverberating from the prehistoric years, which will find an answer in the heart of every father of a family." The Clergy at large quoted *Cebren and Paris* in their charges and sermons, and the work was a favourite prize at seminaries for young ladies. Consequently all the other poets, whom nobody buys, arose, and blasphemed *Cebren and Paris* in all the innumerable reviews. This greatly, and justly, added to the popularity of LEGION's book. He followed it up by *Idylls of the Nursery*, a volume of exquisite pieces on infants as yet incapable of speaking or

walking. This had an enormous success among young newly-married people, an enthusiastic class of the community. At recitations you might hear—

Tootsy, wootsy, pooty sing,
Mammie's darling, icky thing!
Coral lips that fect the coral,
Innocence completely moral.

Sweet Babe,

They say,

Naught rhymes to Babe,

In any lay

Save "astrolabe,"—
And Tippoo Saib!
Oh, tiny face,
And tiny feet,
Oh, infant grace,
So incomplete,
Kiss me, my Sweet!

In sequence to these effusions, LEGION poured forth Ballades, and Rondeaux, and wrote a Chant Royal on a General Election which occupied a whole column of a newspaper, and needed three men to read, with a boy for the "envoy." But this ditty was not thought to have seriously affected the voting classes in any direction. LEGION was now usually spoken of as "the versatile Mr. LEGION," a compliment which never failed to annoy him hugely. Sated with popular applause, he turned into a vein of new poetry, and produced *The Song of the Spud*, which, his admirers averred was "racy of the soil." A grand English Opera, on the Pilgrimage of Grace, was performed, at immense expense, LEGION being the Librettist. It was patriotic, but not exactly popular.

Still, with all these claims on his country, LEGION lived in hopes which were woefully disappointed; for, when his chance came at last, a Prime Minister of modern ideas declared that, as a Laureate is not useful, he must be ornamental. Now, neither LEGION, nor any of his rivals, could be called decorative, whatever they might have been in their youth. They needed laurels, for the same reason as JULIUS CÆSAR. The wreath was therefore offered (by a Plébiscite conducted in a newspaper) to the young Lady-poet whose verses and photograph secured the greatest number of votes; the Laureate, in every case, to resign, on attaining her twenty-fifth birthday. The beautiful and accomplished Mrs. JINGLEY JONES triumphed in this truly modern competition, and her book was rushed into a sale of two hundred and fifty copies. After this check the writing of poetry ceased to attract male enterprise—to the extreme joy of Publishers and Reviewers; though the market for waste-paper received a shock from which it never rallied. The youthful male population of England determined never to become Poets, unless they were born Poets, a resolution on which, at

all times, a minority of the race had acted, with the best results.

"NOTES AND PAPER."—There is a lot of "paper" about from "Walker—London." No, Mr. JOHNNIE TOOLE, Sir, not your

"paper," for your House is crammed and your "paper" is at a premium. But this particular WALKER, of Warwick House, London, sends forth "Society Stationery"—"which," as Mrs. Gamp would have said, "spelling of it with an 'a' instead of an 'e,' Society never is." Among the lot there's an "Antique Society Paper," which should be a Society Paper as old as the world itself, or it might be used by a Fossilised Fogey Club. WALKER & Co.'s new "Society Paper," whether antique or modern, is pretty and quite harmless—till pen and ink are at work on it; and then—but that's another story.



Mr. J. L. "Walker" Toole and "Full Company."

COSTS AS THEY ARE AND WILL BE.

(Two Scenes from a Farcical Tragedy showing that some of the Judges' recommendations might be adopted immediately.)

THE PRESENT (as they are). SCENE—Solicitor's Private Room. Solicitor awaiting wealthy Client. Clerk in attendance.

Solicitor. The lady is to be shown in the moment she arrives; and mind, I am not to be disturbed as long as she is here.

Clerk. Yes, Sir.

Sol. Quite pleasant way of spending a morning. (Enter Client.)

Ah, my dear lady, and how are you?

Client. Very well, thank you; but BOBBY is not so well, and as for MARY—

[Enters into long domestic details.]

Sol. (in a sympathetic tone). Dear me! And what has given me the pleasure of seeing you here to-day?

Client. I only looked in to ask you how you thought our suit was going on?

Sol. Oh, capitally! You know, we have had several appointments before the Chief Clerk in Chambers, and—

[Enters into long explanation, bristling with technicalities.]

Client (quite at sea). Dear me, what a complicated affair a Chancery suit is! I had no idea we should have to do all this. But won't it be very expensive?

Sol. (smiling). Well, yes; but it will all be paid out of the estate. You, my dear lady, won't have to pay anything for it—I mean out of your own pocket.

Client. Oh, that is delightful! Because you see with the carriages and the opera-box— And that reminds me, I think I shall give up the opera-box. Do you know last Season the music was magnificent, but quite too learned. I think— (Gives her views at great length upon the Opera, past, present and future. At the end of her remarks—) But how I do run on! I am afraid I am taking up your time.

Sol. Not at all. I have nothing particular to do, and our interview comes out of the estate. Now are you sure we can do nothing for you this morning? The last time you were here we got copies of all the orders for you. I hope you received them safely.

Client (laughing). Why, I do not think I have opened the packet! I came across a bundle the other day, and could not make out what it was, and laid it aside, because I saw your name upon it and thought it must have something to do with that troublesome Chancery suit.

Sol. (laughing). Well, my dear Madam, that parcel represented several pounds. However, it doesn't matter; you won't have to pay for it, as it will come out of the estate. And now, what can we do for you? Have you looked into the accounts carefully?

Client. No, and I am rather fond of figures.

Sol. Then we will send you a copy for, say, the last five years.

Client. Shall I be able to make them out?

Sol. You ought to be able to do so, my dear Madam. They will be prepared by a leading firm of Accountants, and we will check them ourselves before we send them to you. Is there anything else?

Client. No thanks—I think not. And now I must say good-bye. I am ashamed to take up so much of your valuable time.

Sol. Not at all. I shall be amply remunerated out of the estate. (Exit Client. Solicitor gives his Clerk the heads for six folios of a bill of costs, and then observes—) Not a bad morning's work!

THE FUTURE (as they will be). SCENE—The Same. Solicitor and Clerk discovered.

Sol. Now mind, on no account is she to be admitted. She talks about all sorts of things and takes up my time dreadfully, and now the Court won't pass "luxurious costs," and objects to payment out of the estate, I can charge nothing. So mind, she is not to be admitted.

Clerk. Very good, Sir.

[Exit.]

Sol. Yes. At my very busiest time, when every moment is valuable! (Enter Client.) What you, my dear Madam! I really am too busy to attend to you this morning.

Client (astonished). Why you said you were always pleased to see me!

Sol. But that was before the Judges' recommendations were adopted. Nowadays we must not let you run up costs until we have explained to you in writing what you are about. And as all you say will come out of your own pocket, and not out of the estate, it is only fair to warn you.

Client. What, out of my own pocket! Then I shall be off.

Sol. Sorry to give up our pleasant conversations, but they run into money. (Exit Client, when the Solicitor shakes his head to the Clerk who has brought his rough draft of costs, and to which nothing now can be legally added, and observes—) Not a good day's work!



Everett Hopkins

BALANCE OF PROBABILITIES.

High Church Lady. "I suppose that was the Lady Chapel behind the Choir?"

Low Church Verger. "I don't fancy there's hany such name 'ereabouts, M'm. I think it was only the Pew-Opener!"

When the Inspired Bard the Jury faced,
As he within the witness-box was placed.
He told us how his Pegasus would fly
From plain (two guineas) up to (ten) the sky!
But for the song he wrote for LOTTIE fair
We hope he was a-Lottie'd a large share
In all its earnings. May it not be long
Ere he produce another catching song;
But should he fail, then when the poet's clay
Be laid to rest, it will suffice to say,
"Visit. He wrote 'Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay'!"

Mrs. R., on hearing that a Cricket-team, though not first-rate, had a leaven of good players, inquired how they could have more of them.

THE BOOM-DE-AY POET.

["Mr. RICHARD MORTON, the author of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," has been called to prove what would be a reasonable figure for the whole proprietary rights of a song."—Times Law Reports, Nov. 3rd.]

He came before the public t'other day!

The Author of "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!"

'Twas in a case before Judge GRANTHAM brought

(It should have been in Justice "COLLINS'" Court)

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

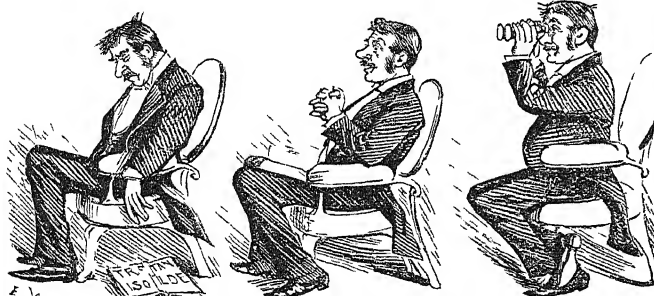


MEDITATIONS OF THE LORD MAYOR'S FOOTMAN.

OPERA-GOERS' DIARY.

Covent Garden, Tuesday, Nov. 1st.—Tristan and Isolde. About the dullest thing that even a much-enduring Wagnerite ever heard. Glass down to zero.

OUR CRITIC AT THE OPERA.



He heareth *Tristan* and *Isolde* wrapt in slumber.

He heareth *Cavalleria Rusticana* rapt in ecstasy.

He seeth and heareth *Aida*, "More power to your Melba!"

Wednesday.—Glass up again. *Orfeo* with the two RAVOGLI and the marvellous BAUERMEISTER as *Cupid*. Wonderful little lady BAUERMEISTER-singer! I've said it before, and I repeat it emphatically, BAUERMEISTER is "a little treasure" to an Operatic Manager. MASCAGNI's *Cavalleria Rusticana* was the second course to-night, in which this adaptable lady, the *Cupid* of the first piece, appeared as old heart-broken grey-haired *Lucia*, the mother of the gay *Turiddu*. Were Sir AUGUSTUS inclined to introduce a little light English jocosity into this serious Opera, he might give a line to the implacable *Affio*, saying, "I've come to rid you of *Turiddu*!" If MASCAGNI had heard this, he would have composed an additional *Intermezzo* expressing the whole force of the idea.

Thursday.—*Carmen* expected, but tenor off colour, so change of air (or should say airs) recommended, and adopted. Audience sent to the country, or, rather, *Rusticana* brought to them.

Friday.—House crammed. Great excitement to hear MELBA as *Aida*, the darky girl. Everybody delighted, except perhaps MELBA herself, who, on seeing the bouquets, must have murmured, "*Trop de fleurs!*" Everybody good. Quite the best night of the Season. To-night BAUERMEISTER appears as *Sacerdotessa*. So this week she has been *Cupid*, an old Peasant Woman, *Frasquita*, a Brigand's Young Woman; and then, being repentant, she finishes as a Priestess! It's a whole life-time in a few days.

LADY GAY'S DETECTION.

MR. PUNCH, Sir, *Berkeley Square, W.*

I AM surprised to find a Journal of your standing lowering itself to follow the example of the so-called "Society Journals" by inserting contributions from women!—I have discovered, no matter how, that My Wife, who always declares she hates letter-writing, has for months past contributed a long weekly letter to *Punch*, dealing with racing from a humorous (save the mark!) point of view! Now I never make jokes myself—at least intentionally—nor do I think it becomes a man of position to do so—and I quite agree with SWIFT or SHERIDAN (I know it was one of these infernal clever literary chaps) who said, "A humorous woman is a delusion and a snare!"—so you may imagine my disgust at finding My Wife writing for a Journal!—why couldn't she have asked Me to help her?—and signing her articles anonymously too!—for I need hardly tell you she is no more "GAY" than I am!—at all events when in my society!

Like most busy idlers (that is *not* intended for a joke)—I go racing a bit, and of course "have a bit on" like other people, and having tried all the turf-prophets in turn, with unsatisfactory results, I was delighted to hear from a friend that "a new DANIEL had come to judgment" in the person of a tipster on

Punch, who was "wonderful good"—(it was just the time when she did blunder on to a winner)—and I made up my mind to follow the new Prophet DANIEL; but, by Jove! it resulted in a loss, and DANIEL landed me among the lions in no time! These are *not* jokes, but sober facts—I plunged heavily on all the "Selections," and am now in the pleasant position of owing the Ring a substantial sum in addition to "the old," through following My Wife's advice—whilst *her* banking-account is considerably augmented through having *laid against* her own tips! This *may* be humorous, but as I said, I don't approve of humour when exercised on myself!

I laughed most consumedly at some of her articles, but on looking them over again—(she has kept the lot, pasted in a book—a monument to my fatuity!)—I don't think so much of them now I know she wrote them, and see that I could have made numberless valuable suggestions had she only seen fit to consult me! Of course I could stop any further contribution on her part, but consideration for your readers (?) prevents that—to say nothing of *her* determination to continue—so I have therefore consented to her odd whim, on the condition that in future I "edit" her contributions;—I need hardly assure you that I shall confine my "editing" strictly to these limits, and that your own Editor need be under no apprehension as to my usurping his place,—ably as I should, no doubt, fill it!

My Wife begs me to follow her example, and conclude with a verse—(I don't know where she picked up such a bad habit)—but—while bowing to her wishes—(I am always polite)—to a certain extent, I absolutely decline to make the verse other than *blank!*

Believe me, Yours obediently,
CHARLES POMPERSON (Bart.).

JOURNALISTIC SELECTION.

I MUST confess that if compelled I should prefer as a matter of To write for any Journal, | To write for *Punch!* [choice

[On a slip of paper found in Sir CHARLES's envelope, we have the following from our valued contributress—[ED.]:—"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am too upset to write—you shall hear from me next week. Yours as devotedly as ever,—LADY GAY."]

ANECDOTAGE.—Mr. *Punch* one day was reading aloud from a book of anecdotes when Mr. WEDON GROSSMITH was present. "What rot!" observed the representative of Lord Arthur Pomeroy. And Mr. *Punch* agreed with him.

PHANTASMA-GORE-IA.

Picturing the various Modes of Melodramatic Murder. (By Our "Off-his"-Head Post.)

NO. II.—THE POISON MURDER.

SIT close to your friend, for a frightful end
Is at hand for the miser Jew!
Sit tight to your seat while the pulses beat—
Nestle close to your neighbour, do!
For he'll perish, alas!
From a property glass
Filled with nothing whatever—neat!

The poison he lifts, and the lot he shifts!
Oh! unfortunate miser Jew!
What use is your gold, now your time is told,
And your moments in life are few?
You may writhe where you sit
Like an eel in a fit,
But you'll die like the Jews of old!

He's there by himself, counting piles of pelf
Of a counterfeit gamboge hue.
He's wizened and dried like old *Arthur Grive*,
That the novelist DICKENS drew.
In the midst of his heaps,
He conveniently sleeps
With his glass at his right-hand side!

Keep watch on the door while he snores his snore—
See it open a foot or two!
Oh! well is it planned! for the wobbling hand
Of the villain, with bottle blue,
Knows at once where to pass
To the property glass
Of the melodramatic brand!

The murderer goes; the Jew's eyes unclose,
And they look for his liquor true!
Sit tight while the treat is at fever heat;
For I saw by that bottle blue,
And I knew by its label too,
That the stuff it contained,
If by anyone drained,
Must prove fatal if taken neat!



You may struggle a lot,
And get awfully hot,
But you'll have to lie stiff and cold!
You may wriggle no end,
But you're a dead 'un, my friend—
Till the Curtain is quite unrolled!

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

II.—THE MAN WHO WOULD PLAY GOLF.

BULGER was no cricketer, no tennis-player, no sportsman, in fact. But his Doctor recommended exercise and fresh air. "And I'm thinking, Sir," he added, "that you cannot do better than just take yourself down to St. Andrews, and put yourself under TOM MORRIS." "Is he a great Scotch physician?" asked BULGER; "I don't seem to have heard of him." "The Head of the Faculty, Sir," said the medical man—"the Head of the Faculty in those parts."

BULGER packed his effects, and, in process of time, he arrived at Leuchars. Here he observed some venerable towers within a short walk, and fancied that he would presently arrive at St. Andrews. In this he was reckoning without the railway system—he was compelled to wait at Leuchars for no inconsiderable time, which he occupied in extracting statistics about the consumption of whiskey from the young lady who ministered to travellers. The revelations now communicated, convinced BULGER that either Dr. MORRIS was not on the lines of Sir ANDREW CLARK, or, as an alternative, that his counsels were not listened to by travellers on that line.

Arriving in the dusk, BULGER went to his inn, and next morning inquired as to the address of the Head of the Faculty. "I dinna ken," said an elderly person, to whom he appealed, "that the Professors had made Tom a Doctor, though it's a sair and sad oversicht, and a disgrace to the country, that they hae'na done sae lang syne. But I jalouse that your Doctor was just making a gowk o' ye." "What!" said BULGER. "Jist playin' a plisky on ye, and he meant that Tom wad pit ye in the way o' becoming a player. Mon, ye're a bull-neckit, bow-leggit chiel, and ye'd shape fine for a Gowfer! Here's Tom." And, with this brief introduction, the old man strolled away.

BULGER now found himself in the presence of Mr. MORRIS, whose courtesy soon put him on a footing of friendliness and confidence. He purchased, by his Mentor's advice, a driver, a cleek, a putter, a brassey, an iron, a niblick, and a mashy. Armed with these implements, which were "carried by an orphan boy," and, under the guidance of the Head of the Faculty himself, BULGER set forth on his first round. His first two strokes were dealt on the yielding air; his third carried no inconsiderable parcel of real property to some distance; but his fourth hit the ball, and drove it across the road. "As gude as a better," quoth the orphan boy, and bade BULGER propel the tiny sphere in the direction of a neighbouring rivulet. Into this affluent of the main, BULGER finally hit the ball; but an adroit lad of nine stamped it into the mud, while pretending to look for it, and BULGER had to put down another. When he got within putting range, he hit his ball careering back and forward over the hole, and, "Eh, man," quoth the orphan boy, "if ye could only drive as you put!"

In some fifteen strokes he accomplished his task of holing out; and now, weary and desponding (for he had fancied Golf to be an easy game), he would have desisted for the day. But the Head of the Faculty pressed on him the necessity of "The daily round, the common task." So his ball was teed, and he lammed it into the Scholar's Bunker, at a distance of nearly thirty yards. A niblick was now placed in his grasp, and he was exhorted to "Take plenty sand." Presently a kind of simoom was observed to rage in the Scholars' Bunker, out of which emerged the head of the niblick, the ball, and, finally, BULGER himself. His next hit, however, was a fine one, over the wall, where, as the ball was lost, BULGER deposited a new one. This he, somehow, drove within a few feet of the hole, when he at once conceived an intense enthusiasm for the pastime. "It was a fine drive," said the Head of the Faculty. "Mr. BLACKWELL never hit a finer." Thus inflamed with ardour,



BULGER persevered. He learned to waggle his club in a knowing way. He listened intently when he was bidden to "keep his eye on the ba'," and to be "slow up." True, he now missed the globe and all that it inhabit, but soon he hit a prodigious swipec, well over cover-point's head,—or rather, in the direction where cover-point would have been. "Ye're awfu' bad in the whuns," said the orphan boy; and, indeed, BULGER's next strokes were played in distressing circumstances. The spikes of the gorse ran into his person—he could only see a small part of the ball, and, in a few minutes, he had made a useful clearing of about a quarter of an acre.

It is unnecessary to follow his later achievements in detail. He returned a worn and weary man, having accomplished the round in about a hundred and eighty, but in possession of an appetite which astonished him, and those with whom he lunched. In the afternoon, the luck of beginners attending him, he joined a foursome of Professors, and triumphantly brought in his partner an easy victor. In a day or two, he was drinking beer (which he would previously have rejected as poison), was sleeping like a top, and was laying down the law on stims, and other "mysterics more than Eleusinian." True, after the first three days, his play entirely deserted BULGER, and even Professors gave him a wide berth in making up a match. But by steady perseverance, reading Sir WALTER SIMPSON, taking out a professional, and practising his iron in an adjacent field, BULGER soon developed to such an extent that few third-rate players could give him a stroke a hole. He had been in considerable danger of "a stroke" of quite a different character before he left London, and the delights of the Bar. But he returned to the Capital in rude health, and may now often be seen and heard, topping into the Pond at Wimbledon, and talking in a fine Fife-shire - accent. It must be acknowledged that his story about his drive at the second hole, "equal to BLACKWELL himself, TOM MORRIS himself told me as much," has become rather a source of diversion to his intimates; but we have all our failings, and BULGER never dreams, when anyone says, "What is the record drive?" that he is being drawn for the entertainment

of the sceptical and unfeeling. BULGER will never, indeed, be a player; but, if his handicap remains at twenty-four, he may, some day, carry off the monthly medal. With this great aim before him, and the consequent purchase of a red-coat and gilt-buttons, BULGER has a new purpose in existence, "something to live for, something to do." May this brief but accurate history convey a moral to the Pessimist, and encourage those who take a more radiant view of the possibilities of life!

A Plebiscite for Parnassus.

[The result of the *Pall Mall's* competition for the Laureateship has been to place Mr. ERIC MACKAY and Mr. GILBERT-SMITH first and second, and SWINBURNE and MORRIS nowhere.]

A POPULAR vote the Laureate's post to fill?

Ay! if Parnassus were but Primrose Hill.

The Penny Vote puts lion below monkey.

'Tis "Tuppence more, Gents, and up goes the donkey!"

QUITE MOVING.—*From Far and Near and All Alive*, are two excellent "movable toy-books" that will please the little ones (when their seniors are tired of playing with them) far into the Yule-tide season. The author is LOTHAR MAGGENDORFER, a gentleman to whom *Mr. Punch* wishes a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." This may appear a little premature, but it is a far cry from England to Germany, and the Sage of Fleet Street has allowed for any delays that may be caused by fogs, railway unpunctuality, and other necessary evils.

THE AMERICAN GANYMEDE.



[The extraordinary triumph of Mr. GROVER CLEVELAND, Democratic Candidate for the American Presidency, is attributed to a 'general revolt against the McKinley Bill.]

O PLUMP and pant-striped boy, upborne,
Like Ganymede of old,
Punch hails you, with your slack, untorn,
Fast in the Eagle's hold.
It is, indeed, a startling sight,
That speculation tarries on;
And it must give an awful fright
To Hebe (*alias* HARRISON !)

Up, up to the Olympus, where
The White House spreads its board,
Whirled high through the electoral air,
A boy less long than broad !
He looks not like the Tammany breed,
That with high tariffs dally ;
He proves, this Yankee Ganymede,
The Democratic rally.

This eagle's a colossal fowl,
Like *Sindbad's* monstrous Roc,
A bird of prey some say, a-prowl
Like that Stympalian flock,

With iron claws and brazen beak,
Intent to clutch and collar,
Fired with devotion strong, yet weak,
To the Almighty Dollar.

Pooh ! Plunder's not his only joy.
He hovered till he saw
"A something-pottle-bodied boy,"
Who spurned MCKINLEY's Law.
He stooped and clutched him, fair and good,
Flew high o'er roof and casement,
Whilst the Republicans all stood
Agape in sheer amazement.

He soars with proudly swelling crest
And followed with acclaims,
A cause of wonder in the West,
And crowing by the Thames.
For England, glorving in the sight,
Greets Boy and Bird together;
Whilst watching with serene delight
That big, black, falling feather!

ROBERT ON LORD MARE'S DAY.

THE most ewentfoollest day of the hole year broke, as the poets says, without almost not no fog, on Wensday larst, to my grate serprise and joy; but noing, from long xperiens, how unsertain is whether at this orful season of the year, I took jest one leetel glass of hold brandy before setting out on my arjus dootys. I was encouraged to do so also by the horful rumers as was spread about, weeks afore, as to threttend attacks on the sacred Show by some disapinted protestens, I think they called their-selves, as hadn't bin invited to the Bankwet, and so meant to protest accordingly.

But I needn't a bin alarmd, for the most respekful mob as filled the streets was as quiet as mice, havin heard, I'm told, as how as the Copperashun had had the lectric light turned on at Gildhall, by which means, of course, they could communicate with anywhere, and so know where to send an hole army of Waiters to, well fortyfide, and armed to the teeth with a splendid Lunch, to help the pore Perlice in their arjus dootys.

From wot I seed of the butifool Sho, I shoold give the cake to the Frute-Makers' splendid Car, all covered with the most butifool Frute, all made, too, in England, as it trewthfoolly said on both sides of the high-backed Car. The second plaice I shoold give to the numerus butifool young Ladys, with most butifool flaxin air, all most bisily ingaged in a twistlin and a twiddlin of luvly gold and silver wire, on a Car belongin to the Makers of Gold and Silver Wire Drorers, wich I heard a most respectfool carpenter declare, must, he thort, be most uncomferal to wear. With that good fortun as allers attends the Hed Waiter, I seem to have attracted the notis of one of the most butifool of the young Ladys afoursaid, for she achally tossed me a luvly littel bit of reel golden wire, which I shall trezure nex my art for years, if so be as how it don't skratsh.

The grand Bankwet, with its nine hunderd Gestes, was as ushal, about the grandest thing of the kind as the world has ever seen, but sumhows it struck me as the gents was much more impashent for their wittles than

they ushally is. At my pertickler tabel, the two gents at the top was that trubblesum about the reel Turtel-soup as I ain't a tall accumstumed to, and I amost poured a hole ladel-full down the fine shirt-front of one of em; and then, trying at the next help to avoid him, I sent my helbow full into the face of the other, and a pretty fuss he made, you bet,

him, and when I took it to the himpashent Gent, and told him so, he fairly roared with larfter, and told it all round as a capital joke! I wonders where the joke was.

When the dinner was over and the speaches began, I got permaishun to stand unner the gallery for to hear them; but strange to tell, not a word coud I hear, and them as I did

hear I coudn't understand. So I began for to fear as crewelage was a tarnishing of my earrings, so I moved to the other end of the 'All jest in time for to hear a werry dark but gennelmanly young feller, as was called the Gayqueer, or some such wonderfool name, and who, I was told, come all the way from Indier, make sitch a grand and nobel speech, and in quite as good English as ewen I could use, as got him more applorse from the distinguisht hordiens than all the speaches maid by Her Madjesty's Ministers put together. Always xceptin the Lawyers, for they seems to have sitch a jolly good time of it, that they are allers as redly to cause a larf as to enjoy one. We all seemed sumhow to miss the werry PRIME MINISTER—we are all so acustumd to see the werry top of the tree, that we don't quite like being put off with a mere bow, however big and himportant it may be; besides, I must confess as I do like to hear his luvly voice, ewen when I don't quite understand all as he says. So I don't suppose as any one of my numerus readers will quarrel with me when I says, better luck nex time.

ROBERT.



CANDID CRITICISM.

"LIKE MY NEW FROCK, AUNT JANE?"

"WELL, I SHOULD SAY YOU'D GOT SKIRTS FOR YOUR SLEEVES, AND A SLEEVE FOR YOUR SKIRT!"

and achally torked of sending for the souper-intendent, evidently not knowing who I was.

The same himpashent Gent amost worried my life out arterwards, and all about a glass of plane water as he called it, and when I told him as I didn't think as we hadn't not none in the plaice, but I could get him a bottel of amost any kind of Champagne as he liked to name; he again said as he wood call for the souperintendent. So in course I had to go for some, and a preshus long time it took me to get it; the wine-steward naterally sayin as he never before herd of sich a order on sich a ocasion, and he had only one bottel with

title, anglicised, would be suitable for an old-fashioned transpontine melodramatic tragedian, who could certainly say of himself, "I rant so!"

Shakspearian Conundrum.

AT what time would SHAKESPEARE'S heroine of *The Taming of the Shrew* have been eminently fitted to be a modern Sunday-School teacher?

Answer. When *Petruchio* kissed her; because then she was a *Kattie Kiss'd*. (Hem! A Cate-chist.)

Proofs before Letters.

HUMBUGS will always ape their betters,

Fools fancy the alphabet brings them fame;

But you don't become a man of letters

By tacking the letters after your name.

One suffix only the fact expresses,

And that's an A and a couple of S's!

ANOTHER MEANING.—*I Rantau* is the title of MASCAGNI'S new Opera. The

title, anglicised, would be suitable for an old-fashioned transpontine melodramatic tragedian, who could certainly say of himself, "I rant so!"

ALL ROUND THE FAIR.

No. I.

SCENE—A street of Gingerbread, Sweetstuff, and Toy-stalls, "Cocoa-nut Shies," "Box-pitching Saloons," &c., forming the approach to the more festive portion of the Fair, from which proceeds a cheerful cacophony of orchestrions, barrel-organs, steam-whistles, gongs, big drums, rattles, and speaking-trumpets.

Proprietors of Cocoa-nut Shies. Now, then, play up all o' you—ar-har! There goes another on 'em! That's the way to 'it 'em—win all yer like, &c.

A Rival Proprietor (pointing to his target, through the centre of which his partner's head is protruded). Look at that! Ain't that better nor any coker-nut? Every time you 'it my mate's 'ed, you git a good cigar! (As the by-standers hang back, from motives of humanity.) 'Ere, 'ave a go at 'im, some o' you—give 'im a little encouragement!

The Head (plaintively). Don't neglect a man as is doing his best to please yer, gen'l'men! A soft-hearted Bystander takes a shot at him, out of sheer compassion, and misses.) Try agen, Sir. I ain't 'ere to be idle!

A Sharp Little Girl (presiding over a sloping Chinese Bulliard-board). Now, my dears—(To a group of boys, of about her own age)—ave what yer like. A penny a pull, and a prize every time! Wherever the marble rolls, you 'ave any one article on the board!

[One of the boys pays a penny, and pulls a handle, propelling a marble, which, after striking a bell at the top of the slope, wobbles down into a compartment.

The Boy (indicating a gorgeous china ornament on the board). I'll 'ave one o' them—to take 'ome to mother.

The S. L. G. (with pitying superiority). No, my boy, you can go to a shop and buy one o' them for sixpence if you like—but 'ere you must 'ave what you git!

[She awards him a very dingy lead-pencil, with which he departs, abashed, and evidently revolving her dark saying in his perplexed mind.

Proprietor of a Box-pitching Saloon. One penny a ball! For hevery ball that goes in the boxes, you choose any prize you like! (With sorrow and sympathy, to a female Competitor.) Too 'ard, Lady, too 'ard! (To a male Comp., whose ball has struck the edge of the box, and bounced off.) Very near, Sir!

[Several Competitors expend penny after penny unsuccessfully, and walk away, with a grin of entire satisfaction.

Joe (landing a ball in one of the boxes, after four failures). I told 'ee I'd get waun in! (To his Young Woman.) What are ye goin' to 'ave, MELIA?

Melia (hovering undecidedly over a glittering array of shell-boxes, cheap photograph-albums and crockery). I'll take one o'—no, I won't neither. . . I really don't know what to 'ave!

Joe (with masculine impatience). Well, go on—take summat, can't ye! (Melia selects a cup and saucer, as the simplest solution of the problem.) I don't carl that mooch of a show for fippence, I don't. Theer, gi' us 'old on it. [He stows the china away in his side-pockets.

Melia. You took an' 'urried me so—else I don't know as I fancied a cup and saucer so partickler. I wonder if the man 'ud change it, supposin' we was to go back and ast 'im!

Joe (slapping his thigh). Well, you are a gell and no mistake! Come along back and git whatever 'tis you've a mind to. (Returning.) 'Ere, Master, will ye gi' this young woman summat else for this 'ere? (He extracts the cup in fragments.) 'Ulo, look a' that now! (To MELIA.) Theer, it's all right—doan't take on 'bout it.—I'll 'ave another go to make it oop. (He pitches ball after ball without success.) I wawn't be bett. I lay I'll git 'un in afoor I've done! (He is at

last successful.) Theer—now, ye can please yourself, and doan't choose nawthen' foolish this time! (He strolls on with lordly indifference, and is presently rejoined by MELIA.) Well, what did ye take arter all?

Melia. I got so flustered like, for fear o' losin' you, I just up and took the first that came 'andy.

Joe. Why, if ye ain't bin and took another cup an' saucer! hor—hor! that's a good 'un, that is! Take keer on it, it's cost money enough any 'ow—t wouldn't be no bargain if it wur a 'ole tea-set! What's goin' on 'ere?

[A venerable old Sportsman, whom the reader may possibly recollect having met before, has collected a small crowd in a convenient corner; his stock-in-trade consists of an innocent-looking basket, with a linen-cover, upon which are a sharpened skewer and a narrow strip of cloth.

The Sportsman. I'll undertake to show you more fun in five minutes, than you 'll get over there in two: (with a vague suspicion that this is rather a lame conclusion)—in ten, I should say! This 'ere's a simple enough little game, when you know the trick of it, and I'm on'y a learnin' it myself. I ain't doin' this for money. I got money

enough to sink a ship—it's on'y for my own amusement. Now you watch me a doin' up this garter—keep yer eye on it. (He coils up the strip.) It goes up 'ere, ye see, and down there, and m 'ere agin, and then round. Now, I'm ready to bet anything from a sovereign to a shilling, nobody 'ere can prick the middle. I'll tell ye if ye win. I'm ole BILLY FAIRPLAY, and I don't cheat! (A Spotty-faced Man, after intently following the process, says he believes he could find the middle.) Well, don't tell—that's all. I'm 'ere all alone, agin the lot o' ye, and I want to win if I can—one dog to a bone! (The S.-F. M. produces a florin from a mouldy purse, and stakes it, and makes a dab at the coil with the skewer.) No, ye're wrong—that's outside! (O. B. F. pulls the strip out.) By Gum, ye've done it, after all! 'Ere's four bob for you, and I'm every bit as pleased as if I'd won myself! 'Oo 'll try next?

A Smart Young Man (with a brilliant pin in a dirty necktie, to JOE). I don't see how it's done—do you?

Joe. Ye will if you don't take yer eyes off it—theer, I could tell ye the middle now, I could.

The Sp.-F. M. Law, yes, it's simple enough. I done it first time.

Old B. F. Give an old man a chance to get a bit. If any party 'ere 'as found me out, let him 'old 'is tongue—it's all I ask. (To JOE.) You've seen this afore, I know!

Joe. Noa, I ain't—but I could tell ye th' middle.

Old B. F. Will ye bet on it? Come—not too 'igh, but just to show you 've confidence in your opinion!

Joe (cautiously). I woant bet wi' ye, but I'll hev a try, just for nawthen, if ye like!

Old B. F. Well, I want to see if you really do know it—so, jest for once, I ain't no objection. (JOE pricks the garter.) Yes, you've found the middle, sure enough! It's a good job there was no money on—for me, leastwise!

The Sp.-F. M. I've a good mind to 'ave another try.

The Sm. Y. M. I wouldn't. You'll lose. I could see you on'y guessed the first time. (The Sp. F. M., however, extracts a shilling, stakes it—and loses.) There, I could ha' told you you was wrong—(To JOE)—couldn't you?

Joe. Yes, he art to ha' pricked moor to waun side of 'un. (The Sp.-F. M. stakes another florin.) Now he's done it, if ye like!

O. B. F. There, ye see, I'm as often wrong as not myself. (To the Sp.-F. M.) There's your four bob, Sir. Now, jest once more!



"Now then, play up, all o' you—ar-hu!"

Joe (to MELIA). I'll git the price o' that theer cup an' sarcer out of 'un, any'ow. (To O. B. F.) I'll ha' a tanner wi' ye!

O. B. F. 'Alf a soverin, if you like—it's all the same to me!

Joe (after pricking). I thart I 'ad 'un that time, too, I did!

The Sm. Y. M. You shouldn't ha' changed your mind—you were right enough afore!

Joe. Yes, I should ha' stuck to it. (To O. B. F.) I'll bet ye two bob on the next go—come!

O. B. F. Well, I don't like to say no, though I can see, plain enough, you know too much. (JOE pricks; O. B. F. pulls away the strip, and leaves the shewer outside.) I could ha' sworn you done me that time—but there ye are, ye see, there's never no tellin' at this game—and that's the charm on it!

[JOE walks on with MELIA in a more subdued frame of mind.

The Sm. Y. M. (in the ear of the Spotty-faced One). I say, I got a job o' my own to attend to—jest pass the word to the Old Man, when he's done with this pitch, to turn up beyind the swing-boats there, and come along yourself, if yer can. It's the old lay I'm on—the prize-packets fake.

The Sp.-F. M. Right—we'll give yer a look in presently—it'll be a little change for the Ole Man—trade's somethin' cruel 'ere!

HIS MAD-JESTY AT THE LYCEUM.

EXCEPT when HENRY IRVING impersonated the hapless victim of false imprisonment in the Bastille, whence he issued forth after twenty years of durance, never has he been so curiously and wonderfully made-up as now, when he represents *Lear*, monarch of all he surveys. Bless thee, HENRY, how art thou transformed!

Sure such a *King Lear* was never seen on any stage, so perfect in appearance, so entirely the ideal of SHAKESPEARE'S ancient King. It must have been a vision of IRVING in this character that the divinely-inspired poet and dramatist saw when he had a *Lear* in his eye. For a moment, too, he reminded me of BOOTH—the "General" not the "particular" American tragedian, — and when he appeared in thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, he suggested an embodiment of the "*Moses*" of MICHAEL ANGELO.

A strange weird play; much for an audience, and more for an actor, all on his own shoulders, to bear. A one-part play it is too, for of the sweet *Cordelia*, — and sweet did ELLEN TERRY look and so tenderly did she play!—little is seen or heard. With *Goneril* and *Regan*, the two proud and wicked sisters,—associated in the mind of the modernest British

Rather mixed. Mr. Irving as "Ophe-Lear."

Public with Messrs. HERBERT CAMPBELL and HARRY NICHOLLS, as is also *Cordelia* associated either with *Cinderella* or with *Beauty* in the story of *Beauty and the Beast*—we have two fine commanding figures; and well are these parts played by Miss ADA DYAS and Miss MAUD MILTON. The audience can have no sympathy with the two wicked Princesses, and except in *Goneril*'s brief Lady-Macbethian scene with her husband, neither of the Misses LEAR has much dramatic chance. Pity that Mrs. LEAR—his Queen and their mother, wasn't alive! Let us hope she resembled her youngest daughter *Cordelia*, otherwise poor *Lear* must have had a hard life of it as a married man.

Why should not Mr. IRVING give the first part of this play reconsideration? Why not just once a week try him as a different sort of

Lear? For instance, suppose, to begin with, that he had had a bad time of it with his wife, that for many years as a widower he had been seeking for the opportunity of disposing of his daughters, handing over to them and to their husbands the lease and goodwill of "The Crown and Sceptre," while he would be, as King, "retired from business," and going out for a lark generally. Thus jovially would he commence the play, a rollicking, gay, old dog, ready for anything, up to anything, and, like old Anchises, when he jumped on to the back of *Aeneas*, "a wonderful man for his years." In fact, *Lear* might begin like an old King Cole, "a merry old soul," a "jolly old cock!" And then—"Oh, what a difference in the morning!"—when all his plans for a gay career had been shipwrecked by *Cordelia*'s capricious and unnatural affectation.



Mr. Terriss as the Good Fairy.

To those unacquainted with this play, Mr. TERRISS'S sudden appearance in somewhat anti-Lord-Chamberlain attire, as he bounded on, with a wand, and struck an attitude, was suggestive of the Good Fairy in the pantomime; and his subsequent proceedings, when he didn't change anybody into Harlequin, Clown, and so forth, puzzled the unlearned spectators considerably. But Mr. TERRISS came out all right, and acquitted himself (being his own judge and jury) to the satisfaction of the public. His speech about Dover Cliff, generally supposed to convey some allusion to the Channel Tunnel, was excellently delivered, and certainly after *Lear*, "on the spear side," Mr. TERRISS must take the Goodeley Cake.

Next to him in order of merit comes Mr. FRANK COOPER, as the wicked *Edmund*, on whom the good EDMUND, "Edmundus Mundi," smiled benignantly from a private box. There was on the first night a great reception given to Howe—the veteran actor, not the wreck, and very far from it—who took the small part of an old Evicted Tenant of the *Earl of Gloster*, a character very carefully played by Mr. ALFRED BISHOP. *Floreat Henricus*! "Our HENRY" has his work cut out for him in this "Titanic work," as in his before-curtain and after-play speech he termed it. This particular "Titanic work" is (or certainly was that night) in favour with "the gods," who "very much applauded what he'd done." But the gods of old were not quite so favourable to "Titanic work" generally, and punished eternally Titanic workmen. To-night gods and groundlings applauded to the echo, and then everyone goes home as best he can in about as beautiful a specimen of a November fog as ever delighted a Jack-o'-Lantern or disgusted PRIVATE BOX.

AN OPERATIC NOTE.—*Wednesday*.—Lord Mayor's Day and Sheriff Sir AUGUSTUS DEUBRIOLANUS'S Show. *L'Amico Fritz*, or "The old man is friendly," as *Dick Swiveller* would have put it. Not by any means as bright as *Cavalleria*. Mlle. DEL TORRE, del-lightful as *Suzel*. M. DUFRICHE, very good as *Rabbino*; CREMONINI, weak as *Fritz*; and Mlle. MARTHA-CUPID-BAUERMEISTER, good as usual in the part of the "harmless necessary Cat"-erina. Opera generally "going strong."

REPORTED DECISION.—Uganda is to be occupied till March next. Then, order of the day, "March in, March out!"

"SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND!"

P. C. JOHN BULL *loquitur* :—

KEEP them? Right my Gallic friend!
'Tis my duty, sad but binding.
Free the Wolf—to what good end?
Loose the Snake—what vantage finding?
Faction flusters, Cant appeals
In the name of sham-humanity.
Right, not wrath, my bosom steels;
Softness here were sheer insanity.

You've my warmest sym-
pathy, [Terror]
Victim of the new Red
My caged RAVACHOLS to
free [of error.
Were the maddest kind
Prison walls and dungeon
wards [gaoler,
Love I not, I'm no born
But just Law which Free-
dom guards
Must ignore anarchic
raller.

Blind offence of men half
mad
'Neath the goad of brute
oppression,
Blunderings of fierce fools
of fad,
Demoniacal possession
Of red rage at law unjust,
I can check with calm
compassion;
But must firmly crush to
dust
Murder—in the newest
fashion.

Dynamite as Freedom's
friend?
'Tis the foul fiend's
latest juggle.
We must fight it to the end,
Firm, unfaltering in this
struggle.
Mere "Political Offence,"
All this murder, mash-
ing, maiming?
'Tis a pitiful pretence,
Honour—blinding, wis-
dom-shaming.

Indiscriminate, ruthless
raid!
Mad chance—medly of
disaster! [aid,
Sophistry, the fiend's sworn
Never better served its
master
Than in calling such hell-
birth [human,—
A new gospel, holy,
Blasting as with maniac
mirth
Blameless men, and
guiltless women!

No! The Dynamiter's creed—
Though hate swagger, though cant
snivel—
Fires no "patriotic" deed;
Base-born, all its ends are evil.
Let caged wolves and tigers free?
What more wicked, what absurder?
Amnesty to Anarchy
Means encouragement to Murder?

WHERE TO PLACE HIM.—Why ought the
future Poet-Laureate, whoever he may be, to
occupy rooms over or close to the stables at
Buckingham Palace? Because he would
then be inspired by the Royal Mews.

TO A MODEL YOUNG LADY.

[It is reported that it is a common custom in
Paris, amongst ladies of position, to pay for their
dresses by wearing them in public, and letting it be
known from whom they obtained them.]

My dear, I like your pretty dress,
It suits your figure to a T.
I'm free to own that I confess,
It's just the kind of dress for me.
Yet will you kindly tell me, dear,
Not merely was the costume made for



A TEST OF TRUE GENTILITY.

"WHAT'S THE NEW LODGER LIKE, MARIARANN?"
"HE'S NO GENTLEMAN, WHATEVER HE'S LIKE!"
"NO GENTLEMAN! WHAT'S HE BEEN AND DONE?"
"WHY, HE SEE ME A-CARRYIN' UP THE COALS, AN' HE SAYS, 'I'M AFRAID
THAT SCUTTLE'S TOO HEAVY FOR YOU,' 'E SAYS,—'PRAY LET ME CARRY IT!' 'E
SAYS. AN' 'E UP AND CARRIES IT ISELLE, JUST LIKE A FOOTMAN!"

Yourselves alone—but is it clear
And certain that your dress is paid
for?

Mistake me not. I do not dread
That you'll think fit to run away
And leave the bill unpaid. Instead,
I fear that you will never pay,
Because no bill will ever come;
And since when you decide to
toddle
Abroad, you'll go amidst a hum
Of praise for Madame's lovely Model
Oh! promise me that when I read
My paper (as I often do),
I shall not with remorseless speed
See endless pars in praise of you,

Or rather of the dress you wore, [meant,
For though, maybe, no harm or hurt is
Remember, dearest, I implore,
I won't be fond of an advertisement!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Days with Sir Roger de Coverley!"
exclaimed the Baron, on seeing the charming
little book brought out at this season by
Messrs. MACMILLAN. "Delightful! Immortal!
Ever fresh! Welcome, with or without illus-

tration; some of Mr. THOM-
son's would not be missed.

There is a breezy, frank,
boyish air about the "Re-
miniscences" of our great
Baritone, CHARLES SANT-
LEY, which is as a tonic—a
tonic sol-fa—to the reader
a-weary of the many Remi-
niscences of these latter
days. SANTLEY, who seems
to have made his way by
stolid pluck, and without
very much luck, may be
considered as the musical
Mark Tapley, ready to look
always on the sunny side.
With a few rare excep-
tions, he appears to have
taken life very easily.

Muchly doth the Baron
like Mr. HALL CAINE's story
of *Captain Davy's Honey-
moon*, only, short as it is,
with greater effect it might
have been shorter.

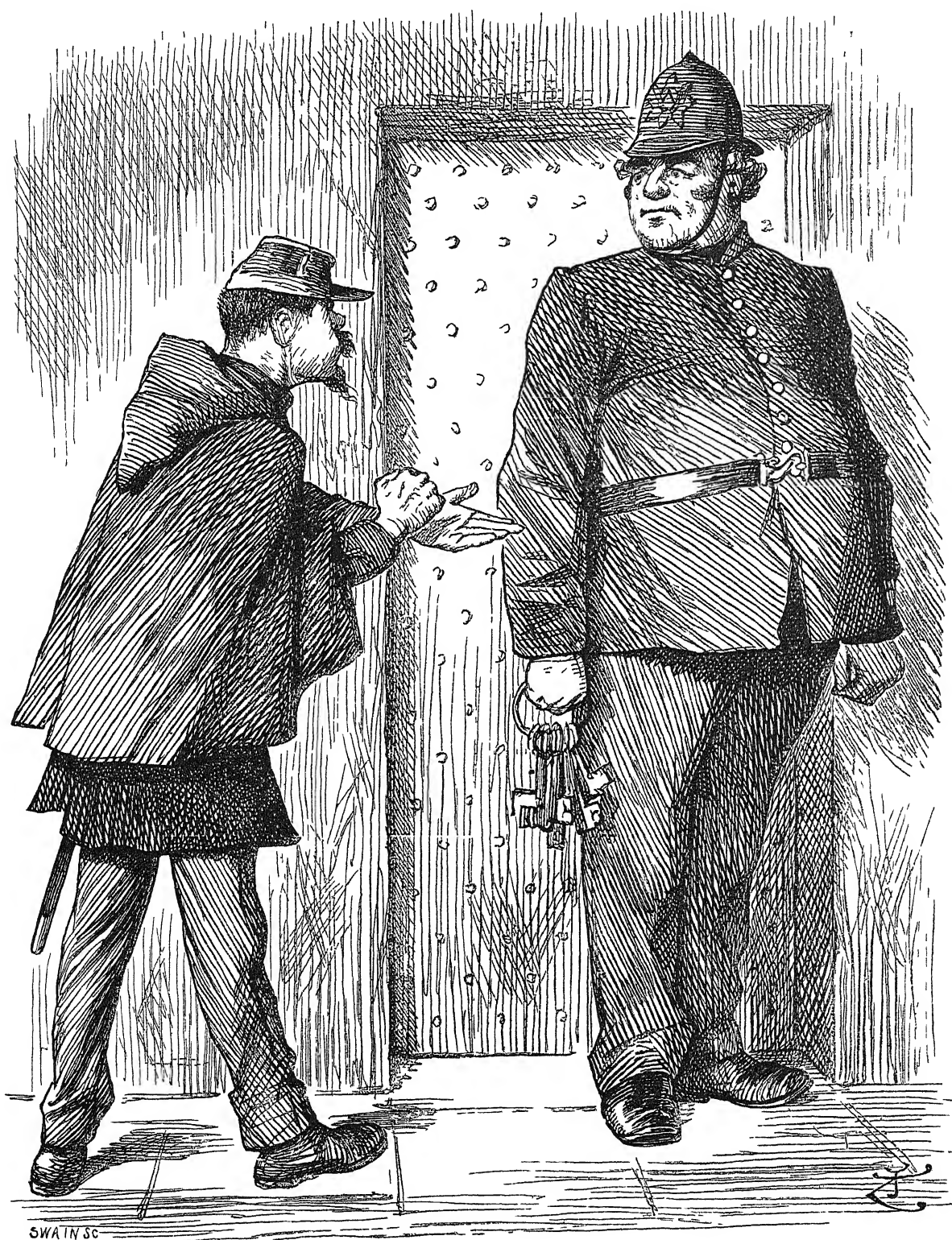
The Baron, being in a
reading humour, tried *The
Veiled Hand*, by FREDER-
ICK WICKS, a name awk-
ward for anyone unable
to manage his "r's." What
Fwedewickwicks' idea of
A Veiled Hand is, the Baron
has tried to ascertain—but
without avail. What of a
Gloved Hand? It bit do not
wear veils, any myse than
our old frier, the Hollow
Hearts, for masks. Hands
take "veils," but "that is
another story." However,
The Veiled Hand induced
sleep, so the Baron extin-
guished both candles and
Wicks at the same time,
and slumbered.

I have also had time to
read *An Exquisite Fool*,
published by OSGOOD,
McILVAINE & Co., and
written by Nobody, No-
body's name being men-
tioned as being the author.
It begins well, but it is
an old, old tale—BLANCHE

AMORY and the Chevalier, and so forth—and
as Sir Charles Coldstream observed, when
he looked down the crater of Mount Vesuvius,
"There's nothing in it."

Most interesting is a short paper on "The
Green Room of the Comédie Française," in
the *English Illustrated Magazine* for this
month, pleasantly written by Mr. FREDERICK
HAWKINS.—HAWKINS with an aspirate, not
"ENERY 'AWKINS" at present associated
with "A CHEVALIER" in London. Mr.
HAWKINS tells many amusing anecdotes, and
gives a capital sketch of M. RENÉ MOLÉ.
But the article would be damaged by ex-
tracts. Therefore, "Tolle, lege," says yours
and everybody's, very truly,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



“SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND!”

SERGEANT-DE-VILLE. “HA, M’SIEU!—YOU HAVE YOUR DYNAMITERS UNDER LOCK AND KEY!
TRÈS BIEN! *KEEP THEM!!*”



WHAT ABOUT GLASS HOUSES?

First Jovial Cabby (to Second Ditto). "HI SAY, BILL, DID YER HEVER SEE SICH GUYS AS THESE 'ERE GIRLS MAKES OF THEIRSELVES? NOW, YE'D NIVER SEE A MAN GO AND MAKE SUCH A RIDIK'LOUS HOBJICK OF 'ISSELF!'"

A PUFF OF SMOKE.

(What the heart of the young Vocalist said to the Anti-Tobacconist, after reading Mr. Charles Santley's sage observations on Singing and Smoking, in his new book "Student and Singer.")

"Smoking is an art; it may be made useful or otherwise, according as it is exercised."—MR. SANTLEY.]

TELL me not, ye mournful croakers,
Smoking is a dirty habit.
Brainless are ye, sour non-smokers,
As a vivisectioned rabbit.

"Smoking is an Art," says SANTLEY;
There is Beauty in the bowl.
They who doubt it must be scantily
Blest with sense, or dowered with soul.

As an Art it claims attention;
Study is the only way.
Smoking skill, not smoke-prevention,
Is the thing we want to-day.

Art is long and smoke is fleeting;
But puff on until you learn
Good tobacco's not for eating!
Pipe-bowls are not meant to burn!

Smoke without expectorating,
Do not sputter, do not chew;
Puff not as though emulating
Some foul factory's sooty flue

Let not oily dark defilement
Sting your lips; there is no need.
Joy and care need reconciliation
For enjoyment of the weed.

Trust no "Germans," buy no "British,"
Sound Havanas only smoke!
"Lady Nicotine" is skittish,
Penny Pickwicks are no joke.

Smoke no strong shag, no rank "stinger,"
Pick your baccy, puff with skill,
And—although you are a singer,
You may smoke, and not feel ill.

Let us then be up and smoking,
An art the thing pursue;
As great SANTLEY, who's not joking,
Says he does, and all may do!

LADY GAY'S DISTRACTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are as fickle as the rest of your sex, I fear, otherwise you would not have requited my devotion to you and your interests in such an awful manner as you did in publishing my husband's letter last week!—and such a letter! Oh, I could write such a scathing reply to it!

Of course, it was jealousy on the part of Sir CHARLES at my literary success—(setting aside the wonderful tips)—which caused the explosion that led to his writing to you, but I never—never—thought you would insert his letter, especially as I slipped in a postscript which to my mind explained everything—as, indeed, postscripts should do, or what is the good of writing a long letter about nothing in front of them? The wretch confesses that he laughed at my articles until he knew who wrote them, and then thought less of them! Isn't that like a husband?—I won't say like a man, as so

few husbands are men!—at least, in the eyes of their wives. The moment a wife does something her husband can't do, he dislikes and pooh-poohs it; whereas, the more accomplishments a husband displays, the more a wife appreciates him, or says so even if she doesn't!—which is a noble falsehood, for how few women are large-minded enough to pretend to admire qualities which they despise because they don't possess them—I'm not sure that this is what I mean, nor do I quite understand it, but it reads well, which is more than Sir CHARLES's stuff does!

And then his impertinence in proposing to "edit" my letters!—as if anyone could be more capable of doing that than you?—(you will observe that it is solely on your account that I am annoyed!)—I could not brook such interference!—I don't know exactly the meaning of "brooking" anything, but I know I wept enough tears of annoyance to form a decent "brook" of themselves! I need hardly tell you that it was a biting sarcasm on my part to suggest that he should finish his letter with a "verse," as I always do—but there—men don't understand sarcasm—(one of our most frequently employed weapons of offence!)—and the poor thing thought I was in earnest, and did it! And what a verse! I could write better with my left hand!

I need scarcely tell you that I have left him—(this is why my address is not to be published)—as I consider my duty to the Public rendered it imperative that I should do so, for I should not think much of any woman who allowed a paltry consideration of domestic obligations to weigh against the pursuit of a career of usefulness.

If, therefore, a vein of sadness and cynicism runs through this letter, you will understand that it does not proceed from any regret at the "breaking up of the happy home," but rather from sorrow at the thought that once again the intellectual superiority of one of the softer sex has not been accepted in the right spirit by the possessor of the weaker mind, to whom she owes obedience!

I trust I have done with Sir CHARLES for ever!—especially if he speaks the truth in saying that "following my tips has ruined him"—for why should any woman burden herself with an impecunious husband? He does not know where I am, and I feel still more secure in my retreat from having just heard that he has engaged the services of several of the most prominent London Detectives to trace me!

Owing no devotion now to Sir CHARLES—who will appreciate the following tender lines with which I close my letter—

O WOMAN! in our hours of ease,
Thou art not very hard to please!
Thou takest what the gods may send;
But, thwarted!—thou wilt turn and rend!

I am able to subscribe myself, dear Mr Punch,
Yours more devotedly than ever,

LADY GAY.

[From internal evidence, we are inclined to believe that this present letter, or the one last week from "Sir CHARLES," is a forgery. In former correspondence Lady GAY mentioned "Lord ARTHUR" as her husband. We pause for an explanation.—ED.]

PROVERB FOR VOCALISTS, À PROPOS OF SIR JOSEPH BARNEY'S REMARKS ON ARTICULATION.—"Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves."

WHY is pepper essential to the health of the new LORD MAYOR?—Because without "Kn." (cayenne) he would be "ill."



NATURE AND ART.

A.R.A. "BY GEORGE, THIS VIEW'S MAGNIFICENT! I SAY, FLUFFER, YOU REALLY OUGHT TO HAVE THOSE WOODS PAINTED."

Mr. Fluffer (late in the Upholstery line, retired.) "M—M. DO YOU THINK THAT WOULD IMPROVE 'EM? WHAT COLOUR, NOW?"

LEFT TO THE LADIES.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

EVERYONE—I mean everyone with a right mind—will sympathise with those nice people at Bristol who have been holding a "Woman's Conference." So kind and thoughtful of them, isn't it? I notice that Lady BATTERSEA gave a spirited account of a Confederation of Temperance of some thirty villages in Norfolk. The dear, good inhabitants are to keep off the allurements of drink by "listening to such shining lights as Canon WILBERFORCE, and social teas, processions with banners, and magic-lanterns, play their part." How they are to listen to the teas, processions and lanterns, I don't quite understand, in spite of the fact that they (the aforesaid teas, &c.) seem to be "playing their

parts." Evidently teas, &c., are amateur Actors.

Then somebody who described herself as "a nobody from nowhere," is said to have "touched a moving chord, as she spoke with great feeling of the sympathy and the moral help the poor give back to those who work among them." What "moving chord?" Sounds like a bell-rope!

Then another lady who wore "the black and lavender dress of the Sisters of the People," followed with a paper, "perhaps overfull of details." And here let me say that I am quoting from "a woman correspondent" who seems to be full of admiration for her talking sisters. But in spite of this admiration, she knows their little faults. For instance, she describes a speech as "vigorous, racy, and perhaps a trifle sen-

sational." Then, when someone else delivered an "address to educated mothers," she says that it excited deep interest, and "almost too many educated mothers threw themselves into the discussion that followed."

Then she observes, "It was disappointing that Lady ABERDEEN was at the last moment forbidden by her Doctor to undertake the long journey from Scotland." So it was, most disappointing; and "at the last moment," too!

Then she announces that "Some ladies expressed a feeling, that introducing young men and women in business to each other, when assembled in their hundreds at Prince's Hall, was an office fraught with considerable responsibility." To be sure! Great responsibility! Might even be improper! Everyone should be so careful!

However, there was one good thing in this Woman's Conference that everyone will praise. The delightful, genial, charitable females seem to have kept to themselves. No men were present. What a blessing—for the men!

Yours gratefully,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

The Growleries, Lostbuttonbury, Singleton.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

WHEN the ruddy autumn leaves
Flutter down on golden sheaves,
And on plum-trees one perceives

No more plums—
All the swallows have not fled,
Hardly is the summer dead—
Then, alas, it must be said

Christmas comes!

Christmas! Hang it all! But how
Can that be? 'Tis weeks from now.
What a fearful thought, I vow

That it numbs!

"Order Christmas papers" fills
Bookshops, bookstalls. With its bills,
Taxes, tips, fogs, frosts, coughs, chills,
Christmas comes!



Even Christmas-cards appear,
They are with us half the year,
I would banish them from here,

Say, to Thrums,

Or to any mournful place,
Where I'd never show my face,
For they tell one that, apace,

Christmas comes!

SEASONABLE CHRISTMAS MOTTO FOR WELL-KNOWN FINE-ART PUBLISHERS.—"TUCK IN!"



FOOTBALL FEVER. SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN THE MIDLANDS.

TO "THE LAZY MINSTREL"

On the publication of his Eighth Edition, with therein Nineteen Poems originally written for Mr. Punch.



The Lazy Laureate of the Thames.

(The Nymph Pantalettina is heard singing.)

Come where my ASHBY lies dreaming,
Dreaming for hours after lunch.
Softly! for he is scheming
Poems for *Mister Punch*!
Graceful is his position—
Hark! how he sweeps the strings,
While of his Eighth Edition
The Warbler STERRY sings:—

(The Bard chirpeth his roundelay.)

"On 'Spring's Delights' in 'Hambleton Lock'

'My Country Cousin' may hap—

With her I'll go

'In Rotten Row,'

Stop on an 'oss

'At Charing-Cross,'

For a 'Tam O' Shanter Cap.'

Who would not be a Minstrel Lazy?

A trifle crazy,
The best of them! Ah!

Here's ASHBY STERRY, in punt or wherry,

He's ever merry! sing "hey down derry."

Or anything very
Like Tra! la! la! la!

On sunny days he trolls his lays
With gay guitar and Tra! la! la! la!
From groves and glades come meadow-sweet maids,
None of your saucy minxes or jades;

The poet is there
Without a care.

With no regret, with mild cigarette,
With gay guitar, and whiskey from Leith,
Will he be crowned with the Laureate wreath?

No gout? Oh no! But I'm 'Taken in
And suffering from dejection, [Tow,'
'Spring Cleaning' I'll use for a pair of
old shoes

(Queer rhyme upon reflection),
'Sound without Sense,' I've no pretence,
To write Shakespearian Sonnets.

Of her and him,
As suits my whim,
I sing, and I hymn her bonnets!"

(Chorus of Pantalettina and River Nymphs.)

So, hail to the Bard so merry,

To Lazy Laureate STERRY!

He'll sing of a Lock on the Thames!
oh rare!

Or hymn a Lock of his Lady's hair.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

THE subject of Lunch, my dear young friends, has now been exhausted. We have done, for the time, with poetry, and descend again to the ordinary prose of every-day shooting. Yet stay—before we proceed further, there is one matter apart from the mere details of sport, which may be profitably considered in this treatise. It is the divine, the delightful subject of

SMOKING.

First, I ask, do you know—(1), the man who never smokes from the night of the 11th of August up to the night of the 1st of February in the following year, for fear of injuring his sight and his shooting nerve? (2), the host who forbids all smoking amongst the guests assembled at his house for a shooting-party?

You, naturally enough, reply that you have not the honour of being acquainted with these severe, but enthusiastic gentlemen. Nobody does know them. They don't exist. But it is very useful to affect a sort of second-hand knowledge of these Gorgons of the weed, as thus:—

A Party of Guns is walking to the first beat of the day. Time, say about 10 20 A.M.

Young Sportsman (who has a pipe in his mouth, to Second Sportsman, similarly adorned). I always think the after-breakfast smoke is about the best of the day. Somehow, tobacco tastes sweeter than at any other time of the day.

Second Sp. (puffing vigorously). Yes, it's first class; but I hold with smoke at most

times of the day, after breakfast, after lunch, after dinner, and in between.

Young Sp. Well, I don't know. If I try to smoke when I'm actually shooting, I generally find I've got my pipe in the gun side of my mouth. I heard of a man the other day who knocked out three of his best teeth through bringing up his gun sharp, and forgetting he'd got a pipe in his mouth. Poor beggar! he was very plucky about it, I believe; but it made no end of a difference to his pronunciation till he got a new lot shoved in. Just like that old Johnnie in the play—Overland something or other—who lost his false set of teeth on a desert island, and couldn't make any of the other Johnnies understand him.

Second Sp. I've never had any difficulty with my smoking. I always make a habit of carrying my smokes in the left side of my mouth.

Young Sp. Oh, but you're pretty certain to get the smoke or the ashes or something, blown slap into your eyes just as you're going to lose off. No. (With decision.) I'm off my smoke when the popping begins.

Second Sp. Don't be too hard on yourself, my boy. They tell me there are precious few birds in the old planting this year, so you can treat yourself to a cigarette when you get there. It never pays to trample on one's longing for tobacco too much.

Young Sp. No, by Jove. Old REGGIE MORRIS told me of a fellow he met somewhere this year, who goes regularly into training for shooting. Never touches baccy from August to February, and limits his drink to three pints a day, and no whiskeys and sodas. And what's more, he won't let any of his guests smoke when he's got a shoot on,

He's got "No Smoking" posted up in big letters in every room in the house. REGGIE said it was awful. He had to lock his bedroom door, shove the chest-of-drawers against it, and smoke with his head stuck right up the chimney. He got a peck of soot, one night, right on the top of his nut. Now I call that simple rot.

Second Sp. Ah, I've heard of that man. Never met him though, I'm thankful to say. Let me see what's the beggar's name? JACKSON or BARRETT, or POLLARD, or something like that. He's got a big place somewhere in Suffolk, or Yorkshire, or somewhere about there.

Young Sp. Yes, that's the chap, I fancy.

Now that kind of thing starts you very nicely for the day. It isn't necessary that either of the sportsmen whose dialogue has been reported should believe implicitly in the absolute truth of what he is saying. Observe, neither of them says that he himself met this man. He merely gets conversation out of him on the strength of what someone else has told him. That, you see, is the real trick of the thing. Don't bind yourself to such a story as being part of your own personal experience. Work it in on another man's back. Of course there are exceptions even to this rule. But this question I shall be able to treat at greater length when I come to deal with the important subject of "Shooting Anecdotes."

Very often you can work up quite a nice little conversation on cigarettes. Every man believes, as is well-known, that he possesses the only decent cigarettes in the country. He either—(1), imports them himself from Cairo, or (2), he gets his tobacco straight from a firm of growers somewhere in Syria and makes it into cigarettes himself; or (3), he thinks Egyptian cigarettes are an abomination, and only smokes Russians or Americans; or (4), he knows a man, BACKASTOPOULO by name, somewhere in the Ratchliffe Highway, who has the very best cigarettes you ever tasted. You wouldn't give two-pence a hundred for any others after smoking these, he tells you. And, lastly, there is the man who loathes cigarettes,



despises those who smoke them, and never, smokes anything himself except a special kind of cigar ornamented with a sort of red and gold garter.

Out of this conflict of preferences the young shooter can make capital. By flattering everybody in turn, he can practically get his smoking gratis, for everyone will be sure to offer him at least one cigarette, in order to prove the superiority of his own particular kind. And if the young shooter, after smoking it, expresses a proper amount of ecstasy, he is not at all unlikely to have a second offered to him. Most men are generous with cigarettes. Many a man I know would far rather give a beggar a cigarette than a shilling, though the cigarette may have cost, originally, a penny-halfpenny, or more—a strange and paradoxical state of affairs.

Here is a final piece of advice. Admire all cigarette-cases, and say of each that it's the very best and prettiest you ever saw. You can have no notion how much innocent pleasure you will give.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XVII.—TO FAILURE.

A PHILOSOPHER has deigned to address to me a letter. "Sir," writes my venerable correspondent, "I have been reading your open letters to Abstractions with some interest. You will, however, perhaps permit me to observe that amongst those to whom you have written are not a few who have no right whatever to be numbered amongst Abstractions. Laziness, for instance, and Crookedness, and Irritation—not to mention others—how is it possible to say that these are Abstractions? They are concrete qualities and nothing else. Forgive me for making this correction, and believe me yours, &c. A PLATONIST."—To which I merely reply, with all possible respect, "Stuff and nonsense!" I know my letters have reached those to whom they were addressed, no single one has come back through the Dead-letter Office, and that is enough for me. Besides, there are thousands of Abstractions that the mind of "A PLATONIST" has never conceived. Somewhere I know, there is an abstract Boot, a perfect and ideal combination of all the qualities that ever were or will be connected with boots, a grand exemplar to which all material boots, more or less, nearly approach; and by their likeness to which they are recognised as boots by all who in a previous existence have seen the ideal Boot. Sandals, mocassins, butcher-boots, jack-boots, these are but emanations from the great original. Similarly, there must be an abstract Dog, to the likeness of which, in one respect or another, both the Yorkshire Terrier and the St. Bernard conform. So much then for "A PLATONIST." And now to the matter in hand.

My dear FAILURE, there exists amongst us, as, indeed, there has always existed, an innumerable body of those upon whom you have cast your melancholy blight. Amongst their friends and acquaintances they are known by the name you yourself bear. They are the great army of failures. But there must be no mistake. Because a man has had high aspirations, has tried with all the energy of his body and soul to realise them, and has, in the end, fallen short of his exalted aim, he is not, therefore, to be called a failure. MOSES, I may remind you, was suffered only to look upon the Promised Land from a mountain-top. Patriots without number—KOSSTUB shall be my example—have fought and bled, and have been thrust into exile, only to see their objects gained by others in the end. But the final triumph was theirs surely almost as much as if they themselves had gained it. On the other hand there are those who march from disappointment to disappointment, but remain serenely unconscious of it all the time. These are not genuine failures. There is CHARSLEY, for instance, journalist, dramatist, novelist—Heaven knows what besides. His plays have run, on an average, about six nights; his books, published mostly at his own expense, are a drug in the market; but the little creature is as vain, as proud, and, it must be added, as contented, as though Fame had set him, with a blast of her golden trumpet, amongst the mighty Immortals. What lot can be happier than his? Secure in his impregnable egotism, ramparted about with mighty walls of conceit, he bids defiance to attack, and lives an enviable life of self-centred pleasure.

Then, again, there was JOHNNIE TRUEBRIDGE. I do not mean to liken him to CHARSLEY, for no more unselfish and kind-hearted being than JOHNNIE ever breathed. But was there ever a stone that rolled more constantly and gathered less moss? Yet no stroke could subdue his inconquerable cheerfulness. Time after time he got his head above the waters; time after time, some malignant emissary of fate sent him bubbling and gasping down into the depths. He was up again in a moment, striving, battling, buffeting. Nothing could make JOHNNIE despair, no disappointment could warp the simple straightforward sincerity, the loyal and almost childlike honesty of his nature. And if here and there, for a short time, fortune seemed to shine upon him, you may be sure that there was no single friend whom he did not call upon to bask with him in these fleeting rays. And what a glorious laugh he had; not a loud guffaw that splits your tympanum and crushes merriment flat, but an irrepressible, helpless, irresistible infectious laugh, in which his whole body became involved. I have seen a whole roomful of strangers rolling on their chairs without in the least knowing why, while JOHNNIE, with his head thrown back, his jolly face puckered into a thousand wrinkles of hearty delight, and his hands pressed to his sides, was

shouting with laughter at some joke made, as most of his jokes were, at his own expense.

It was during one of his brief intervals of prosperity, at a meet of the Ditchington Stag-hounds that I first met JOHNNIE. He was beautifully got up. His top-hat shone scarcely less brilliantly than his rosy cheeks, his collar was of the stiffest, his white tie was folded and pinned with a beautiful accuracy, his black coat fitted him like a glove, his leather-breeches were smooth and speckless, and his champagne-coloured tops fitted his sturdy little legs as if they had been born with him. He was mounted on an enormous chestnut-horse, which Anak might have controlled, but which was far above the power and weight of JOHNNIE, plucky and determined though he was. Shortly after the beginning of the run, while the hounds were checked, I noticed a strange, batless, dishevelled figure, riding furiously round and round a field. It was JOHNNIE, whose horse was bolting with him, but who was just able to guide it sufficiently to keep it going in a circle instead of taking him far over hill and dale. We managed to stop him, and I shall never forget how he laughed at his own disasters while he was picking up his crop and replacing his hat on his head. Not long afterwards, I saw our little Mazeppa crashing, horse and all, into the branches of a tree, but in spite of a black eye and a deep cut on his cheek, he finished the run—fortunately for him a very fast and long one—with imperturbable pluck and with no further misadventure.

"Nasty cut that," I said to him as we trained back together, "you'd better get it properly looked to in town." "Pooh," said JOHNNIE, "it's a mere scratch. Did you see the brute take me into the tree? By Jove, it must have been a comic sight!" and with that he set off again on another burst of inextinguishable laughter.

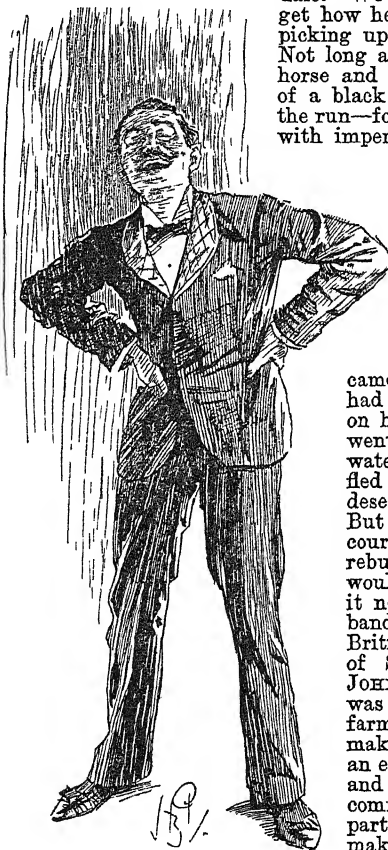
About a week after this, the usual crash came. A relative of JOHNNIE was in difficulties. JOHNNIE, with his wonted chivalry, came to his help with the few thousands that he had lately put by, and, in a day or two, he was on his beam-ends once more. And so the story went on. Money slipped through his fingers like water—prosperity tweaked him by the nose, and fled from him, whilst friends, not a whit more deserving, amassed fortunes, and became sleek. But he was never daunted. With inexhaustible courage and resource, he set to work again to rebuild his shattered edifice, confident that luck would, some day, stay with him for good. But it never did. At last he threw in his lot with a band of adventurers, who proposed to plant the British flag in some hitherto unexplored regions of South or Central Africa. I dined with JOHNNIE the evening before he left England. He was in the highest spirits. His talk was of rich farms, of immense gold-mines. He was off to make his pile, and would then come home, buy an estate in the country—he had one in his eye—and live a life of sport, surrounded by all the comforts, and by all his friends. And so we parted, never to meet again. He was lost while making his way back to the coast with a small party, and no trace of him has ever since been discovered. But to his friends he has left a memory and an example of invincible courage, and unceasing cheerfulness in the face of misfortune, of constant helpfulness, and unflinching staunchness. Can it be said that such a man was a failure? I don't think so. I must write again. In the meantime I remain, as usual, D. R.

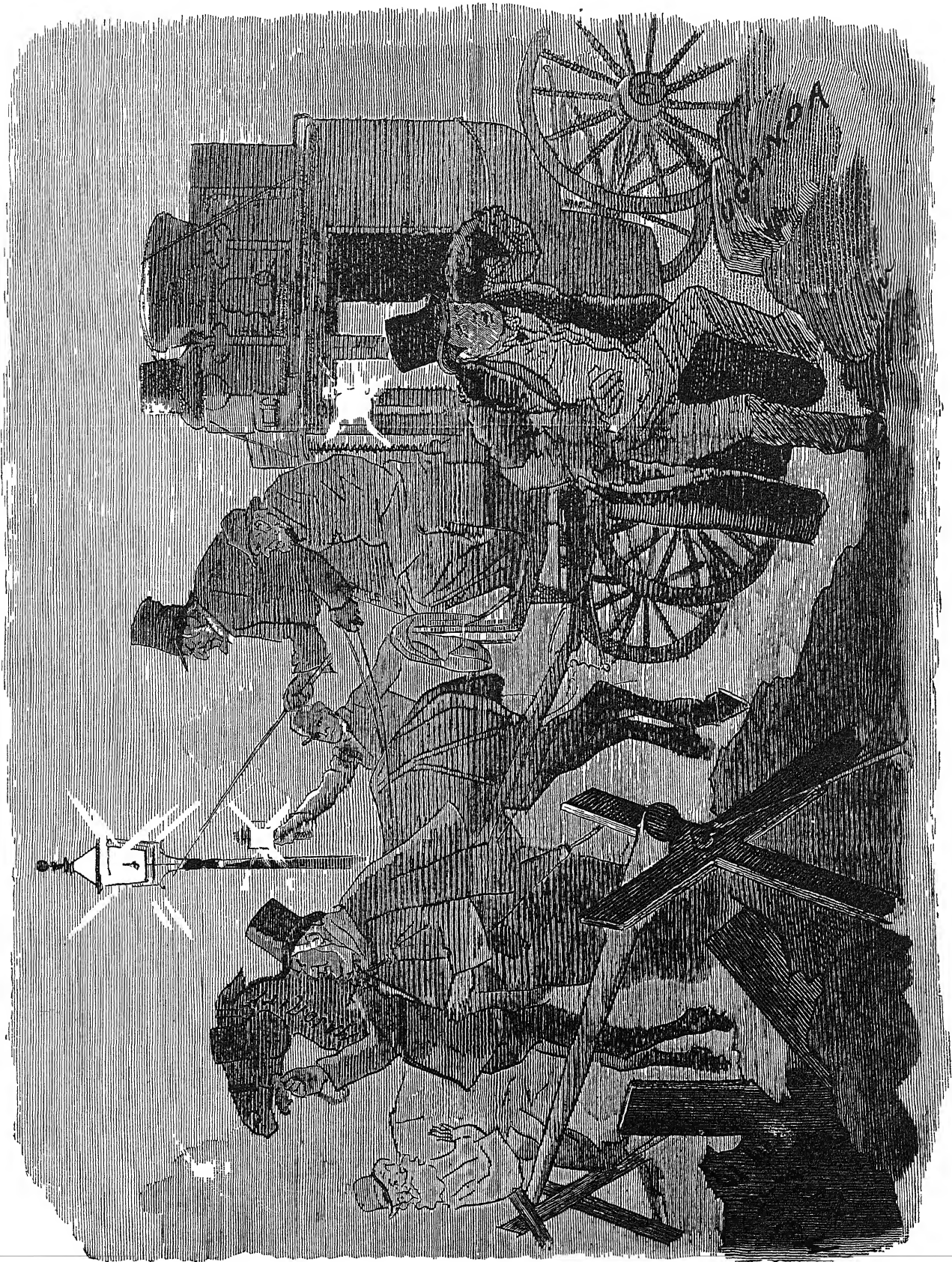
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SIGNS OF THE SEASON.—"Beauty's Daughters!" These charming young ladies are to be obtained for the small sum of one penny! as for this trifling amount,—unless there is a seasonably extra charge,—you can purchase the Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated*, wherein Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT "our dear departed" (on tour round the world—"globe-trotting"), leads off with some good verses. Will he be chosen Laureate? He is away; and it is characteristic of a truly great poet to be "absent." And the Editor, that undefeated story-teller, tells one of his best stories in his best style, and gives us a delightful picture of Miss ELSIE NORMAN. "Alas! she is another's! she never can be mine!"—as she is Somebody Elsie's. Success to your Beauties, Mr. LATEX, or more correctly, Mr. EARLY-AND-LATEX, as you bring out your Christmas Number a good six weeks before Christmas Day.

MOTTO FOR THE LABOUR COMMISSION.—"The proper study of mankind is—MANN!"

THE NEW EMPLOYMENT.—Being "Unemployed."





A CABBIN' IT COUNCIL IN NOVEMBER.

CABBIN' IT COUNCIL.

(IN NOVEMBER.)

Grand Old Jarvie, loquatur —

O LUD! O Lud! O Lud!
 As TOM HOOD cried, apostrophising London),
 November rules, a reign of rain, fog, mud,
 And Summer's sun is fled, and Autumn's
 fun done.
 Far are the fields M.P.'s have tramped and
 gunned on!
 Malwood is far, and far is fair Dalmeny,
 And Harwarden,
 Like a garden
 (To Caucus-mustered crowds) glowing and
 greeny
 In soft September,
 Is distant now, and dull; for 'tis November,
 And we are in a Fog!
 Cabbin' it, Council? Ah! each *absent*
 Member
 May be esteemed a vastly lucky dog!
 The streets are up—of course! No Irish bog
 Is darker, deeper, dirtier than that hole
 SP-NC-R is staring into. On my soul,
 M-RL-Y, we want that light you're seeking,
 swarming
 Up that lank lamp-post in a style alarming!
 Iake care, my JOHN, you don't come down a
 whopper!
 And you, young R-S-B-RY, if *you* come a
 cropper
 Over that dark, dim pile, where shall *we* be?
 Pest! I can hardly see
 An inch before my nose—not to say clearly.
 Hold him up, H-RC-RT! He was down
 then, nearly,
 Our crook-knee'd "crook." Seems going very
 queerly,
 Although so short a time out of the stable.
 Quiet him, WILLIAM, quiet him—if you're
 able.
 This is no spot for him to fall. I dread
 The need—just here—of "sitting on his
 head."
 Cutting the traces
 Will leave us dead-lock'd, *here* of all bad
 places!
 Oh, do keep quiet, K-MB-RL-Y! You're
 twitching
 My cape again! Mind, ASQ-TH! You'll be
 pitching
 Over that barrier, if you are not steady.
 Fancy us getting in this fix—already!
 Cabbin' it in a fog is awkward work,
 Specially for the driver, who can't shirk,
 When once his "fare" is taken.
 I feel shaken.
 'd rather drive the chariot of the Sun
 (That's dangerous, but rare fun!)
 Like Phaethon,
 Than play the Jehu in a fog so woful
 To this confounded "Shoful"!

LADY GAY'S GHOST.

Mount Street, Berkeley Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MORE than a fortnight ago I fled
 from the London fog, with the result that it
 got thicker than ever about me in the minds
 of your readers and yourself! I determined
 during my absence to do what many people
 in the world of Art and *Letters* have done
 before me, employ a "Ghost"—(my *first*
 dealings with the supernatural, and probably
 my *last*!). I wired to one of the leading
 Sporting Journals for their most reliable
 Racing Ghost—he was busy watching *Nun-*
thorpe—(who is only the Ghost of what he
 was!)—and the Bogie understudy sent to me
 was a Parliamentary Reporter!—(hence the
 stilted style of the letter signed "POMPERSON."
 Heavens! what a name!)—I had five minutes



REAL PRESENCE OF MIND.

POLICEMAN X 24, DRUNK AND ALMOST INCAPABLE IS JUST ABLE TO BLOW HIS WHISTLE FOR HELP!

to explain the situation to him before catching
 the *train de luxe*—(Lord ARTHUR had gone
 on with the luggage)—and I don't think he
 had the ghostliest idea of what I wanted!
 —the one point he grasped, was, that he was
 to use anonymous names—which he did with
 a vengeance!—My horror on reading his letter
 was such that I dropped all the money I had
 in my hand on the "red" instead of the
 "black"—and it won!—(I think I shall bring
 out a system based on "fright.")

Of course all my friends thought Lord
 ARTHUR and I had quarrelled, and I was
 "off" with someone else!—What a fog. This

idea being confirmed by the following week's
 letter, which was the well-meant but mis-
 directed effort of my friend Lady HARRIETT
 ENTOUCAS, to whom I wired to "do some-
 thing for me"—(she pretty nearly did for me
 altogether!)—there was nothing for it but to
 come home—where I am—Lord ARTHUR
 wanted to write you this week, but I thought
 one explanation at a time quite enough—so
 his shall follow—"if you want a thing done,
 do it yourself!"—so in future I will either be
 my own Ghost or have nothing to do with
 them! Yours apparitionally,

LADY GAY.

ALL ROUND THE FAIR.

No. II.

INSIDE THE "QUEEN'S GRAND COLLECTION OF MOVING WAXWORKS AND LIONS, AND MUSEUM DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN WONDERS AND NOVELTIES."

The majority of the Public is still outside, listening open-mouthed to a comic dialogue between the Showman and a juvenile and irreverent Nigger. Those who have come in find that, with the exception of some particularly tame-looking murderers' heads in glazed pigeon-holes, a few limp effigies stuck up on rickety ledges, and an elderly Cart-horse in low spirits, there is little to see at present.

Melia (to JOE, as they inspect the Cart-horse). This 'ere can't never be the live 'orse with five legs, as they said was to be seen inside!

Joe. Their ain't no other 'orse in 'ere, and why shouldn't it be 'im, if that's all?

Melia. Well, I don't make out no more 'n four legs to 'un, nohow, myself.

Joe. Don't ye be in sech a 'urry, now—the Show ain't begun yet! [The barrel-organ outside blares "God Save the Queen," and more

Spectators come stumping down the wooden steps, followed by the Showman.

Showman. I shell commence this Exhibition by inviting your inspection of the wonderful live 'orse with five legs. (To the depressed Cart-horse.) 'Old up! (The poor beast lifts his off-fore-leg with obvious reluctance, and discloses a very small super-numerary hoof concealed behind the fetlock.) Examine it! for yourselves—two distinct 'oofs with shoes and nails complete—a great novelty!

Melia. I don't call that nothen of a leg, I don't—it ain't 'ardly a oof, even!

Joe (with phlegm). That's wheer th' old 'orse gits the larr on ye, that is!

Showman. We will now pass on to the Exhibition. 'Ere (indicating a pair of lop-sided Orientals in nondescript attire) we 'ave two life-sized models of the Japanese villagers who caused so much sensation in London on account o' their peculiar features—you will easily reckonise the female by her bein' the ugliest one o' the two. (Compassionate titters from the Spectators.) I will now call your attention to a splendid group, taken from English 'Istry, and set in motion by powerful machinery, reppresentin' the Parting Interview of CHARLES THE FIRST with his fam'ly. (Rolls up a painted canvas curtain, and reveals the Monarch seated, with the Duke of GLOUCESTER on his knee, surrounded by OLIVER CROMWELL, and as many Courtiers, Guards, and Maids of Honour as can be accommodated in the limited space.) I will wind up the machinery and the unfortunate King will be seen in the act of bidding his fam'ly ajew for ever in this world.

[CHARLES begins to cick solemnly and move his head by progressive jerks to the right, while the Little Duke moves his simultaneously to the left, and a Courtier in the background is so affected by the scene that he points with respectful sympathy at nothing; the Spectators do not commit themselves to any comments.

Showman (concluding a quotation from MARKHAM). "And the little Dook, with the tears a-standin' in 'is heyes, replies, 'I will be tore in pieces fust!' Other side, please! No, Mum, the lady in mournin' ain't the beautiful but ill-fated MARY, Queen o' Scots—it's Mrs. MAYBRICK, now in confinement for poisonin' her 'usban', and the figger close to her is the MAHDI, or False Prophet. In the next case we 'ave a subject selected from Ancient Roman 'Istry, bein' the story of ANDROCLES, the Roman Slave, as he appeared when, escaping from his crule owners, he entered a cave and found a lion which persented 'im with 'is bleedin' paw. After some 'esitation, ANDROCLES examined the paw, as reppresented before you. (Winds the machinery up, whereupon the lion opens his lower jaw and emits a mild bleat, while ANDROCLES turns his head from side to side in bland surprise.) This lion is the largest forestbred and blackmaned specimen ever imported into this country—the other lion standing beyind (disparagingly), has nothing whatever to do with the tableau, 'aving been shot recently in Africa by Mr. STANLEY, the two figgers at the side reppresent the Boy Murderers who killed their own father at Crewe with a 'atchet and other 'orrible barbarities. I shall conclude the Collection by showing you the magnificent group reppresentin' Her Gracious

Majesty the QUEEN, as she appeared in 'er 'appier and younger days, surrounded by the late Mr. SPURGEON, the 'Eroes of the Soudan, and other Members of the Royal Fam'ly.

INSIDE THE CIRCUS.

After some tight-rope, juggling, and boneless performances have been given in the very limited arena, the Clown has introduced the Learned Pony.

Clown. Now, little Pony, go round the Company and pick me out the little boy as robs the Farmer's orchard.

[The Pony trots round, and thrusts his nose confidently into a Small Boy's face.

Small Boy (indignantly). Ye're a liar, Powney; so theer!

Clown. Now, see if you can find me the little gal as steals her mother's jam and sugar. Look sharp now, don't stand there playin' with yer bit!

A Little Girl (penitently, as the Accusing Quadruped halts in front of her). Oh, please, Pony, I won't never do it no more!

Clown. Now go round and pick me out the Young Man as is fond o' kissin' the girls and married ladies when their 'usbands is out o' the way. (The Pony stops before an Infant in Arms.) 'Ere, think what yer doin' now. You don't mean 'im, do you? (The Pony shakes his head.) Is it the Young Man standin' just beyind as is fond o' kissin' the girls? (The Pony nods.) Ah, I thought so!

The Rustic Lothario (with a broad grin). It's quite tri-ew!

Clown. Now I want you, little Pony, to go round and tell me who's the biggest rogue in the company. (Reassuringly, as the Pony goes round, and a certain uneasiness is perceptible among some of the spectators.) I 'ope no Gentleman 'ere will be offended by bein' singled out, for no offence is intended,—it is merely a 'armless— (Finds the Pony at his elbow.) Why, you rascal! do you mean to say I'm the biggest rogue 'ere? (The Pony nods.) You've been round, and can't find a bigger rogue than me in all this company? (Emphatic shake of the head from Pony; secret relief of inner circle of Spectators.) You and me 'll settle this later!

First Spectator (as audience disperses). That wur a clever Pony, sart'nly!

Second Spect. Ah, he wur that. (Reflectively.) I dunno as I shud keep partickler 'bout 'avin of 'im, though!

IN THE HOME OF MYSTERY.

A small canvas booth with a raised platform, on which a Young Woman in short skirts has just performed a few elementary conjuring tricks before an audience of gaping Rustics.

The Showman. The Second Part of our Entertainment will consist of the performances of a Real Live Zulu from the Westminster Royal Aquarium. Mr. FARINI, in the course of 'is travels discovered both men and women—and this is one of them. (Here a tall Zulu, simply attired in a leopard's-skin apron, a bead necklace, and an old busby, creeps through the hangings at the back.) He will give you a specimen of the strange and remarkable dances in his country, showin' you the funny way in which they git married—for they don't git married over there the same as we do 'ere—cert'nly not! (The Spectators form a close ring round the Zulu.) Give him a little more room, or else you won't notice the funny way he moves his legs while dancin'.

[The ring widens a very little, and contracts again, while the Zulu performs a perfunctory prance to the monotonous jingle of his brass anklets.

Melia (critically). Well, that's the silliest sort of a weddin' as iver I see!

Joe. He do seem to be 'avin' it a good deal to 'isself, don't 'e?

Showman. He will now conclude 'is entertainment by porsin round, and those who would like to shake 'ands with 'im are welcome to do so, while at the same time, those among you who would like to give 'im a extry copper for 'isself you will 'ave an opportunity of noticin' the funny way in which he takes it.

Spectators (as the Zulu begins to sink round the tent, extending a huge and tawny paw). 'Ere, come arn!

[The booth is precipitately cleared.

"WRITE Letter Days" should be the companion volume to Red Letter Days, published by BENTLEY.



"It's quite tri-ew!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

THE SMOKING-ROOM.

THE subject of the Smoking-room would seem to be intimately and necessarily connected with the subject of smoke, which was dealt with in our last Chapter. A very good friend of mine, Captain SHABRACK of the 55th (Queen ELIZABETH'S OWN) Hussars, was good enough to favour me with his views the other day. I met the gallant officer, who is, as all the world knows, one of the safest and best shots of the day, in Pall Mall. He had just stepped out of his Club—the luxurious and splendid Tatterdemalion, or, as it is familiarly called, “the Tat”—where, to use his own graphic language, he had been “killing the worm with a nip of Scotch.”

“Early Scotch woodcock, I suppose,” says I, sportively alluding to the proverb.

“Scotch woodcock be blowed,” says the Captain, who, it must be confessed, does not include an appreciation of delicate humour amongst his numerous merits; “Scotch, real Scotch, a noggin of it, my boy, with soda in a long glass; glug, glug, down it goes, hiss’n over the hot coppers. You know the trick, my son, it’s no use pretendin’ you don’t”—and thereupon the high-spirited warrior dug me good-humouredly in the ribs, and winked at me with an eye which, if the truth must be told, was bloodshot to the very verge of ferocity.

“Talkin’ of woodcock,” he continued—we were now walking along Pall Mall together—“they tell me you’re writin’ some gas or other about shootin’. Well, if you want a tip from me, just you let into the smokin’ room shots a bit; you know the sort I mean, fellows who are reg’lar devils at killin’ birds when they haven’t got a gun in their hands. Why, there’s that little son of a corn-crake, FLICKERS—when once he gets talkin’ in a smokin’ room nothing can hold him. He’d talk the hind leg off a donkey. I know he jolly nearly laid me out the last time I met him with all his talk—No, you don’t,” continued the Captain, imagining, perhaps, that I was going to rally him on his implied connection of himself with the three-legged animal he had mentioned, “no you don’t—it wouldn’t be funny; and besides, I’m not donkey enough to stand much of that ass FLICKERS. So just you pitch into him, and the rest of ‘em, my bonny boy, next time you put pen to paper.” At this moment my cheerful friend observed a hansom that took his fancy. “Gad!” he said, “I never can resist one of those india-rubber tires. Ta, ta, old cock—keep your pecker up. Never forget your goloshes when it rains, and always wear flannel next your skin,” and, with that, he sprang into his hansom, ordered the cabman to drive him round the town as long as a florin would last, and was gone.

Had the Captain only stayed with me a little longer, I should have thanked him for his hint, which set me thinking. I know FLICKERS well. Many a time have I heard that notorious romancer holding forth on his achievements in sport, and love, and society. I have caught him tripping, convicted him of imagination on a score of occasions; dozens of his acquaintances must

have found him out over and over again; but the fellow sails on, unconscious of a reverse, with a sort of smiling persistence, down the stream of modified untruthfulness, of which nobody ought to know better than FLICKERS the rapids, and shallows, and rocks on which the mariner’s bark is apt to go to wreck. What is there in the pursuit of sport, I ask myself, that brings on this strange tendency to exaggeration? How few escape it. The excellent, the prosaic DUBSON, that broad-shouldered, whiskered, and eminently snub-nosed Nimrod, he too, gives way occasionally. FLICKERS’S, I own, is an extreme case. He has indulged himself in fibs to such an extent, that fibs are now as necessary to him as drams to the drunkard. But DUBSON the respectable, DUBSON the dull, DUBSON the unromantic—why does the gadfly sting him too, and impel him

now and then to wonderful antics. For was it not DUBSON who told me, only a week ago, that he had shot three partridges stone dead with one shot, and in measuring the distance, had found it to be 100 yards less two inches? Candidly, I do not believe him; but naturally enough I was not going to be outdone, and I promptly returned on him with my well-known anecdote about the shot which ricocheted from a driven bird in front of me and pierced my host’s youngest brother—a plump, short-coated Eton boy, who was for some reason standing with his back to me ten yards in my rear—in a part of his person sacred as a rule *plagoso Orbilio*. The shrieks of the stricken youth, I told DUBSON, still sounded horribly in my ears. It took the country doctor an hour to extract the pellets—an operation which the boy endured with great fortitude, merely observing that he hoped his rowing would not be spoiled for good, as he should bar awfully having to turn himself into a dry-bob. This story, with all its harrowing details, did I duly hammer into the open-mouthed DUBSON, who merely remarked that “it was a rum go, but you can never tell where a ricochet will go,” and was beginning upon me with a brand-new ricochet anecdote of his own, when I hurriedly departed.

Wherefore, my gay young shooters, you who week by week suck wisdom and conversational ability from these columns,

it is borne in upon me that for your benefit I must treat of the Smoking-room in its connection with shooting-parties. Thus, perhaps, you may learn not so much what you ought to say, as what you ought not to say, and your discretion shall be the admiration of a whole country-side. “The Smoking-room: with which is incorporated ‘Anecdotes.’” What a rollicking, cheerful, after-dinner sound there is about it. SHABRACK might say it was like the title of a cheap weekly, which as a matter of fact, it does resemble. But what of that? Next week we will begin upon it in good earnest.



THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS!

Boy. “SECOND-CLASS, SIR?” Captain. “I NEVER TRAVEL SECOND-CLASS!”
Boy. “THIS WAY THIRD, SIR!”

On the Boxing Kangaroo.

FROM SMITH and MITCHELL to a Kangaroo!!!

The “noble art” is going up! Whiloo! Stay, though! Since pugilist-man seems coward-clown, Perhaps ‘tis the Marsupial coming down!



FELINE AMENITIES.

"I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME LACE FOR YOUR STALL AT THE BAZAAR, LIZZIE. I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT QUITE OLD ENOUGH TO BE REALLY VALUABLE. I HAD IT WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL."

"OH, THAT'S OLD ENOUGH FOR ANYTHING, DEAREST! HOW LOVELY! THANKS SO VERY MUCH!"

"LE GRAND FRANÇAIS."

["With all his faults, M. DE LESSEPS is perhaps the most remarkable—we may even say the most illustrious—of living Frenchmen."—*The Times*.]

JACQUES BONHOMME *loquitur* :—

SOMEONE should suffer—yes, of course—
For the depletion of my stocking;
But *Le Grand Français*? Bah! Remorse
Moves me to tears. It seems too shocking.
Get back my money? *Pas de chance!*
And then he is the pride of France!

I raged, I know, four years ago,
Against those Panama projectors.
The law seemed slack, inquiry slow;
How I denounced them, the Directors,
Including *him*—in some vague fashion;
But then—BONHOMME was in a passion!

And now to see the *gendarme's* hand—
Half shrinkingly—upon *his* shoulder,
Our *Grand Français*—so old, so grand!
Ma foi, it palsies the beholder.
And will it lessen my large loss
To fix a stain on the Grand Cross?

Too sanguine? Too seductive? Yes!
But was it not such hopeful charming
That led him to his old success?
The thought is softening, and disarming;
O'er Suez and the Red Sea glance,
And see what he has done for France!

Peste on this Panama affair!
Egyptian sands sucked not our savings
As did those swamps. Still I can't bear
To see *him* suffer. 'Midst my cravings
For *la revanche*, I'd fain not touch
Our Greatest Frenchman—'tis too much!

SHORT AND SWEET.

["The Young Ladies of Nottingham have formed a Short-skirt League."—*Daily Graphic*.]

YE pretty girls of England,
So famous for your looks,
Whose sense has braved a thousand fads
Of foolish fashion-books,
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And refrain
From the train

While the stormy tempests blow,
While the sodden streets are thick with mud,
And the stormy tempests blow!

See how the girls of Nottingham
Inaugurate a League
For skirts five inches from the ground;
They'll walk without fatigue,
No longer plagued with trains to lift
Above the slush or snow;
They'll not sweep
Mud that's deep

While the stormy tempests blow;
Long dresses do the Vestry's work,
While stormy tempests blow.

O pretty girls of Nottingham,
If you could save us men
From our frightful clothing,
How we should love you then!
We'd shorten turned-up trouser,
And widen pointed toe,
Leave off that
Vile silk hat,

When the stormy tempests blow—
Wretched hat that stands not wind or rain
When the stormy tempests blow.

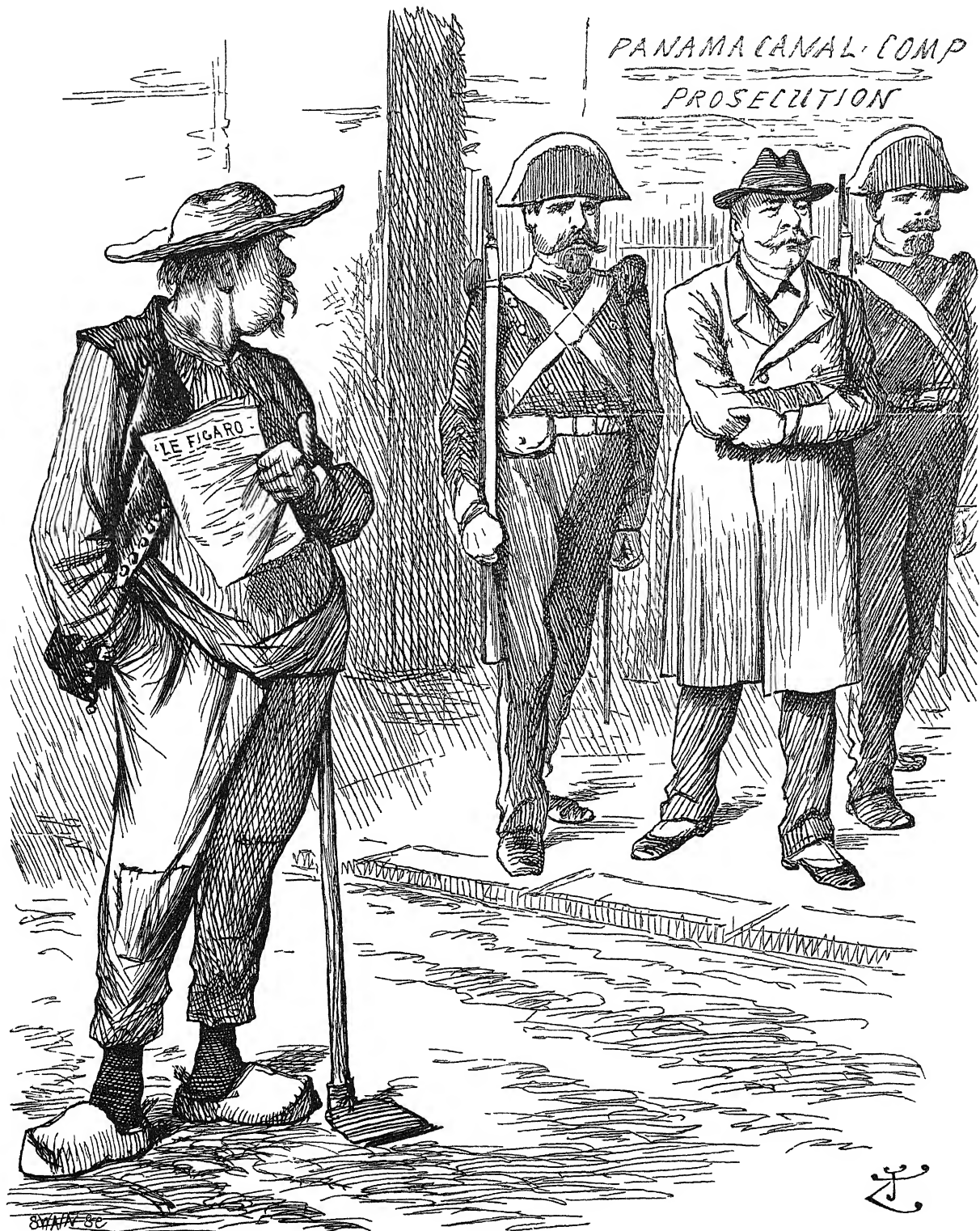
We're fools. Yet, girls of England,
We might inquire of you,
Why wear those capes and sleeves that seem
Quite wide enough for two?
And why revive the *chignons*—
Huge lumps pinned on? You know
You would cry
Should they fly
Where the stormy tempests blow;
For they catch the wind just like balloons,
Where the stormy tempests blow.

FAULTS O' BOTH SIDES.—Ardent Radicals
grumbled at the Government for not holding
an Autumn Session. That was a fault of
omission. Now touchy Tories are angry with
it for showing too strong a tendency to what
Mr. GLADSTONE once sarcastically called "a
policy of examination and inquiry"—into the
case of Evicted Tenants, Poor-Law Relief,
&c. This is a fault of (Royal) Commission.
Luckless Government! The verdict upon it
seems to be that it

"Does nothing in particular,
And does it very—*ill*."

NOTICE.—The Twin Fountains of Trafalgar
Square regret to inform the British Public
that, although they have performed gratui-
tously and continuously for a number of years,
they are compelled to retire from business, as
they cannot compete with the State-aided
spouting which takes place in their Square.

A GREAT "TREAT."—Public-house Politics
at Election time.



“LE GRAND FRANÇAIS!”

JACQUES BONHOMME (*regarding M. DE LESSEPS, apart*). “BAH! I HAVE LOST MY MONEY! (*Pause.*) ALL THE SAME, I CANNOT DESIRE THAT HE, SO OLD AND SO DISTINGUISHED, SHOULD SUFFER!!”



GALLANTRY REWARDED.

Lady (having had a fall at a Brook, and come out the wrong side,—to Stranger, who has caught her Horse). "OH, I'M SO MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU! NOW, DO YOU MIND JUST BRINGING HIM OVER?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

BOOKS from the publishing house of FISHER UNWIN are always goodly to look upon, the public having to thank him for something new in form, binding, and colour, in other series than the Pseudonym Library. In a new edition of *The Sinner's Comedy*, just issued at the modest price of Eighteenpence, he has solved a problem that has long baffled the publisher, and bothered the public. Few like the appearance of a book with the pages machine-cut; fewer still can spare the time to cut a book. Mr. FISHER UNWIN compromises by presenting this dainty little volume with the top pages ready out, the reader having nothing to do but to slice the side-pages, a labour which no book-lover would grudge, seeing that it leaves the volume with the uncut appearance dear to his heart. The story, told in 146 pages, is, my Baronite says, worthy the distinction of its appearance. The characters are clearly drawn, the plot is interesting, the conversation crisp, and the style throughout pleasantly cynical. The author, JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, has a pretty turn of aphorism. "A man's way of loving is so different from a woman's"; and again, "Genius is so rare, and ambition is so common." Here be truths, old enough perhaps, but cleverly re-set.

Some people complain that politics are dull. They should read the parliamentary and extra-parliamentary utterances of the Member for Wrotenborough. They appear weekly in that rising young paper, the *Sunday Times*, and an extremely readable selection of them has lately been published "in book form," for the enlivening of the Recess. Adapting the Laureate's lines, the Baron would say,—

"They who would vote for an M.P. whose sense with humour chimes,
Will read the Member for Wrotenborough, all in the *Sunday Times*—
A paper our sires paid Sevenpence for, along of its gilt and go,
Seventy years ago, my Public, seventy years ago!"

For whimsical audacity, and quaint unexpectedness, Mr. PAIN, in his latest book, *Playthings and Parodies*, would be hard to beat. In this there is a good back-ground of shrewd observation. He does not propose to make your flesh creep, or your eyes run torrents. He simply succeeds in making you laugh. In "The Processional Instinct," Mr. PAIN informs us that he has discovered that our private life is circular, and our public life is rectilinear. SHAKESPEARE, who, being for all time, and not merely for an age, recommends this author to the general public when he says that everybody "should be so conversant with PAIN."

The Memories of Dean Hole is rather a misleading title; "but," says the Baron, "I suppose the term 'Reminiscences' is played out. The word 'Memories' seems to suggest that someone, whether DEAN HOLE, or DEAN CORNER, or any other Dean, had more than one memory, as indeed those persons appear to possess who mention their 'good memory for names,' and their 'bad memory for dates,' and *vice versa*. *Sout!*" quoth the Baron, in excellent French, "you may take it from me (if I'll part with it) that the Hole book is by no means a half-and-half sort of book, but is vastly entertaining." The stories of "The Cloth" form the most entertaining part of the work. The Baron wishes success to this work of the Dean in Holy Orders, and suggests that the volume should be re-entitled *Gathered Leaves from Dean Hole's Rose Garden*, a better title than "Reminiscences."

MARION CRAWFORD'S *Don Orsino* (published by MACMILLAN & Co.) would be worth reading were it only for the colour of its word-painting, and for its high-comedy dialogue. Yet is Mr. CRAWFORD rather given to pause in his story, for the sake of moralising on the tendencies of the age; and the reader, patient though he may be, when he has become interested in the personages of the novel, does not care to be button-holed by a digression. MARION CRAWFORD'S recipe for commencing an amorous duologue (early in Vol. III.), which is to lead up to a declaration of love, is deliciously ingenious. It begins with the gentleman taking a seat, and his first remark is upon the chair. Mr. CRAWFORD evidently remembers the old story of how the tenor who knew but one song, "*In my Cottage near a Wood*," used to introduce it into any scene of any Opera by the simple process of making his entrance alone and finding a chair on the stage. "Aha!" quoth he. "What's this? A chair? and made of wood! Ah! that word! how it reminds me of my 'umble home, 'my cottage near a wood.'" Cue for band; chord; song. In this instance, the love-scene, admirably led up to on the above plan, is strikingly powerful; it is the work of a master-hand. The dénouement is both artistically original and, at the same time, ordinarily probable. May all readers enjoy this excellent novel as much as has the sympathetic

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

CLASSICAL QUESTION.—If some schoolboys, home for Christmas holidays, wanted Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS to give them a Christmas Box (not a private one at the Pantomime), what Ancient Philosopher would they mention? Why—of course—"ARISTIPPUS."



A LABOUR OF LOVE.

The Vicar. "AND WERE YOU AT THE BALL LAST NIGHT, MRS. RAMSBOTHAM?"
Mrs. R. "OH, YES; I WAS SHAMPOOING EIGHT YOUNG LADIES THERE!"

LOCAL COLOUR.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, in his new poem, *Fortunatus, the Pessimist*, has hit upon a new notion, to say nothing of a novel rhyme. Sings he:—

"When the foal and blood-mare hunny,
 And in every cut-down spunney
 Lady's-Smooks grow mauve and mauwer,
 Then the Winter days are over."

This opens a polychromatic vista to the New Poetry. Technical Art comes to the aid of the elder Muses. The products of gas-tar alone should greatly regenerate a something time-worn poetic phraseology. As thus:—

When the poet, Mr. PENNYLINE,
 Is inspired by beauteous Aniline,
 Products chemical and gas-tarry
 Give the modern Muse new mastery.
 Mauve may chime with love, and mauwer
 Form a decent rhyme to lover;
 While (and if not, why not?) mauvest
 Antiphonetic proves to lovest.
 (Verse erotic always sports
 Tricksily with longs and shorts.
 Verbal votaries of Venus
 Are an arbitrary genus,
 And as arrogant as HOWFLLS
 In their dealings with the vowels.
 Love, move, rove, linked in a sonnet,
 Pass for rhymes; the best have done it!)
 Then again there is Magenta!
 Surely science never sent a
 Handier rhyme to—well, polenta,
 Or (for Cockney Muses) Mentor!
 The poetic sense auricular
 Can't afford to be particular.
 Rags of rhymes, mere assonances,
 Now must serve. Pegasus prances,
 Like a Buffalo Bill buck-jumper,
 When you have a "regular stumper"
 (Such as "silver") do not care about
 Perfect rhyming; "there or thereabout"
 Is the Muse's maxim now.
 You may get (bards have, I trow)
 Rhyme's last minimum irreducible,
 From dye-vat, retort, or crucible.

Verily (as *Touchstone* says), "I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted" And if it is "the right butterwoman's rate to market," or "the very false gallop of verses," it is at any rate good enough for a long-eared public or a postulant for the Laureateship.

WAR ON A LARGE SCALE.

(An Account of the Conflict, from the Diary of an Inhabitant of Herne Bay.)

Monday.—Extremely awkward—the entire British Fleet have come ashore; and, as it is impossible to move them on account of their enormous tonnage, this will entail a loss of £24,000,000,000!

Tuesday.—Troubles never come singly! The French, taking advantage of the temporary suspension of our naval operations, have declared war. This means the utter ruin of the bathing season, not only at Herne Bay, but Southend, and the Isle of Thanet.

Wednesday.—As I expected! The French Fleet are coming up towards London. They are sure to pepper us as they pass. As every gun carries several hundred miles, I do not see how books can be uninterruptedly issued from and returned to the Circulating Library.

Thursday.—Our first slice of luck! The entire French Fleet during the mist last night came into collision with the Nore Light, and sank immediately. I was surprised at their sparing the Reculvers and the local bathing-machines, but now the mystery is explained.

Friday.—Just learned that the great gun

of Paris, which carries forty-four thousand miles, is to be tried for the first time to-morrow. It would have been used earlier, had it not been necessary to raise a foreign loan to supply funds to load it. Trust it won't be laid in our direction. This war has already caused the Insurance Companies to double their charges! Too bad!

Saturday.—All's well that ends well. Hostilities are at an end. This morning all the glass in the windows were broken at 8 o'clock. Ten minutes later the Champs Elysées was deposited half a mile from Birkington. We now know that the great Paris gun burst on its first discharge, and France exists no longer as a country, but as a "geographical expression" is deposited in various parts of Europe.

REAL AND IDEAL.—"A Really Hard-Headed Man"—the Iron-skulled individual now exhibiting at the Aquarium. If his will is as iron as his head, what a despot he would be! If France is tired of her Republic, she might try the Iron-Headed Man as a ruler. There is the chance, of course, that he might turn out a numskull, and be only King Log, after all.



A GENTLEMAN WHO "TAKES LIFE EASILY."



A REMINISCENCE OF THE BASEBALL SEASON.

JIM'S JOTTINGS.

["Do the poor make the slums, or the slums make the poor?"—Henry Lazarus, in "*Landlordism*."]

Is it the poor wot makes the Slums, or the Slums wot makes the poor?

Well, that's the question, Guv'nor, and I've 'eared it asked afore, [be O K.

And the arnser ain't so easy, if you wants to Don't suppose as I can settle it, but I'll have my little say.

My old friend Mister LAZARUS, now, he ups and sez, sez he,

The great Ground Landlord is the great *prime* cause. "Yah! fiddlededee!"

Cries the House-Farmer; "Slums is Slums, acos the Poor is *Pigs*!"

"You try 'em, friend philanthropist! They'll play you proper rigs."

Yus, there's two sides to heverythink, wus luck! That's where we're fogged.

Passiges like foul pigstyes, gents, and back-yards like black bogs,

Banisters broke for firewood, and smashed winders stuffed with rags,

These make the sniffers slate the poor, Perticular if they're wags.

Well, gents, you know, it's *this* way. Just you fancy yerselves *born*

In a back-slum like Ragman's Rents. 'Old 'ard, don't larf with scorn!

Some on us *is* born there, yer know; it might ha' bin *your* luck, got the chuck.

If yer mother 'd bin a boozier, and yer father 'd

Of course *yourn* was respectable; *mine* wosn't; there's the diff.!

Ah! things like this ain't settled by a snort or by a sniff. [dark dive,

Jest fancy hopening yer eyes fust time in a Or a sky-parlour where a planrt o' musk won't keep alive.

Emagine, if yer washups can, some ten foot square o' room,

With a stor-heap in one corner, and a "dip" to light the gloom;

With the walls dirt-streaked with damp-lines, outside, a drunken din,

And hinside, a whiff of sewer-gas in a hat-mosphere of gin.

Some on you can't emagine there's sech 'orrors on the earth;

But there are, you bet your buttons. Who 'd select 'em for their *birth*? [I expect;

Not you, not me, not no one, if you asked 'em, But yer place o' birth yer see, gents' jest the thing yer *can't* select.

If you're born where streets is narrer, and where rooms is werry small,

Where you've damp sludge for a ceiling, rotting plarster for a wall;

Where yer can't eat, sleep, wash yerselves, or lay up when you're sick,

Without tumbling one o'er tother, wy, yer *sinks*, gents, pooty quick.

Sinks! Yes, when wot yer lives in *is* a sink, or somethink wus;

With a drunkard for a mother, and some neighbour for a nuss;

With the gutter for yer playground, and a 'ome from which yer shrink,

Can you wonder that poor Slum-birds is give o'er to Dirt and Drink.

Ah! them two D's goes together. Just you plant some orty Queen

In a rookery, in her kidhood, and then tell her to keep *clean*,

Wash 'er face, and mend 'er garments,—wich they're mostly sewed-up rags,—

In six months she'd be a scare-crow, 'ands like sut, and 'air all jags.

Wot yer washups don't quite tumble 'to's the fack as like breeds like.

If you would himprove Slum-dwellers, at the Slum you fust must strike.

Give us small dark 'oles to dwell in, and you must be jolly green

If you think folks bred in dirt like, are a-going to keep 'em clean.

When the sewer-rats take to sweetening and lime-washing *their* foul 'oles,

And bright light and disinfectants are the fads of skunks and moles,

Then poor souls in cellar-dwellings and in jerry-builders' dens,

Will be smart as young canaries and as clean as clucking hens.



NOCKY SPRIGGINGS geyed me proper, in his chucky sorter style,

With his thumb 'ooked orful hartful, and his chickaleary smile.

"JIM," sez he, "wot price *your* jabber? Do yer think the blooming blokes

Cares a cuss for me and you, JIM, any more than for our mokes?

"Shut yer face, you pattering jossler! Dirt and Drink is good for Rents!

If the Poor *wos* clean and sober, where 'ud be their cent-per-cents?

If it's Public 'Ouse 'gainst Wash 'Ouse, if it's Slumland *versus* Swipes,

I am on for booze and backy 'stead o' drains and water-pipes.

"You may be *too* jolly clean, JIM, and a precious sight *too* light,

Were's the good to scrub yer skin orf! And if when a cove gits tight, [wot a lark

Or would give his donah wot-for on the Q.T. If there weren't no 'andy alleys, nor no corners snug and *dark*.

"If the Public—and the Slops—wos always fly to wot *we* done,

'Long o' widened streets and gas-light, wy we'd 'ave no blooming fun.

Lagged for larrupping yer missus, nailed for boozing till yer nod?

Wy, you jabbering young Juggins, *we should always be in quod*!"

'Ard nut is NOCKY SPRIGGINGS—of the sort as make the slums,

'Cos there ain't much chance for cleanness, or for comfort, when *he* comes.

He's as 'appy in the dirt, gents, as a blowfly or a 'og; [a bog;

Or poor Paddy in his tater-patch alongside of He'd chop up 'is doors and winders for a fire

to 'ot his lush, Don't care a 'ang for decency, and never raised a blush.

But, arter my hexperience—and I've 'ad some down our court—

I believe that—fair at bottom—it's the Slum as makes *his* sort.

Anyways I'm pooty certain, if we'd got more light and space,

And were not jammed up together in a filthy, ill-drained place;

If the sunlight could but see us, and the public and the cops,

There would be less booze and bashing, fewer drabs and drinking-shops.

Aye, and fewer NOCKY SPRIGGINGS! I don't go for to say

As it's *all* along o' Landlords, who'd rent 'ell, if 'twould but pay;

But I've noticed you find fewest mice where there are lots of cats,

And where there ain't no rat-holes, well—yer won't spot many rats!

THE LAST DISCOVERY.

(A Sequel to a recent Lecture. By Mr. Punch's Prophetic Reporter.)

THE enormous crowd cheered again and again. It was furious. The enthusiasm spread from throng to throng, until a mighty chorus filled every portion of the land. And there was indeed reason for the rejoicing. Had not the great Arctic Explorer come home? Had he not been to the North Pole and back? At that very moment were not a couple of steam-tugs drawing his wooden vessel towards his native shore? It was indeed a moment for congratulation—not only personal but national, nay cosmopolitan. The victory of art over nature belonged to more than a country, it belonged to the world!

And the tugs came closer and closer, and the cheers grew louder and louder. Then the vessel bearing the Explorer was near at hand. The crowd joyously jumped into the water, and raising him on their shoulders, bore him triumphantly to land.

How they welcomed him! How they seized his hands and kissed them! How they cried and called him "Master," and "Victor," and "Hero!" It was a scene never to be forgotten!

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, they began to ask him questions. At last one of them wished to know how he contrived to find the North Pole and get back in safety?

"You intended to drift?" said they. "Great and glorious hero, victorious victor, triumphant explorer, did you do this?"

"I did," was the reply.

"And tell us what was your method of obtaining the knowledge you now possess?"

Oh, great chief, how *did* you manage it?"

Then came the answer—

"By sitting still, and doing nothing!"

And now it being dark, they separated to illuminate their homes in honour of the fresh industry—an industry admirably adapted to that great and contented class of the community, the Unemployed!

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

III.—THE MAN WHO WOULD GET ON.

"I DREAMED," said the Scotch Professor, "that I was struggling for dear life with a monstrous reptile, whose scaly coils wound about my body, while the extremity of his own was lost in the distance. At last I managed to shake myself free, and setting my foot on his neck, I was preparing to cut his throat, when the animal looked up at me with an appealing expression, and said, 'At least you might give me a testimonial!'"

This professional nightmare (for the labours of a Scotch instructor consist, to a great extent, in writing testimonials, or in evading requests for them), suggested to one of his audience the history of SAUNDERS MCGREGOR, the Man who would Get on. In boyhood, SAUNDERS obtained an exhibition, or bursary, to the University of St. Mungo's. This success implied no high degree of scholarship, for the benefice was only open to persons of the surname of MCGREGOR, and the Christian-name of SAUNDERS. The provident parents of our hero, having accidentally become aware of this circumstance, had their offspring christened SAUNDERS, and thus secured, from the very first, an opening for the young man.

At St. Mungo's, SAUNDERS was mainly notable for a generous view of life, which enabled him to look on the goods of others as practically common among Christians. A pipe of his own he somehow possessed, but tobacco and lights he invariably borrowed, also golf-balls, postage-stamps, railway fares, books, caps, gowns, and similar trifles; while his nature was so social, that he invariably dropped in to supper with one or other of his companions. The accident of being left alone for a few moments in the study of our Examiner, where SAUNDERS deftly possessed himself of a set of examination-papers, enabled him to take his degree with an ease and brilliance which very considerably astonished his instructors. By adroitly using this good fortune, SAUNDERS accumulated a pile of most egregious testimonials, and these he regarded as the main-spring of success in life. He had early discovered in himself a singular capacity for drawing salaries, and as he had unbounded conceit and unqualified ignorance, he conceived himself to be fit for any post in life to which a salary is attached. He had also really great gifts as a *crampon*, or hanger-on, and neglected no opportunity, while he made many, of securing useful acquaintances. Thus it was the custom of his college to elect, at stated periods, a man of eminence as Rector. SAUNDERS at once constituted himself secretary of a committee, and, without consulting his associates, wrote invitations to eminent politicians, poets, painters, actors, editors, clergymen, and other people much in the public eye. In these effusions he poured forth the innocent enthusiasm of his heart, expressing an admiration which might seem excessive to all but its objects. They, with the guilelessness of mature age and conscious merit, were touched by SAUNDERS's expressions of esteem, which they set down to hero-worship, and a fervent study of Mr. CARLYLE's works. Only one of the persons addressed, unluckily, could be elected; but SAUNDERS added their responses to his pile of testimonials, and frequently gave them good epistolary reason to remember his existence and his devotion.

His earliest object was to become secretary to somebody or something, the Prime Minister, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Society for the Protection of Aborigines, or Ancient Monuments, or even as Secretary to the Carlton Club, SAUNDERS felt he could do his talents justice in any of these positions. If anything was to be had, SAUNDERS was the boy to ask for it; nay more, to ask other people to ask. Private Secretaryships to Ministers, or societies, or great Clubs, are not invariably given to the first applicant who comes along, even if he appeals to testimonials in the Junior Mathe-

matical Class from Professor MCGLASHAN of St. Mungo's. But SAUNDERS was not daunted. He would write to one notable, informing him that his grandmother had been at a parish school with the notable's great uncle—on which ground of acquaintanceship he would ask that the notable should at once get him a post as Secretary of a Geological Society, or as Inspector of Manufactories, or of Salmon Fisheries, or to a Commission on the Trade of Knife-grinding.

Another notable he would tell that he had once been pointed out to him in a railway station, therefore he was emboldened to ask his correspondent to ask his Publisher, to get at the Editor of the *Times*, and recommend him, SAUNDERS, as Musical Critic, or Sub-editor, or Society Reporter. Nor did SAUNDERS neglect Professorships, and vacant Chairs. His testimonials went in for all of them. He was equally ready and qualified to be Professor of Greek, Metaphysics, Etruscan, Chemistry, or the Use of the Globes, while Biblical criticism and Natural Religion, prompted his wildest yearnings. Though ignorant of foreign languages, he was prepared to be a correspondent anywhere, and though he was purely unlearned in all matters, he proposed to edit Dictionaries and Encyclopædias, of course with the assistance of a large and competent staff. His proofs of capacity for a series of occupations that would have

staggered a CRIGHTON, was always attested by his old College testimonials, for SAUNDERS was of opinion that the courteous *obiter dictum* of a Professor was an Open Sesame to all the golden gates of the world. Meanwhile, he supported existence by teaching the elements of the classic languages, with which he had the most distant acquaintance, to little boys, at a Day School. But one of these pupils came home, one afternoon, in tears, having been beaten on the palms of the hands with a leather strap, in addition to the task of writing out the verb *λύω*. This punishment was inflicted because, in accordance with SAUNDERS's instructions, he had represented the Cyclops of Euripides as "sweeping the stars with a rake." The original words of the Athenian poet do not bear this remarkable construction, so SAUNDERS was dismissed from the only work which he

had ever made even a pretence of doing. He has not the energy, nor the lungs necessary for the profession of an agitator; he has not the grammar required in a penny-a-liner, he cannot cut hair, and his manners unfit him for the occupation of a shop-assistant, so that little is left open to SAUNDERS but the industry of the Blackmailer. The office of Secretary to a Missionary in a Leper settlement, on an island of Tierra Del Fuego, is, however, vacant; and, if the many important personages with whom SAUNDERS has corresponded will only make a united effort, it is possible that the Man who would Get on may at last be got off, and relieve society from the burden of his solicitations. May the comparative failure in life of SAUNDERS MCGREGOR act as a warning to those who think that they shall be heard, by men, for their much asking!

P.S.—This does not apply to women. We have just been informed that Mr. SAUNDERS MCGREGOR, M.A., is about to lead to the altar the only and orphan daughter of the late ALISTER MCFUNGUS, Esq., of Castle Fungus, Dreepdaily, N.B., the eminent introducer of remarkably improved processes in the manufacture of Heel-ball.



"ONE DOWN, T'OTHER COME ON!"—Mr. HORACE SEDGER has a *Prima Donna* supply always on tap. After two of them have retired from the principal part in *Incognita*, the lively Miss AIDA JENOURE—"Aid 'em JENOURE," she ought to be called," quoth Mr. WAGG-STAFF—comes to the rescue, and "on we goes again" with an excellent *danseuse*, too, thoroughly in earnest, as her name implies, which sounds like Miss Sin-cere and is written Miss St. CYR.



THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.



A MERE DETAIL.

Friend of the Family. "WEEL, MRS. M'GLASGIE, AND HOW 'S YOUR DAUGHTER DOIN', THE ONE THAT WAS MARRIED A WHILE AGO?"
Mrs. M'Glasgie. "OH, VARRA WEEL, THANK YE, MR. BROWN, VARRA WEEL, INDEED! SHE CANNA ABIDE HER MAN. BUT THEN, YE KEN, THERE 'S AYE A SOMETHING!!"

THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.

(Modern Monetary Version.)

'Twas the gallant Golden Knight downed his visor for the fight.
 All true champions delight in hard tussles.
 With his yellow Standard reared at his back, no foe he feared,
 And his gaze all comers queered,
 There at Brussels.

Like *Sir Kenneth*, only more so, he expanded his fine torso.
 His Standard—bold he swore so—flying proudly,
 Still supreme should flow and flaunt, its defenders none should daunt.
 'Twas a very valiant vaunt.
 Shouted loudly.

Now the Silver Knight had sworn—that the Standard so long borne
 By the Aureate One, in scorn irreducible
 Should not solitary wave. He'd squabosh that champion brave,
 Or would find a torrid grave—
 In some crucible!

Such cremation he would dare if that Standard he might bear
 To the dust, and upraise there one more Silvery.
 For this Argent Knight, though pale, was right sure he could not fail,
 He was proud of his white mail,
 And his skill—very!

So here, Gentles, you behold that brave Knight in mail of Gold,
 Sworn his Standard to uphold high and aureate;
 And that blustering battle-bout, twixt those champions stern and
 stout,
 Will inspire, I have no doubt,
 Our next Laureate!

Yank Knights—Errant may evince interest grave; that Indian Prince
 Will alternate swell and wince as they struggle;
 The young Scottish Knight BALFOUR (who looks callow more than
 dour)

Hopes the Silver Knight may score,
 By some juggle.

But in spite of Yank and Scot, and the Bimetallic lot,
 They who're fly to what is what, back the Gold 'un.
 And did I bet—for fun—ere this Standard fight is done,
 I should plank my ten to one
 On the Old 'Un!

SUN-SPOTS.

Fog, haze, smoke or cloud, almost daily enshroud
 The Metropolis—place we should shun—
 And day after day the reports briefly say,
 "Bright sunshine at Westminster—none,"

Yes, none!

O Sol, not a ray; no, not one!

The Times says that lots, quite a fine group of spots,
 Are discernible now on the sun;
 Have these stopped heat or light, so that weather-wise write,
 "Bright sunshine at Westminster—none?"

Yes, none!

O Sol, what have you been and done?

Have these sun-spots increased? We know London, at least,
 Is a spot unconnected with sun;
 All day long we burn gas, the report is, alas!
 "Bright sunshine at Westminster—none,"

Yes, none!

O Sol, you old son of a gun!

LADY GAY'S SELECTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Mount Street, Berkeley Square.*

I AM proud of being the "selection" referred to above, though, as a matter of fact it was I who "selected" GAY from the numerous sweet young things submitted for my approval during the Season when I was considered "the parti"!—but on this point I maintain a noble silence! In spite of the old Welsh proverb, "Oh, wad some Gay the giftie gie us," &c. &c., I was a bit puzzled on reading GAY's letters, at the similarity of names, but thought it only a coincidence, until she was so upset by the one she read when abroad, that she confessed everything, and asked my advice!—It's very strange how all these clever women, when they get into a fix, apply for assistance to weak "man!" eh? Now that flat-racing is over, we are "resting on our oars" for a time—(that is literally true, for the country has been mostly under water lately!)—but we shall shortly have a cut-in at steeplechasing, when GAY will doubtless have some new experiences to relate; meanwhile, allow me to subscribe myself—(I like to subscribe to everything good)—Yours explanatorily,
 (Lord) ARTHUR FLEETWOOD.

ALL ROUND THE FAIR.

No. III.

IN THE "FINE ART" EXHIBITION.

Rustic Art Patrons discovered applying their eyes to peepholes, through which a motley collection of coloured lithographs of the Crimean Campaign, faded stereoscopic-views, Scriptural engravings, and daubed woodcuts from the "Illustrated Police News," is arranged for their inspection.

First Art Patron (waiting for his turn at the first peephole). Look alive theer, GE-ARGE, ain't ye done squintin' at 'un yet?

Ge-arge (a local humorist). 'Tis a rare old novelty, BEN, th' latest from London, and naw mistake 'bout it!

Ben (with disappointment, as he succeeds to the peephole). Why, 'tain't on'y ADAM an' EVE afoor th' Fall! that ain't so partickler noo, as I can see—Lar dear, they're a settin' nekked on a live lion, and a nursin' o' rabbits! (At the next hole ADAM and EVE are represented "After the Fall," overwhelmed with confusion, while the lion is stalking off scandalised, with a fine expression of lofty moral indignation.) 'Ere they are agen! that theer lion thinks he's played sofy to 'en long 'nough, seemin'ly!

Ge-arge (from a further peephole). I say, BEN, 'ere's Mrs. PEARCEY a murderin' Mrs. Ogg down this 'un—we're a-gittin' along!

Ben (puzzled). They must ha' skipped out a deal. I'm on'y at "CAIN killin' ABEL!"

Female Patron (to Proprietor). 'Ere, Master, I can't see nothen' down 'ere—'tis all dark like!

Proprietor. Let me 'ave a look! You shud put your 'ands so, each side o' your eyes, and—(He looks.) 'Um, it is rayther—but what else do yer expeck? It's a "View o' Paris by Night," ain't it—that's all right!

OUTSIDE "PROFESSOR PUGMAN'S SPARRING SALOON."

The Professor (on a little platform, with a pair of Pupils). Now then, all you as are lovers o' the Noble and Manly Art o' Self-Defence, step inside and see it illustrated in a scientific an' fust-class manner! This (introducing first Pupil, who rubs his nose with dignity) is 'OPPER o' Olloway, the becoming nine-stun Champion. This hother's BATTERS o' Bermondsey, open to fight any lad in England at eight-stun four. Is there anyone among you willing to 'ave a round or two with either on 'em fur a drink an' admission free?—if so, now's his time to step forward—there's no waiting, mind yer?

Joe (to Melia). I b'lieve as 'ow I could tackle the little 'un—I used to box above a bit.

Melia. Don't ye now, JOE; you'll on'y go and git yourself 'urt or summat!

Joe. I shan't git 'urt. 'Ere, Master, I'm game fur to put on the gloves wi' 'im.

Prof. Git inside with yer then! (To Crowd.) Now then for the Great Glove Contest—Just goin' inside to begin—Mind, there's no waitin'!

Joe. 'Ere, MELIA, come along in, and look arter my 'at an' coat.

Melia. I dussen't, JOE! I can't abear to see no fightin', I'll bide 'ere till ye come out.

[Joe enters the tent, followed by the Pupils and a few Connoisseurs.

Prof. (looking into the interior of tent through a slit in the canvas). Theer they are! Oh my, what a pictur'! They're puttin' on the gloves now, make 'aste if you're goin' in! (The Crowd hesitate.) 'Ere! (To the Champions.) Step outside once more and show yourselves!

[The Champions appear, re-mount the platform, and are introduced all over again.

Melia (intercepting her swain). JOE, 'ow are ye gittin' on? You don't look none the worse so fur; it is neelly over?

Joe (gruffly). Neelly over! why, we ain't begun yet—nor likely to wi' all this bloomin' palaverin'!

Melia. I do wish 'twas over—Kip a good 'art, JOE; don't let 'un go knockin' ye about!

Joe (with a slight decrease of confidence). Theer's a way to talk! I don't reckon as 'ow he'll kill me, not in three rounds, I don't, but if I'd a-know'd there'd be all this messin' about fust, I'd a—
[He goes inside gloomily.]

INSIDE THE SPARRING SALOON.

The Spectators are waiting patiently around the ropes; the Professor is still on the platform, expatiating on the coming contest. JOE has found a friend whom he has entrusted with his hat and coat.

Joe (to the Friend). Jest kip a heye on these 'ere, will ye!

[He hands him a huge pair of highlows.

Prof. (calling in). Fur the larst time, come outside and show yerselves, all on yer!

The Friend. You got to go out agin, JOE, better putt on yer coat an' 'at, not to ketch cold!

Joe. Ah, and I'll 'ave to 'ave they bo-oots on agen, too. (He gets into his things in a great flurry, and hastens outside.) 'Tis enough to take th' 'art out of a man, thet 'tis!

[More exhortations from Proprietor, until the last Spectator has been induced to enter the Saloon, whereupon the Champions return, and the hangings at the entrance are finally drawn.

Prof. (acting as Timekeeper). Now then, all ready? (To JOE.) In you go—What are yer waitin' for? Never mind about takin' orf yer boots! Gentlemen, BATTERS o' Bermondsey is agoin' to fight three rounds with a volunteer, one o' your own men. What-

ever you see between 'em (solemnly), pass no remarks! Time!

[JOE and "BATTERS o' Bermondsey" walk round each other and make a fumbling attempt to shake hands, after which JOE, while preparing to deliver a blow with extreme caution and deliberation, is surprised by a smart smack on his cheek, which makes him stagger; he recovers himself and prances down on BATTERS with a windmill action.

Batters (limping into his corner). 'Ere, I say, ole man—moind my tows—foight at yer right end!

Joe (apologetically). I didn't mean nothing unfair-like—I warn't fur to take off them 'ere boots—but I warn't let!

Batters. I'll let ye—fur 'taint no corpet slippers as you've got on, ole feller, I tell yer strite!

[JOE removes the offending boots. Spectators (during the second round, which is fought with more spirit than science on JOE's part). Ah, JOE ain't no match for 'un—he let 'un 'ave it then, didn't he? My word! but it's "Go 'ome an' tell yer Mother, an' ax yer Uncle 'ow ye be" with 'un, pretty near every time!

Prof. (with affected rapture). Oh dear! Oh lor! What doins! Time! you two, afore ye kill one another! Now, Gentlemen, a good clap, to encourage 'em. I think you'll agree as the Volunteer is showin' you good sport; and, if you think him deservin' of a drink, p'raps one o' you will oblige with the loan of a 'at, which he'll now take round. (The hat is procured, and offered to JOE, who, however, prefers that the collection should be made by deputy.) Don't forget 'im, Gentlemen! (Coppers pour into the hat, and the last round is fought; B. of B. ducking JOE's blows with great agility, and planting his own freely in various parts of JOE's anatomy.)

Spectators. 'E'll be knocked out in a minnit, 'e will! Don't sim to git near 'un no 'ow. Look a' that—and thar agin! Ah, JOE got one in that time—but the tother's the better man—'e don't tough 'un without 'ittin' of 'un—d'ye see? Time! Ah, and time it was time, too—fur 'im!

Prof. (to JOE, as he sits blinking, and blowing his nose with vigour). That was a jolly good fight—tho' rough. You've some notion o' sparrin'—we'd soon make a boxer o' you. 'Ere's your share of the collection—sevenpence ap'ny. We give you the extry ap'ny, bein' a stranger. Would you feel inclined to fight six rounds, later on like, with another of our lads, fur ten bob, now?

Joe (making a futile attempt to untie his glove with his teeth). Much obliged, Master, but I've 'ad about enough spree a'ready to do me fur a bit.

Prof. Are there any two friends in 'ere as 'ud like to fight a round or two?

[Two Rustics step forward valiantly—a tall dark man and a little red-haired one—and, after the usual preliminaries, square up at a safe distance.



Spectators (to the tall man). Why don't ye step up to 'un, Jim? Use yer right 'and a bit! *(To the short one.)* Let out on 'un, Tom!

[Tom, thus exhorted, lands an unexpected blow on Jim's eye.]

Jim (suddenly ducking under the rope in great dudgeon). 'Twas a cowardly blow! I didn't stan' up to be 'it in th' fa-ace i' that way; I've 'ad enoof of it!

Tom. Come baek and fight it out! *(Soothingly.)* Why, ye come at me like a thunderin' great lion, ye did!

Jim (putting on his hat and coat, sulkily). Loi-on or noan, I ain't gawin' to hev naw moor on it, I tell 'ee. *[Groans from Spectators.]*

Prof. Don't be 'ard on 'im, Gents; it ain't 'is fault if he's on'y bin used to box with bolsters, and as he ain't goin' to finish 'is rounds, it's all over for this time, and I 'ope you're all satisfied with what you've seen.

A Malcontent. I ain't. I carl it a bloomin' swindle. I come 'ere to see some sparrin', I did!

Prof. Step inside the ropes then, and I'll soon show yer some! *(This invitation is hastily declined.)* Well, then, go outside quiet, d'jeer me? or else you'll do it upside down, like ole JOHN BROWN, in 'arf a sec., I can tell yer!

[The Malcontent departs meekly, and reserves any further observations until he is out of hearing.]

Melba (to JOE). Lor, I wish now I'd been there to see ye; I do 'ope ye weren't too rough with 'un, though, JOE. What shall we do next?—ave a turn on the swings, or the swishback circus, or the giddy-go-round—or what? *(JOE shakes his head.)* Why won't ye, JOE?

Joe (driven to candour). Why?—'cause it 'ud be throwin' away money, seein' I've got 'em all goin' on inside o' me at once as 'tis, if ye want to know! I feel a deal more like settin' down quiet a bit, I do, if I cud find a place.

Melba (with an inspiration). Then let's go and 'ave our likenesses took!

[She cannot understand why JOE should be so needlessly incensed at so innocent and opportune a suggestion.]

THE "BEST EVIDENCE"—HOW NOT TO GET IT.

HAVE been summoned to attend as a Witness in the trial of the six roughs who first drugged and then savagely ill-treated a foolishly convivial citizen in Whitechapel. Don't know if it was wise of me to tell the Police that I could identify the men. Since my evidence before the Magistrate came out, I have had thirty-seven threatening letters, my front windows have been broken several times over, and a valuable dog poisoned. Still, evidently a patriotic duty to "assist the course of Justice;" and no doubt I shall be compensated.

So this is the "Central Criminal Court," is it? Should hardly have believed it possible. Outside mean and dirty.

Interior, meaner and much dirtier. Speak to Usher. Usher most polite. Glad, that at any rate, they do know how to treat important Witnesses. Am assured I shall have a seat "close to the Judge." Produce my witness-summings. Demeanour of Usher suddenly changes. I shall have to go to the "Witnesses' Waiting-room in the old Court." Where's that? *He* doesn't know. I'd better ask a Policeman. It now flashes across me that Usher mistook me for a wealthy, and probably generous spectator, and thought when I was fumbling in my pocket for my summings, I was looking for half-a-crown for *him*! Depressing.

Policeman leaves me in a dark, draughty passage, with a bench on each side. "But where is the waiting-room?" I ask an attendant. "This is the waiting-room," he replies. More like the Black Hole. Was it wise of me to give information to the Police?

Two Days later.—They crammed forty Witnesses into that passage! No seats for half of them. We had one chair, and Usher took it away "as a lady wanted it in Court." Lady no doubt a spectator—did *she* hunt in her pocket for half-a-crown? Anyhow, after two days in the passage, I have just given my evidence in Court, with fearful cold on my lungs, owing to the draught. Very hoarse. Ordered by Judge, sternly, to "speak up." Conscious that I looked a wretched object. Jury regarded me with evident suspicion. Severely cross-examined. Mentioned to Judge about my windows being smashed, &c.; could I receive anything for it? "Oh, dear no," replied the Judge; "we never reward Witnesses." Amusement in Court—at my expense. In fact, the course of Justice generally seems to be altogether at my expense. Home in a cab and a fever. Find ten more threatening letters, and an infernal machine under area-steps. Go to bed. Doctor says I am in for pneumonia and bronchitis, he thinks. Tells me I am thoroughly run down, and asks me, "What I've been doing to reduce myself to this state?" I reply that, "I have been assisting the course of Justice." Doctor shrugs his shoulders, and I hear him distinctly mutter, "More fool you!" I agree with Doctor, cordially. Am quite certain now that it was unwise to tell Police that I could identify those criminals. If this is the way in which Witnesses are treated, let Justice in future assist itself!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite has been reading *Mona Maclean, Medical Student.* (BLACKWOOD.) "It is," he tells me, "a Novel with a purpose—no recommendation for a novel, more especially when the purpose selected is that of demonstrating the indispensability of women-doctors. Happily GRAHAM TRAVERS, as the author (being evidently a woman) calls herself, is lured from her fell design. There is a chapter or two of talk among the girls in the dissecting-room and the chemical laboratory, with much about the "spheno-maxillary fossa," the "dorsalis pedis," and the general whereabouts of "Scarpa's triangle." But these can be skipped, and the reader may get into the company of *Mona Maclean* when she is less erudite, and more womanly. When not dissecting the "plantar arch," *Mona* is a bright, fearless, clever girl, with a breezy manner, refreshing to all admitted to her company. The episode of her shopkeeping experience is admirably told, and affords the author abundant and varied opportunity of exercising her gift of drawing character. *Mona Maclean* is, apparently, a first effort at novel-writing. The workmanship improves up to the end of the third volume; and Miss TRAVERS' next book will be better still.



Affection's Offering—from Alfred the Second to Dean George the First.

To Mr. J. FISHER UNWIN comes the happy thought of issuing, in a neatly-packed box, the whole twenty volumes of the Pseudonym Library—and a very acceptable Christmas-Box it will make. The volumes, with their odd, oblong shape, are delightful to hold; the type is good, and the excellence of the literary matter is remarkably well kept up over the already long series. Mr. UNWIN promises fresh volumes, introducing to the British public Finnish and Danish authors, or Danish first, and the others to Finnish.

See how these Poets love one another! How touching is the dedication of ALFRED AUSTIN's latest volume to GEORGE MEREDITH! May both live long and prosper, is the hearty wish of their friend,
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO COMFORT.—A DREAM.

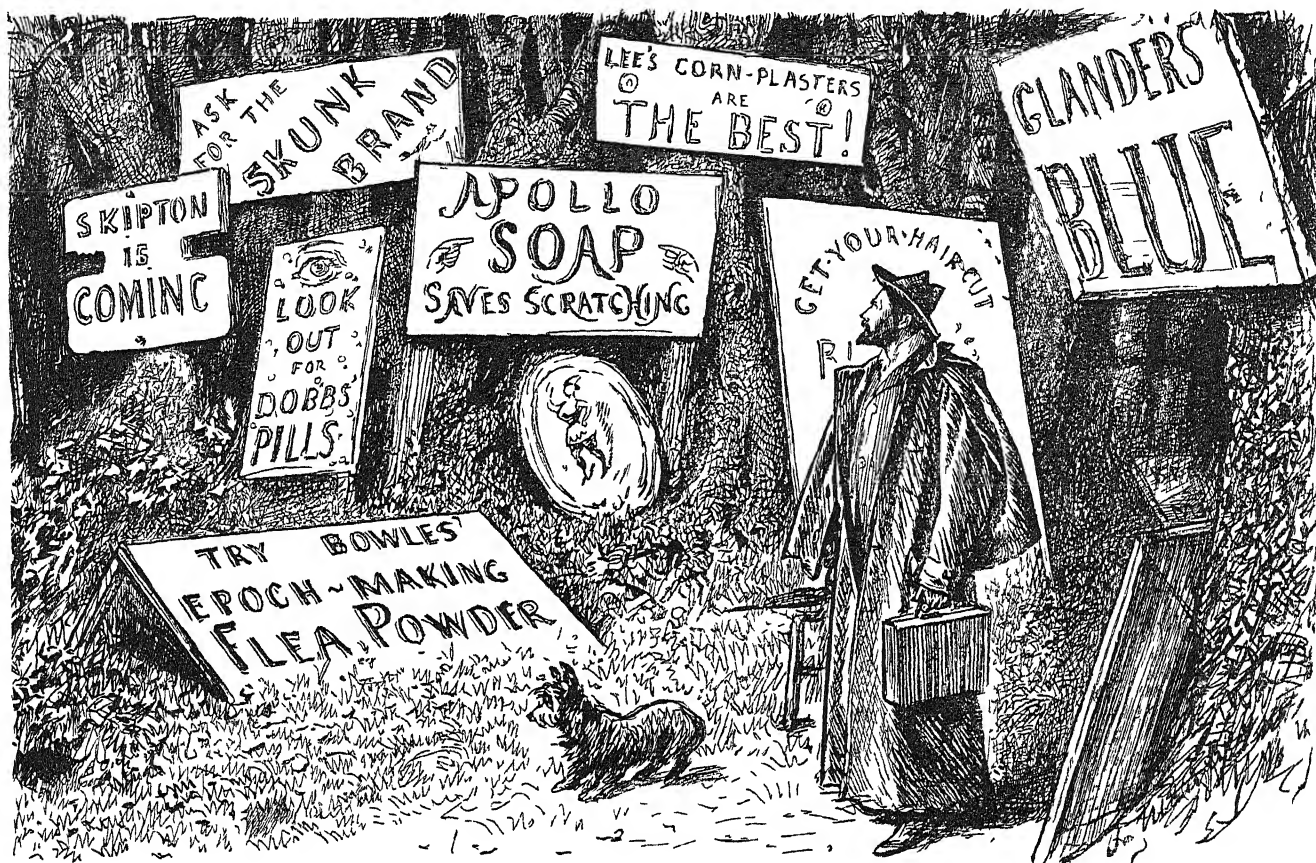
THE rival Steamboats were on the alert. It was a misty night, and it was a difficult matter to make out the lights of Calais Harbour. "We shall catch him yet," said the Captain of the Blue Vessel. "He will not escape us," observed the C. O. of the Red. Suddenly the Blue started at full steam ahead, and was lost to sight in Calais harbour. She was quickly followed by the Red, moving with equal expedition.

The vessels reached the quay nearly at the same time. Then there was confusion and sounds of military music. Evidently the Illustrious Personage had embarked. Then the mist cleared away.

"He is safe on board," said the Captain of the Blue Vessel, and his Mate indulged in a short laugh of triumph.

"It does not matter," observed the Commanding Officer of the Red; "the Blue may have his person, but *we* have his luggage!"

And then the cheers were renewed again and again, and the Illustrious Personage came to the conclusion that English enterprise was not without its disadvantages!



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

HE TRAVELS ALL OVER ENGLAND IN SEARCH OF A BACKGROUND FOR HIS "VIVIAN BEGUILING MERLIN IN THE FOREST OF BROCELIANDE,"—A HOPELESS QUEST!

BOGEY OR BENEFACTOR?

Timid Ratepayer loquitur :—

O LOR! O dear! What have we here? What a nondescript, huge NID-NODDY! None know, I'm sure, what I have to endure. It's enough to frighten a body! They are always up to some queer new game, and a giving me some fresh master; But this one is a *crux* from the sole of his foot to the crown of his comical castor.

He looks as big as all out-of-doors, and e'en BUMBLE was hardly as bumptious. He'd make my London a Paradise, which is a prospect that's perfectly scrumptious. But oh! he is big, with the funniest rig; a Titan who, if he *should* tumble, Might squelch me as flat as an opera-hat, and make me regret old BUMBLE.

Noodledom ruled me for many long years; this means, I am told, a new Era; But bad as a Booby may be as a Boss, what about a colossal Chimæra? I don't say he's that, but with body of goat, dragon's tail, and the head of a lion, A creature were hardly more "mixed" than *this* monster, whose rule for the time I must try on.

A complex, conglomerate, Jack-of-all-Trades! Well, I trust he'll be master of some of them! *Largo al factotum!* He's game for all tasks, and—I wish I was sure what would come of them.

Most representative? Palpable that! And his plans most sublime (so he says) are; But he looks just as motley a nondescript as the image of Nebuchadnezzar.

The elephant who can root up a huge oak, or handle a needle or pin, is Less marvellous much, and it may be, of course, that the folks who distrust him are ninnies.

I hopeso, I'm sure. There are evils to cure, and of room for improvement there's plenty; And all must admit that, whatever his faults, he cannot be called *far niente*.

He *does* look a bit of a Bogey, but then he *may* prove just a big Benefactor. And if he should work on the cheap kill Corruption, and kick out the knavish Contractor, Without piling Pelion on Ossa (of rates) on my back, till my legs with the "tottle" limp,

I shall "learn to love him" as Giant Beneficent, not a big, blundering Bottle-Imp!

OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.—*Otello* (the Grand *Otello* Company, Limited) was the feature last week. GIANINI a stout *Otello*, much and Moor. MELBA a charming *Desdemona*, but not a great part for her. DUFRICHE as *Iago*, good, but not good enough for him. SIR DRURIOLANUS gives *Carmen* at Windsor Castle, before the QUEEN! Aha! Where now is LAGO Factotum and His Special Patronaged Royal Box at the Olympic? DRURIOLANUS Victor, with all the honours.

AT A RINK.

ROUND and round, and to and fro
At a rink,
Pretty girls, with cheeks that glow
Rosy pink;
Graceful, gleeful, gliding, go,
Whilst they link
Arms together, like the flow
Past its brink
Of a river's eddy—so
Duffers think
They can glide. See one start slow,
Shyly shrink,
Fearful lest his end be woe,
Sheepish slink,
Skates on unaccustomed toe
Strangely clink,
Hot and thirsty he will grow,
Long for drink;
All around amusement show,
Laugh and wink,
But they look as black as crow,
Or as ink,
If he fall against them. Oh,
In a twink
On the floor, not soft but low,
See him sink!
Whilst he murmurs gently, "Blow
This old rink!"

LOGICAL AND ENGINE-IOUS.—Why object (though we do) to Advertisements of all sorts along our Railway lines? Surely, wherever the Locomotive goes, there is the very place for puffing.



BOGEY OR BENEFACTOR ?

L. C. C. "HA, HA! YOU MUST LEARN TO LOVE ME!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

THE SMOKING-ROOM.

(With which is incorporated "Anecdotes.")

LET us imagine, if you please, that the toils and trampings of the day are over. You are staying at a comfortable country-house with friends whom you like. You have had a good day at your host's pheasants and his rabbits. Your shooting has been fairly accurate, not ostentatiously brilliant, but on the whole satisfactory. You have followed out the hints given in my previous Chapters, and are consequently looked upon as a pleasant fellow, with plenty to say for

himself. After tea, in the drawing-room, you have had an hour or two for the writing of letters, which you have of course not written, for the reading of the morning papers from London which you have skimmed with a faint interest, and for the forty or eighty or one hundred and twenty winks in an arm-chair in front of the fire, which are by no means the least pleasant and comforting incident in the day's programme. You have dressed for dinner in good time; you have tied your white tie successfully "in once;" you have taken in a charming girl (ROSE LARKING, let us say) to dinner. The dinner itself has been good, the drawing-room interlude after dinner has been pleasantly varied with music, and the ladies have, with the tact for which they are sometimes distinguished, retired early to bed-rooms, where it is believed they spend hours in the combing of their beautiful hair, and the interchange of gossip. You are in high spirits. You think, indeed you are sure (and again, on thinking it well over, not quite so sure), that the adorable Rose looked kindly upon you as she said good-night, and allowed her pretty little hand to linger in your own while you assured her that to-morrow you would get for her the pinion-feather of a woodcock, or die in the attempt. You are now arrayed in your smoking-coat (the black with the red silk-facings), and your velvet slippers with your initials worked in gold—a birthday present from your sister. All the rest are, each after his own fashion, similarly attired, and the whole male party is gathered together in the smoking-room. There you sit and smoke and chat until the witching hour of night, when everybody yawns and grave men, as well as gay, go up to their beds.

Now, since you are an unassuming youngster, and anxious to learn, you ask me probably, how you are to bear yourself in this important assembly, what you are to speak about, and how? The chief thing, I answer, is *not to be a bore*. It is so easy *not* to be a bore if only you give a little thought to it. Nobody wants to be a bore. I cannot imagine any man consciously incurring the execration of his fellow-men. And yet there exist innumerable bores scattered through the length and breadth of our happy country, and carrying on their dismal business with an almost malignant persistency. Longwindedness, pomposity, the exaggeration of petty trivialities, the irresistible desire to magnify one's own wretched little achievements, to pose as

the little hero of insignificant adventures, and to relate them to the whole world in every dull detail, regardless of the right of other men to get an occasional word in edgewise—these are the true marks of the genuine bore. He must know that you take no interest in him or his story. Even if you did, his manner of telling it would flatten you, yet he fascinates you with that glassy stare, that self-conscious and self-admiring smirk, and distils his tale into your ears at the very moment when you are burning to talk over old College-days with CHALMERS, or to discuss an article in the *Field* with SHABRACK.

I remember once finding myself, by some freak of mocking destiny, in a house in which *two* bores had established fortified camps. On the first night, we all became so dazed with intolerable dullness, that

our powers of resistance faded away to the vanishing point. Both bores sallied out from their ramparts, laid our little possessions waste, and led, each his tale of captives back with him, gagged, bound, and incapable of struggle.

So next day, when the accustomed train

Of things grew round our sense again,

we agreed together, those of us, I mean, who had suffered on the previous night, that something must be done. What it was to be we could not at first decide. We should have preferred "something lingering, with boiling oil in it," but at last we decided on the brilliant suggestion of SHABRACK, who was of the party, that we should endeavour by some means or other to bring the two bores, as it were, face to face in a kind of boring-competition in the smoking-room that very night, to engage them in warfare against one another and ourselves to sit by and watch them mutually extinguishing one another; a result that, we were certain, could not fail to be brought about, owing to the deadly nature of the weapons with which each was provided. Both the bores, I may observe, shot execrably during the day. In the evening, after a short preliminary skirmish, from which SHABRACK the hussar extricated us with but little loss, that which we desired came to pass. It was a terrible spectacle. In a moment both these magnificent animals, their bristles erect, and all their tusks flashing fiercely in the lamp-light, were locked in the death-grapple. Every detail of the memorable struggle is indelibly burnt



QUITE UNPARDONABLE.

Assistant (in his most insinuating manner). "IN YOUR CASE, MADAM, I SHOULD CERTAINLY CONSIDER FAST COLOURS MOST SUITABLE." RESULT!

into my brain. Even at this distance of time, I can remember how we all looked on, silent, awestruck, fascinated, as the dreadful fight proceeded to its inevitable close. For the benefit of others, let me attempt to describe it in the appropriate language of the Ring.

GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN THE KENTISH PROSER AND THE HAMPSHIRE DULLARD.

Round I.—Both men advanced, confident, but cautious. After sparring for an opening, the Proser landed lightly on the jaw with,—“When the Duke of DASHBURY did me the honour to ask me to his Grace's noble deer-forest.” He ducked to avoid the return, but the Hampshire Champion would not be denied, and placed two heavy fish-stories fair in the bread-basket. The Proser swung round a vicious right-hander anecdote about a stag shot



THE SERPENT'S TOOTH.

"DIDN'T I SEND 'IM TO HETON AN' Hoxford? DIDN'T I SEND 'IM INTO THE HARMY, ALONG O' SOME O' THE BIGGEST NOBS IN ALL HENGLAND, WITH AN ALLOWANCE FIT FOR A YOUNG HEARL? AND WHAT'S THE HUPSHOT OF IT ALL? WHY, HE GIVES DINNERS TO DOOKS AND ROYAL 'IGHNESSES, AN' DON'T EVEN HARSK 'IS PORE OLD FATHER TO MEET 'EM. 'IGHNESSES, INDEED! I COULD BUY UP THE 'OLE BLESSED LOT! AND, WHAT'S MORE, I WOULDN'T MIND TELLIN' 'EM SO TO THEIR FACES, FOR TWO PINS!—AH! JUST AS SOON AS LOOK AT 'EM—AND 'E KNOWS IT!"

at 250 yards, but the blow fell short, and he was fairly staggered by two in succession ("the tree-climbing rabbit," and "the Marquis of DULLFIELD's gaiters"), delivered straight on the mouth. First blood for the Dullard. After some hard exchanges they closed, and fell, the Dullard underneath.

Round II.—Both blowing a good deal. The Proser put up his Dukes, and let fly with both of them, one after another, at the Dullard's conk, drawing claret profusely. Nothing daunted, the Dullard watched his opportunity, and delivered a first-class Royal Prince on the Proser's right eye, half closing that optic. The men now closed, but broke away again almost directly. Some smart fibbing, in which neither could claim an advantage, ensued. The round was brought to a close by some rapid exchanges, after which the Proser went down. Betting 6 to 4 on the Dullard.

Round III., and last.—Proser's right peeper badly swollen, the Dullard gory, and a bit groggy, but still smiling. Proser opened with a ricochet, which did great execution, but was countered heavily when he attempted to repeat the trick, the Dullard all but knocking him off his legs with a fifty-pound salmon. After some slight exchanges

they began a hammer-and-tongs game, in which Proser scored heavily. Dullard, however, pulled himself together for a final rush. They met in the middle of the ring, and both fell heavily. As neither was able to rise, the fight was drawn. Both men were heavily damaged, and were carried away with their jaws broken.

There you have the story. The actual result was that these two ponderous bores all but did one another to death. So exhausted were they by the terrible conflict, that our comfort was not again disturbed by them during this particular visit. We were lucky, though at first we scarcely saw it, in getting two evenly matched ironclad bores together. If we had had only one, the matter would have been far more difficult.

Undecided.

GOOSEY, Goose, Uganda,
With whom will you wander,
With the English, with the French?
Or with King MWANGA?

ADVICE GRATIS (by a Bill Poster).—"Invest all your savings in hoardings."

THE COMPLIMENT OF COIN.

(An Extract from Mr. Punch's Purely Imaginary Conversations.)

SCENE—Interior of a Palace. Emperor and Empress discovered discussing the former's tour in foreign parts.

Emperor (finishing a good story). So after I had made a hearty meal off the bread-and-milk, I gave the old woman a note for five thousand thalers, and told her to buy a three-sous portrait of myself so that she might see the Sovereign that she had saved from starvation. Ha! ha! ha! Wasn't it amusing?

Empress (smiling). Very, dear; but wasn't it a little expensive? Surely you could have got the bread-and-milk for a smaller sum?

Emperor. Of course I could! But then, don't you see, it made me popular. It's in all the papers, and reads splendidly!

Empress. Yes, of course, dear. By the way, I found this volume (*producing book bound in velvet with real gold clasps*) in your overcoat. May I peep into it?

Emperor (doubtfully). I don't think you will find it particularly interesting. I have just jotted down my petty cash disbursements.

Empress (opening book and glancing at contents). Dear me! Why the total amounts to £15,000! I see it's put in English money.

Emperor. Yes, it saves trouble. When I am travelling I get rather confused with all coinage save that of Mother's Fatherland.

Empress. But surely £15,000 is a lot to expend upon extras?

Emperor. Depends on the view you take of things. I had a lot of things to buy.

Empress. But surely this must be wrong? Shoeblack fifty guineas!

Emperor (lightly). No, I think that's all right. You see, the fellow, after he had cleaned my boots, suddenly recognised me, called me Sire, and sang the "*Wacht am Rhein*." I couldn't, after that, give him less.

Empress. Well, you know best, dear; but I should have thought you could have got your boots cleaned for rather less!

Emperor. Possibly; but I should have lost the story. And you know it reads so well.

Empress. And here's another rather big item. £800 for a London cabman!

Emperor. I consider that the cheapest item in the lot. He wanted more!

Empress. And here are several items of seventy pounds apiece. What were they for?

Emperor. Oh, nothing in particular. Little girl picked up my handkerchief, and a little boy asked me for a kite. Was obliged to give them each a bundle of tenners. It would have been so mean if I had given them less. But there, I told you you wouldn't find the book at all interesting. If you will pass it to me, I will look it up.

Empress. Oh, certainly, dear. (*Gives up volume.*) And now, darling, I am going to ask you a favour. You never saw such a pet of a coronet as they have at Von —'s. Now I want you to buy it for me particularly.

Emperor (embarrassed). Certainly, dear—but you know, we are not too well off.

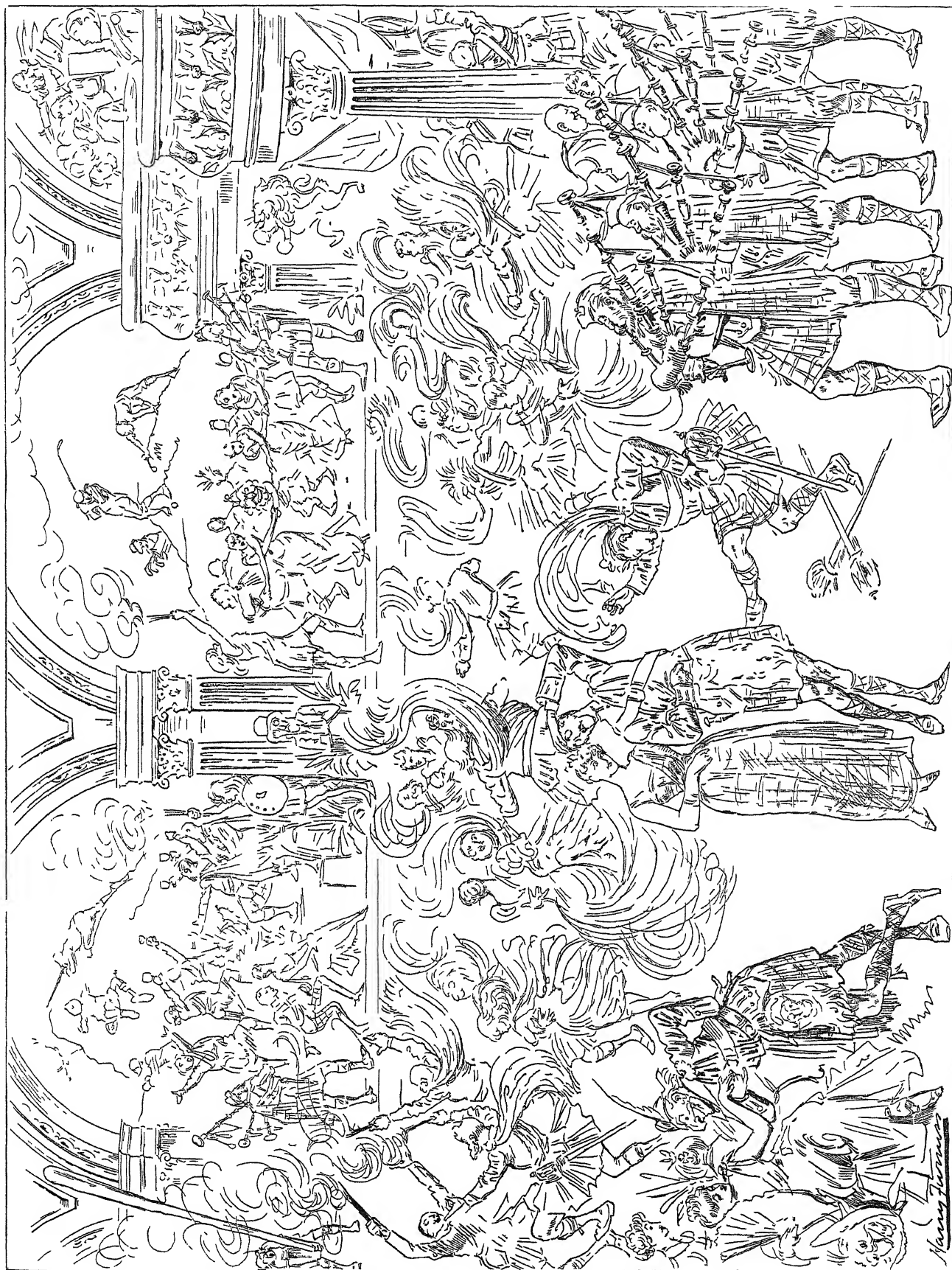
Empress. Oh, but it is simply charming. Rubies round the edge, and a cross of brilliants and emeralds. And, really, so cheap. They only want £100,000 for it!

Emperor. Very nice indeed; but just at this moment it would be a little inconvenient to produce so large a sum.

Empress. Large sum! Why, the rubies alone are worth all the money.

Emperor. Yes, I know, dear. And now I must hurry away; duty, my love, comes before pleasure. See you soon.

[*Exit hurriedly, to attend a review.*
In the meanwhile, Coronet remains in the jeweller's shop-window. Curtain.



THE FESTIVE SEASON. A SCOTCH NIGHT.

Harry Turner

AN EVENING FROM HOME.

THERE used to appear daily—and it may be appearing daily now, for aught I know, only, speaking on oath, I haven't lately noticed



"Our Hamp-phitryon."

Hall, and a brightly decorated Restauration caught his observant eye. Was it new, or was it a Restauration restored? Its name, in large letters, "FRASCATI." This seemed at once to lend itself to a familiar jingle, and I found myself humming,—

Oh, did you never hear of Frascati?
'Tis not far from Rome, eh my hearty?
The place looks so fine,
I will there go and dine,
And I'll bring with me all of my party!

Horatian inspiration! I like to find out a new dining-place. Years ago, by the merest accident sailing north, I discovered the Holborn, and, since then, how many have not blessed the Columbus Holbornius? I do not ask how many have done so. "That is another story." Since then, the taste for dining domestically away from home has come considerably into fashion. The Ladies like it, and the Law allows it. (Quotation from *Merchant of Venice* adapted to occasion—Restaurant edition—*Portia* for two.) It is a cheerful change, it assists the circulation of coin, it is an aid to the solution of the problems of Bimetallism, it rejuvenesces the home-fire-sider, it develops ideas, restores the balance of temper; and, if only the dinner be good, everybody goes away delighted,—guests are satisfied, the host is pleased, the waiter smiles on the tipper, the tipper on the manager, the manager on the proprietor, and all is Joy and Junketing! Judge my surprise, when to me, TIBULLUS, entering Frascati, and as *Cicerone*, informing my friends (all eager and hungry, and therefore unwilling to dispute) how Frascati was the ancient Tusculum, a well-known face appears welcoming us with smiles. It is Signor HAMPI, better known as Mr. HAMP of Holborn. "Salve!" quoth I, as TIBULLUS. "The same to you, Sir," responds HAMPIUS. "Now," said my friend WAGSTAFIUS, without whom no party is complete, "Now we shall be Hamp-ly satisfied."

The arrangement of the Frascati is a novelty; it is all so open and, though there are plenty of stuffers about, not in the least stuffy. It would take a considerable crowd to overcrowd the place and to demoralise the troops of well-disciplined waiters, all under the eye of the ever-vigilant generalissimo of the forces, who in his white waistcoat, black tie, and frock-coat of most decided cut and uncompromising character—there is much in a frock-coat and something too in

the wearing of it—is here, there, and everywhere, and only waiting till the last moment, and the right one, when the banquet is ended, to give the word of command, "Charge!"—and the charge (decidedly moderate and previously named in the *carte du jour*) is received with satisfaction and defrayed with delight.

I have only one suggestion to make, and that affects the music not the meal. Let the music be adapted to the dishes; and not only should the course of time be considered as it progresses, but also the time of the course. For example,—who that has an ear for music can swallow oysters deliberately and sedately while the band is playing a mad galop? Let there be something very slow and *pianissimo* for the *hors d'oeuvres*: something gentle and soothing for the oysters; there can be an indication of heartiness in the melody that ushers in the soup, as though giving it a warm welcome. There should be a mincing minuet-like movement for the *entrées*, a sparkling air for the champagne, and something robust for the joint. A sporting tune for the game: sweet melody for the sweets, and a grand and grateful Chorale—a kind of thanksgiving service as it were—when the last crumb and the last bit of cheese have been swept away.

After this to The Pavilion, in plenty of time to hear the ubiquitous ALBERT CHEVALIER singing his celebrated coster-songs. Signor COSTA was a well-known name in the musical world some years ago; CHEVALIER Coster is about the best-known now. These ditties are uncommonly telling; the music is so catching and so really good. Then his singing of the little Nipper "on'y so 'igh, that's all," has in it that touch of nature which makes you drop the silent tear and pretend you are blowing your nose. Capital entertainment at the "Pav." Ingress and egress is not difficult, and the place doesn't become inconveniently hot. The sweet singer with the poetic name of HERBERT CAMPBELL is very funny; which indeed he would be, even if he never opened his mouth. Such a low comedian's "mug!"

But of all the pretty things to be seen in its perfection here (I have seen it elsewhere, and was not so struck by it) is the Skirt Dance. It is "real elegant," graceful, and picturesque. What a

change has come over the Music-hall entertainment since—since—"since even I was a boy!" says the Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD SWANBOROUGH,—ever-green in the true sense of the word. A vast improvement, no doubt of it. But, with such good amusement for the public, why on earth do the Music-Halls want to do "Dramatic Sketches"? And, if they do them, then, judging by what I saw at the "Pav," I am fain to ask again, why, in the name of SHAKESPEARE, and the musical glasses, should the theatres object?

Does anyone seriously think that *Othello* or *King Lear* is wanted at the Music-Halls, or that SHERRIDAN'S *School for Scandal* wouldn't empty any Music-Hall of its patrons? It is the "variety" which is the charm of the Music-hall show, and if any one part of the variety show is a bit too long—longer let us say, than the time it takes to smoke one-eighth of a fair-sized cigar and to drink half a glass of something according to taste—then the audience will pretty plainly express what they understand by Variety, what they have paid to see, and what they mean to have for their money; and if they don't get it there, they'll go somewhere else where it will be given them. The summing-up, Gentlemen, is that, if you want a pleasant evening, you can't do better than dine at Frascati and afterwards patronise the "Pav." Such is the opinion of Y Tr-BULLUS BIR.



"Up I came with my little lot!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

THE SMOKING-ROOM (continued).

I MAY assume, that after the terrible example given in my last chapter, you have firmly made up your mind never on any account to take service in the great army of bores. But this determination is not all that is necessary. A man must constantly keep a strict guard on himself, lest he should unconsciously deviate even for a few minutes into the regions of boredom. Whatever you do, let nothing tempt you to relate more than once any grievance you may have. Nothing of course is more poisonous to the aggrieved one than to stifle his grievance absolutely. Once, and once only, he may produce it to his friends. I shall be blamed, perhaps, for making even this slight concession. Please be careful, therefore, not to abuse it. Is there in the whole world a more ridiculous sight than a strong, healthy, well-fed sportsman who wearies his companions one after another with the depressing recital of his ill-luck, or of the dastardly behaviour of the head-keeper in not stopping the whole party for half an hour to search for an imaginary bird, which is supposed to have fallen stone-dead somewhere or other; or of the iniquities of the man from whom he bought his cartridges in not loading them with the right charge; or any of the hundred inconveniences and injuries to which sportsmen are liable. All these things may be as he says they are. He may be the most unfortunate, the most unjustly treated of mankind. But why insist upon it? Why check the current of sympathy by the dam of constant repetition? And, after all, how trivial and absurd the whole thing is! Even a man whose career has been ruined by malicious persecution will be avoided like a pest if it is known that he dins the account of his wrongs into everyone's ears. How, then, shall the sufferer by the petty injuries of ordinary sport be listened to with patience? Of all bores, the grievancemonger is the fiercest and worst. Lay this great truth by in your memory, and be mindful of it in more important matters than sport when the occasion arises.

I have been asked to say, whether a man may abuse his gun? I reply emphatically, no. A gun is not a mere ordinary machine. Its beautiful arrangement of locks, and springs, and catches, and bolts, and pins, and screws, its unaccountable perversities, its occasional fits of sulkiness, its lovely brown complexion, and its capacity both for kicking and for smoking, all prove that a gun is in reality a sentient being of a very high order of intelligence. You may be quite certain that if you abuse your gun, even when you may imagine it to be far out of earshot, comfortably cleaned and put to roost on its rack, your gun will resent it. Why are most sportsmen so silent, so *distracts* at breakfast? Why do they dally with a scrap of fish, and linger over the consumption of a small kidney, and drink great draughts of tea to restore their equilibrium? If you ask them, they will tell you that it's because they're "just a bit chippy," owing to sitting up late, or smoking too much, or forgetting to drink a whiskey and soda before they went to bed. I know better. It is because they incautiously spoke evil of their guns, and their guns retaliated by haunting their sleep. I *know* guns have this power of projecting horrible emanations of themselves into the slumbers of sportsmen who have not treated them as they deserved. I have suffered from it myself. It was only last week that, having said something derogatory to the dignity of my second gun, I woke with a start at two o'clock in the morning, and found its wraith going through the most horrible antics in a patch of moonlight on my bed-room floor. I shot with that gun on the following day, and missed nearly everything I shot at. Could there be a more convincing proof? Take my advice, therefore, and abstain from abusing your gun.

Now your typical smoking-room conversation ought always to include the following subjects:—(1) The wrong-headed, unpopular man, whom every district possesses, and who is always at loggerheads with somebody; (2) "The best shot in England," who is to be found in every country-side, and in whose achievements all the sportsmen of his particular district take a patriotic pride; (3) the folly and wickedness of those who talk or write ignorantly against any kind of sport; (4) the deficiency of hares due to the rascally provisions of the Hares and Rabbits Act; (5) a few reminiscences, slightly glorified, of the particular day's sport; and (6) a prolonged argument on the relative merits of the old plan of shooting birds over dogs, and the modern methods of walking them up or driving.

These are not the only, but certainly the chief ingredients. Let me give you an example, drawn from my note-book.

SCENE—*The Smoking-room of a Country-house in December. Six Sportsmen in Smoking-coats. Time, 11'15 P.M.*

First Sportsman (concluding a harangue). All I can say is, I never read such rot in all my life. Why, the fellow doesn't know a gun from a cartridge-bag. I'm perfectly sick of reading that everlasting rubbish about "pampered minions of the aristocracy slaughtering the unresisting pheasant in his thousands at battues." I wonder what the beggars imagine a rocketing pheasant is like? I should like to have seen one of 'em outside Chivy Wood to-day. I never saw taller birds in my life. Talk of *them* being easy! Why, a pheasant gets ever so much more show for his money when he's beaten over the guns. If they simply walk him up, he hasn't got a thousand to one chance. Bah! [*Drinks from a long glass.*]

Second Sportsman. I saw in some paper the other day what the President of the United States thought about English battue-shooting. Seemed to think we shot pheasants perched in the trees, and went on to say that wasn't the sport for *him*; he liked to go after his game, and find it for himself. Who the deuce cares if he does? If he can't talk better sense than that, no wonder CLEVELAND beat him in the election.

Third Sp. Pure rubbish, of course. Still I must say, apart from pheasants, I like the old plan of letting your dogs work. It's far more sport than walking up partridges in line, or getting them driven at you.

First Sp. My dear fellow, I don't agree with you a bit. In the first place, as to driving—driven birds are fifty times more difficult; and what's the use of wasting time with setters or pointers in ordinary root-fields. It's all sentiment.

[*A long and animated discussion ensues. This particular subject never fails to provoke a tremendous argument.*]

(*A few minutes later.*)

Second Sp. (to the host). What was the bag to-day, CHALMERS?

Chalmers. A hundred and forty-five pheasants, fifty-six rabbits, eleven hares, three pigeons, and a woodcock. We should have got a hundred and eighty pheasants if they hadn't dodged us in the big wood. I can't make out where they went.

Second Sp. It's a deuced difficult wood to beat, that is. I thought we should have got more hares, all the same.

Chalmers. Hares! I think I'm precious lucky to get so many nowadays. There won't be a hare left in a year or two.

(*The discussion proceeds.*)

Third Sp. How's old JOHNNY RAIKES shooting this year? I never saw such a chap for rocketers. They can't escape him.

Chalmers. I asked him to-day, but he couldn't come. I think for pheasants he's quite the best shot in England. Nobody can beat him at that game.

Fourth Sp. Hasn't he got some row or other on with CRACKSIDE?

Chalmers. Yes. That makes fourteen rows CRACKSIDE has got going on all at once. He seems to revel in them. His latest move was to refuse to pay tithe, and when the parson levied a distress, he made all his tenants drunk and walked at their head blowing a post-horn. He's as mad as a hatter.

So there you have a sample conversation, sketched in outline. You will find it accurate enough. All you have to do is to select for yourself the part you mean to play in it.

Something to Live For.

(*From the Literary Club Smoking-room.*)

Cynicus. I'm waiting till my friends are dead, in order to write My Reminiscences?

Amicus. Ah, but remember, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

Cynicus. Quite so. I shall tell nothing but exceedingly good stories about them.

So LIKE HER!—"I can never trust him," said Mrs. R., alluding to a friend of hers, who considered himself well up in SHAKESPEARE, "because I've found out before now that he gargles his quotations."

NOTE.—"The Man who Would," will appear next week. No. IV.



**THE RHODES COLOSSUS**

STRIDING FROM CAPE TOWN TO CAIRO.

THE RHODES COLOSSUS.

["Mr. RHODES announced that it was his intention, either with the help of his friends or by himself, to continue the telegraph northwards, across the Zambesi, through Nyassaland, and along Lake Tanganyika to Uganda. Nor is this all. . . . This colossal *Monte Cristo* means to cross the Soudan . . . and to complete the overland telegraph line from Cape Town to Cairo; that is, from England to the whole of her possessions or colonies, or 'spheres of influence' in Africa."—*The Times*.]

The World's Seven Wonders are surely outshone!

On Marvel World's billows 'twill toss us—'twill toss us,

To watch him, Director and Statesman in one,

This Seven-League-Booted Colossus—Colossus!

Combining in one super-natural blend
Plain Commerce and
Imagination—gination;
O'er Africa striding from
dark end to end,
To forward black emancipation—cipation.

Broddingnagian Bagman,
big Dreamer of Dreams,
A Titan of tact and
shrewd trader—shrewd
trader!
A diplomat full of *finesse*
and sharp schemes,
With a touch of the pious
Crusader—Crusader!
A "Dealer" with despots,
a "Squarer" of Kings,
A jumper of mountain,
lake, wilderness, wady,
And manager 'cute of
such troublesome things
As LOBENGULA or the
MAHDI—the MAHDI.

Well may ABERCORN wonder and FIFE tootle
praise,
His two thousand hearers
raise cheering—raise
cheering.

Of wild would-be Scuttlers
he proves the mad craze,
And of Governments
prone to small-beering
—small-beering.

Sullen Boers may prove
bores to a man of less
tact,
A duffer funk wiles Portuguese—tuguesy;
But Dutchmen, black potentates, all sorts, in
fact,

To RHODES the astute
come quite easy—quite
easy.

The British South-African Company's shares

May be at a discount—(Trade-martyrs!—trade-martyrs!)

But he, our Colossus, strides on, he declares,

Whether with or without chums or charters—or charters.

Hooray! We brave Britons are still to the front—

Provided we've someone to boss us—to boss us;

And Scuttlers will have their work out to shunt

This stalwart, far-striding Colossus—Colossus!

TAXES. A HOARDING AND SAVING CLAUSE.—*A propos* of an article in the *Times* on this subject, and a paragraph of *Mr. Punch's*, last week, anent "Hoardings," we may now put a supplementary question in this form, "As Government taxes *Savings*, would it not be quite consistent to tax *Hoardings*?" Since the answer must, logically, be in the affirmative, let Government begin at once with all the Hoardings displaying any kind of hideous pictorial advertisement.

"He rumbles so in his conversation," observed Mrs. R. of an orator whose sentences were considerably involved, "that I can seldom catch the grist of what he says."

PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY.

MRS. BESANT is said to have told a representative of a daily paper, that "an adept in Theosophy uses his supernatural powers solely for his own convenience, just as ordinary people avail themselves of a messenger, or the telephone or telegraph."

We have it on the very best of authority that the discharge of handbills from aerial bombs is to be entirely superseded as a method for advertising a commodity, by a new and protected process.

"A Company is being formed," so runs the prospectus, "for the express purpose of importing Mahatmas of the very best vintage (guaranteed *extra sec*), direct from Thibet, where an exceptionally luxuriant crop has been produced during past years.

"They will be shipped to any port in the United Kingdom, and delivered to any address, carriage free, at prices which will compare most favourably with those quoted by foreign firms for inferior articles.

"The trade supplied by special contract.

"They will prove invaluable to advertisers and others.

"No family should be without one. Order early.

"They can be used for a variety of purposes; but they will be found most particularly serviceable for distributing handbills and posters, especially in inaccessible places.

"Domestic servants entirely superseded by them.

"Prompt and accurate delivery of any object may be effected by their agency, owing to their marvellous powers of precipitation.

"Full instructions for working, and instruments for repairing, supplied with each specimen.

"Not liable to get out of order.

"Safe in the hands of a child. Yet they are not toys.

"Procurable of any respectable Lunatic Asylum.

"Ask for Our Brand, and see that you get none other.

"Beware of worthless foreign imitations, which dishonest dealers will try to foist upon you.

"Of Mahatmas young, and Mahatmas old,
Of Mahatmas meek, and Mahatmas bold,

Of Mahatmas gentle, and Mahatmas rough,
We lay long odds that we'll sell enough."

The financial column of the *Journal of the Future*, we may expect, will read somewhat as follows:—"Mahatmas opened weak, but slowly advanced a third. Later they became stronger, and closed firm at 8½. Latest—Mahatmas fell rapidly."

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

CHARITY BEGINS ABROAD.—The following advertisement (which recently appeared in the *Times*) has been sent for solution:—

GENTLEMAN, with knowledge of business and disposing of 100,000 francs, is desirous of REPRESENTING, either in Europe, Africa, America, or elsewhere, a serious FIRM, capable of giving important profits. Offers to be addressed, &c.

In reply to this appeal, *Mr. Punch* begs to say that "the gentleman with knowledge of business" seems to be anxious to act as an *alter ego* to a serious (not a jocular) firm "capable of giving profits." "GENTLEMAN" does not specify whose profits the serious firm is capable of giving, and thus it may be presumed that the 100,000 francs would form the capital with which the charitable transaction would be conducted. This is the more probable as "GENTLEMAN" says he knows how to dispose of them.



A HEARTY WELCOME.

Local Flyman (who also officiates at Funerals). "MORNIN', SIR. GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN! REALLY THOUGHT I SHOULD 'A' HAD THE HONOUR OF DRIVIN' YOU TO THE CEMETERY, SIR!"

ALL ROUND THE FAIR.

No. IV.

THE IRISH GIANT BABY "AT HOME."

The exterior of the Show is painted to represent a Cottage, and bears the highly improbable name of "POLLY O'GRACIOUS," with an even less credible announcement that this is the identical "little cot where she was born." Inside is an ordinary tent, with a rough platform at the further end, whereon is an empty chair, at which a group of small Boys, two or three young Women, and some middle-aged Farm-labourers, have been solemnly and patiently staring for the last quarter of an hour.

First Farm Labourer (to Second). I bin in 'ere 'bout erf an hour, I hev, and ain't seed nowt so fur!

Second F. L. Same 'ere! Seems to take 'em a proper good time a-gittin' o' this 'ere baby elaned up!

First F. L. Ah, it do. But look at the size on her!

Second F. L. Size! They cudn't be no slower not with a hellyphant!

[The tedium is relieved by a very audible dispute outside between the Driver of the Baby's Caravan and the Wife of the Conjuror next door, who appears to have excited the Driver's displeasure by consenting to take the money in the absence of the Baby's proprietress.

The Driver (with dignity). I consider it a bloomin' liberty, and a downright piece of himpertinence, you comin' 'ere interferin' with my business—and so I tell yer!

The Lady (with more dignity). I'm not taking no liberties with nobody—she ast me to it, or I shoudn't be 'ere—I don't want to take the money, not without bein' ast to do so. She come and ast me to take her place while she was away, and in course I wasn't goin' to say no.

Driver. Don't you tork to me. I know what you are, puttin' yerself forward whenever yer can—a goin' tellin' the people on the road as you was the Baby's mother!

The Lady. I never said no such thing! Why should I want to tell sech a story for?

Driver. Arsk yourself—not me. And p'raps you never said you 'ad valuable property in our waggin' neither.

Lady (apparently cut to the heart by this accusation). It's a false'ood! I never 'ad no valuable property in your waggin', nor yet nobody else's; and I'll thank you to keep your distance, and not go raggin' me.

Driver (edging nearer). I'll keep my distance. But don't you make no mistake—I'm not to be played with! I'm sick o' your goin's on. And then (reviving a rankling and mysterious grievance) to think o' you a comin' mincin' up on the road with yer (mimicking), "Oh, yus, Mrs. FAIRCHILD, there's a blacksmith jest across the way!" What call 'ad you got to shove your nose in like that, eh? you're a interferin' cat, that's what you are!

[The Conjuror's Lady is moved to the verge of tears and assault, and her wrath is only assuaged by the arrival of the missing Proprietress, who patches up a temporary peace; presently the hangings at the back are parted, and an immensely stout child, dressed in an infant's frock, waddles in, hoists herself on the platform and into the chair, from which she regards the Spectators with stolid composure; the small boys edge back, nudge one another and smigger furtively; the girls say "Oh, lor!" in a whisper, and a painful silence follows.

A Middle-aged Labourer (feeling the awkwardness of the situation). 'Ow old may you be, Missy?

The Giant Baby (with a snap). Ten!

[She gazes all round with the hauteur peculiar to a phenomenon, and her visitors are only relieved from the strain by the timely appearance of the Exhibitor, a Mulatto lady, who gives a brief biographical sketch of the Infant's career, with details of her weight and measurements. Then Miss POLLY sings a stanza of "Little Annie Rooney" in a phonographic manner, dances a few ponderous steps, and identifies the most sheepish youth in the audience—much to his embarrassment—as her sweetheart, after which her audience is permitted to shake hands with her and depart.

A PRIZE LOTTERY.

A Young Man in a light suit, and a paste pin in a dirty white necktie, has arrived with a chest, from which he extracts a quantity of small parcels in coloured tissue-paper.

The Young Man (as a group collects around him). Now, I'm 'ere to offer those among yer who 'ave the courage to embark in speculation an unrivalled opportunity of enriching themselves at next to no expense. Concealed in each o' these small porcel is a prize o' more or less value, amongst them bein', I may tell yer, two 'undred threepenny pieces, not to mention 'igher coins up to 'arf a sov'rin. Mind, I promise nothing—I only say this: that those who show confidence in me I'll reward beyond their utmost expectations. (To an Agricultural Labourer in the circle.) 'Ere, you Sir, 'ave you ever seen me before in all your life?

The Agricultural Labourer (with a conscientious fear of committing himself). I may 'ave.

The Young Man. You may 'ave! 'Ave you? 'Ave I ever seen you? Come now!

The Agr. L. (cautiously). I can't answer fur what you've seen, Sir.

The Y. M. Well, are you a friend o' mine? The A. L. (after inward searchings). Not as I'm aweer on.

The Y. M. Then take this packet. (The A. L. grins and hesitates.) Give me a penny for it. (The A. L. hangs back.) Do as I say! (His tone is so peremptory that the A. L. hastens to obey.) Now don't open that till I tell you, and don't go away—or I shall throw the money after yer. (The A. L. remains in meek expectation; OLD BILLY FAIRPLAY, and a Spotty-faced Man, happen to pass; and join the group out of innocent curiosity.) Will you give me a penny for this, Sir? (To the Spotty-faced One, who shakes his head.) To oblige Me! (This is said in such an insinuating tone, that it is impossible to resist him.) Now you've shown your confidence in me, will you open that packet and show the company what it contains.

The Spotty-faced Man (undoing the packet). There's nothink inside o' mine—it's a reg'lar do!

The Y. M. Quite right—there was nothink inside o' thet partickler packet. I put it there a-purpose, as a test. But I don't want nobody to go away dissatisfied with my manner o' doin' business, and, though I ain't promised yer nothing, I'll show yer I'm better than my word, and them as trusts me'll find no reason to repent o' 'aving done so. 'Ere's your original penny back, Sir, and one, two, three more atop of that—wait, I ain't done with yer yet—'ere's sixpence more, because I've took a fancy to yer face—and now I 'ope you're satisfied!

The Sp.-F. M. (in an explanatory undertone to his neighbours). I knew it's on'y them as comes last thet gits left, d'yer see!

[Several bystanders hasten to purchase.

Old Billy Fairplay (in an injured tone). There ain't on'y a three-penny-bit in mine!

The Y. M. 'Ark at 'im—there's a discontented ole jossor for yer! I can't put 'arf a sov'rin' in all o' the packets, not and make my expenses. P'raps you'll 'ave better luck next time.

[The packets are in more demand than ever.

The Agr. L. May I open this 'ere packet now, Master?

The Y. M. If you don't tell nobody what's in it, you may. I've sold as many as I keer to a' ready.

The Agr. L. (opening the parcel, and finding a toy-watch of the value of one farthing sterling). 'Ere, I'll give yer this back—'tain't no good to me!

The Y. M. (with concern). I'm reelly very sorry, Sir, I've given you a wrong 'un by mistake. I quite fancied as—Allow me to apologise, and, as a proof I 'aven't lost your good opinion, give me a penny for this one.

[He selects a packet with great care from the heap.

The A. L. You don't take me in no moor—I'd sooner make ye a present o' the penny!

The Y. M. (wounded). Don't talk like that, Sir—you'll be sorry for it afterwards! (In a whisper.) It's all right this time, s'elp me!

The A. L. I know as it's a kitch o' some sort...—hows'ever,



"Concealed in each o' these small porcel is a prize o' more or less value."

jest this once. (*He purchases another packet, and is rewarded by an eyeglass, constructed of cardboard and coloured gelatine, which he flings into the circle in a fury.*) 'Tis nobbut a darned swindle—and I've done wi' ye! Ye're all a pack o' rogues together!

[*Exit, amidst laughter from the rest, whose confidence, however, has been rewarded by very similar results.*]

The Y. M. He don't know what he's lost by givin' way to his narsty temper—but there, I forgive 'im! (*He begins to replace the remaining parcels in the chest; one packet escapes his notice, and is instantly pounced upon by a sharp, but penniless urchin.*) Now, Gentlemen, I'm 'ere reppresentin' two Charitable Institootions—the Blind Asylum, and the Idjut Orfins—but I'm bloomin' sorry to say that, this time, arter I've deducted my little trifling commission, there'll be a bloomin' little to 'and over to either o' them deservin' Societies; so, thenkin' you all, and wishin' you bloomin' good luck, and 'appiness and prosperity through life, I'll say good-bye to yer.

The Sharp Urchin (*after retiring to a safe distance with his booty.*) Theer's summatin' inside of 'un—I can 'ear un a-rartin' . . . 'ow many moor wroops! 'Tis money, fur sartin! . . . (*Removes the last wrapping.*) Nawthen but a silly owld cough-drop! (*He calls after the Young Man, who is retreating with Mr. FAIRPLAY, and his spotty friend.*) I've a blamed good mind to 'ave th' Lar on ye fur that, I hev—a chatin' foaks i' sech a way! Why don't ye act honest?

[*Is left masticating the cough-lozenge in speechless indignation.*]

"THE SINS OF SOCIETY."

READ yesterday, in the *Fortnightly*, this article by OUIDA. Resolved to follow her teachings at once. Changed my "frightful, grotesque, and disgraceful male costume" for the most picturesque garments I had—a kilt, a blue blazer, and a yellow turban, which I once wore at a fancy dress ball. Then strolled along Piccadilly to the Club. Rather cool. Having abandoned "the most vulgar form of salutation, the shake-hands," bowed distantly to several men I had known for years—but they looked another way. Met a policeman. "Hullo!" he said. "Come out o' that! Your place is in the road." He mistook me for a sandwich-man! Explained that I was advocating a new style of dress. "Where's yer trousers?" he asked. "Trousers!" I cried. "Why, OUIDA"—but it was useless to explain to such a fool—so I left him.

At the Club, immense astonishment. Again explained. Members tapped their foreheads, and said I had better see the Doctor. Why? Then they all avoided me. Grand chance to show my ability "to support solitude, and to endure silence." Deuced dull, but it saved me from "the poisoned atmosphere of crowded rooms." Began to feel hungry about lunch-time, but happily remembered that "it is not luxury which is enervating, it is over-eating." Exhausted, but virtuous. Remembered that I had to dine at my aunt's. Awkward! Could I go in that dress? She is so prim, and so prejudiced in favour of trousers. Also she is so rich, and I was her heir. It needs money to obtain the luxury which the great teacher advocates. Hurried home, and put on hateful evening dress. Avoided hansom, they being too much connected with one "ugly hurry-scurry," and drove to my aunt's in a damp, dirty four-wheeler. Even the new moralist herself would have been satisfied with the slowness of that.

At dinner sat between two charming women, evidently as clever as they were beautiful. Suddenly remembered that we "lose the subtle and fine flavours of our best dishes, because we consider ourselves obliged to converse with somebody," and after that did not speak a word. Charming women stared, and then each turned towards me a beautiful shoulder, and I saw her face no more. Was just enjoying the flavours when I recollected that nothing "can make even tolerable, artistically speaking, the sight of men and women sitting bolt upright close together taking their soup." We were long past the soup, but it was not too late. I left the table at once, and reclined elegantly on the floor, with my plate by my side. "AUGUSTUS," said my Aunt, "are you ill?" I shook my head; I could not speak, for I was just enjoying an unusually subtle flavour. Then one of the guests, a member of my Club, whispered to my aunt, and tapped her forehead. Then she tapped her forehead, and all the guests tapped their foreheads. I had finished that flavour, so I said, "My dear Aunt, I am not mad, I—" "Then," said she, "you must be intoxicated. Leave the house!" And, with the butler and the footmen escorting me to the street-door, I was obliged to do so.

It is all over. I know that my Aunt will bequeath her fortune to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ancient Buildings among the Jews, but I am consoled by the thought that I, at least, have followed the noble teachings of the New Morality.

"WHEN FOUND MAKE A NOTE OF."—By Captain SCUTTLE, to British East African Co.:—"Your Room is better than your Company."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE title of Mr. CONAN DOYLE's new book, *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, is incomplete without the addition of, "And the D.D., or Dummy Doctor," who plays a part in the narratives analogous to that of "Charles, his Friend," on the stage. The book is, in many respects, a thriller, reminding one somewhat of *The Diary of a Late Physician*, by SAMUEL WARREN. This volume is handsomely got up—too handsomely—and profusely, too profusely, illustrated. For both romancer and reader, such stories are better un-illustrated. A sensational picture attracts, and distracts. In this collection the Baron can recommend *The Beryl Coronet*, *The Red-Headed League*, *The Copper Beeches*, and *The Speckled Band*. The best time for reading any one of these stories is the last thing at night, before turning in. "At such an hour, try *The Speckled Band*, and see how you like it," says the Bold Baron.

The Baron's assistant dives into the Christmas Card Basket, and produces RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS,—"Tuck," a schoolword dear to "our boys,"—who lead off the Christmas dance. Daintily and picturesquely got up, their Cards are quite full. Their Watteau Screens will serve as small ornaments afterwards. These "Correct Cards," with few exceptions, are not particularly for Christmas, but for all time. Here's! Luck to RAPHAEL TUCK!

"Todgers's could do it when it liked," and so can Messrs. HUTCHINSON & Co. at this Fairy Tale time, when they bring out three capital books, edited by ALFRED H. MILES; i.e., *Fifty-two Fairy Tales*, *Fifty-two other Stories for Boys*, and *Fifty-two other Stories for Girls*. Why not Fairy Tales for a holiday task, and an examination in Fairy Lore, with a Fairy Lore Degree for the successful candidate?

Then come BLACKIE AND SONS with Plenty from HENRY—Mr. G. A. HENRY—who at Christmas-time is anything but a "Non-Hentyty." *Beric the Briton*, *In Greek Waters*, *Condemned as a Nihilist!*—"Go it, HENTY!" The Baron cheers you onward.

The Thirsty Sword, by ROBERT LEIGHTON. It's a killing story.

An Old-Time Yarn, by EDGAR PICKERING, about the adventures of DRAKE AND HAWKINS. HAWKINS, mariner, not Sir 'ENRY, the Judge. New yarn. Strong old salts—very refreshing.

The Bull Calf, brought out for JOHN BULL JUNIOR's amusement at Christmas, and seasonably illustrated by FROST, is a queer sort of animal of the Two Maes Donkey breed. Right for NIMMO to have some fun at Christmas, according to old example, "*Nimmo mortaliū omnibus horis sapit.*"

What's in a name? not the first time this question has been asked and answered—but 'tis impossible for the Baron to avoid quoting it now, when in consequence of its title, he was within an ace of putting aside *The Germ Growers*, under the impression that it was a scientific work on Bacillus and Phylloxera. On taking it up, however, the Baron soon became deeply interested, but was subsequently annoyed to find how the artful author had beguiled him by leading up to a kind of imitation of the *In hoc Signo vinces* legend, and had somewhat adroitly adapted to his purpose the imagery of one of the most poetic and sublime of ancient Scripture narratives; i.e., where the prophet sees the chariots of Israel in the air. One remarkable thing about the romance is the absence of "love-motive," and, indeed, the absence of all female interest. Here and there the Canon writes carelessly, as instance the following paragraph:—

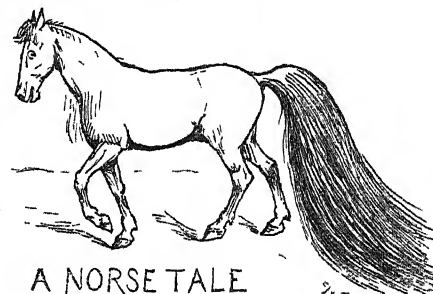
"Then he got a little glass-tube into which he put something out of a very small bottle, which he took from a number of others which lay side by side in a little case which he took out of a pocket in the side of the car."

Apart from other faults, there are too many "whiches" here, and unlike his malignant hero, *Davoli*, the Canon doesn't seem to be well up in his "which-craft." Clever Canon PORTER must turn out from his Potteries some ware superior to this for the public and

THE BARON.

REFLECTION IN THE MIST.—You could have "cut the fog, it was so thick," is a common expression. But the fog, unwelcome as it always is, is not like an unwelcome acquaintance, who can be "cut" or avoided by turning down a street, or by pretending unconsciousness of his proximity.

QUESTION FOR A LEGAL EXAM.—If a farmer purchased a good milch cow reared at Dorking, what would be its (old style) legal produce? Answer or Rejoinder.—Why, of course, some sort of Surrey-butter.



A NORSE TALE



CULTCHAH!

Suburban Belle (to her Dressmaker). "AND I SHOULD LIKE A MEDICI COLLAR TO MY TEAGOWN. DO YOU UNDERSTAND! A MEDICI COLLAR—LIKE THAT OF THE VENUS DE MEDICI!"

"DAVY JONES'S LOCKER."

DAVY JONES, *loquitur* :—

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest. Hey! ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Faith, that's a chorus I can rattle off with zest. Gratefully it clatters upon DAVY's tym-pa-num,

Like a devil's tattoo from Death's 'drum! Fil Fo! Fum! These be very parlous times for old legends of the sea.

VANDERDECKEN is taboo'd, the Sea Sarpint is pooh-pooh'd, but 'tis plain as any pikestaff they can't disestablish Me!

DADDY NEPTUNE may delight in the Island trim and tight, where his sea-dogs breed and fight, as in days of yore,

When old CHARLIE DIBDIN's fancy piped free songs of JACK and NANCY, of Jolly Saltsatsea, and Old Tarry-Breeks ashore;

But if Britons rule the waves, as the grog-fired sailor raves, when he dreams of glorious graves in the deep dark main,

DADDY NEPTUNE must allow DAVY shares his empire now, or the Sultan and the Howe have gone down in vain.

DADDY NEPTUNE loves me not. Plumped by storm or by shot, my Locker held a lot in the days gone by,

But 'tis daily growing fuller. Is the British Tar off colour, are the sea-dogs slower, duller, though as game to die? Has Science spoilt their skill, that their iron pots so fill my old Locker? How I thrill at the lumbering crash,

When a-crunch upon a rock, with a thundering Titan shock, goes some shapeless metal block, to immortal smash?

Oh! it's real, rasping fun! Mighty hull, monster gun, all are mine ere all's done; and the millions madly spent

On a lollopping wolloping kettle, with ten thousand tons of metal sink as the Titans settle, turtle-turned, or wrenched and rent,

To my rocks and my ooze. I seem little like to lose by the "Progress" some abuse, and the many crack up.

Ah! NEPTUNE, sour old lad, DAVY JONES may well look glad at the modern Iron-clad, and thank ARMSTRONG and KRUPP!

Science and Salvage? Fudge! If I am any judge, my sea-depths and salt sludge will not lose by them.

NEP calls me callous mocker, but, according to my Cocker, I may laugh, with a full Locker, whilst the fools condemn.

Think of daring the blue brine with a chart of the Eighty-Nine, and "a regular gold-mine" in one huge black hulk!

Whilst the lubbers stick to that, I shall flourish and grow fat like a shark or ocean-rat, though old NEP may sulk.

Demon-Sexton of the Deep! Ha! ha! Ho! ho! I keep my old office. Wives may weep, and the taxpayers moan;

Let the grumblers make appeal to King Science! Lords of Steel, Iron Chieftains, do ye feel when your victims groan?

DAVY JONES is well content with that tribute ye have sent, with the millions ye have spent just to glut his gorge;

He had seldom such a fill in the days of wood—and skill—constant sea-fights, or the spill of the *Royal George*.

Good old false last-century Chart! Though the conning may be smart, and the steersman play his part, Palinurus-like,

Whilst they trust to your vain vellum, which is almost sure to sell 'em, even DAVY JONES can tell 'em, they may sink or strike.

Hooray, King Death, hooray! Who says we've had our day! Pass the rum and let's be gay. Not that "dead man's chest,"

ROBERT LOUIS grimly sings, like my "Locker Chorus" rings—mingling weirdly wedded things—grisly doom and jest!

On an Irish Landlord.

"Love thou thy Land!" So sang the Laureate.

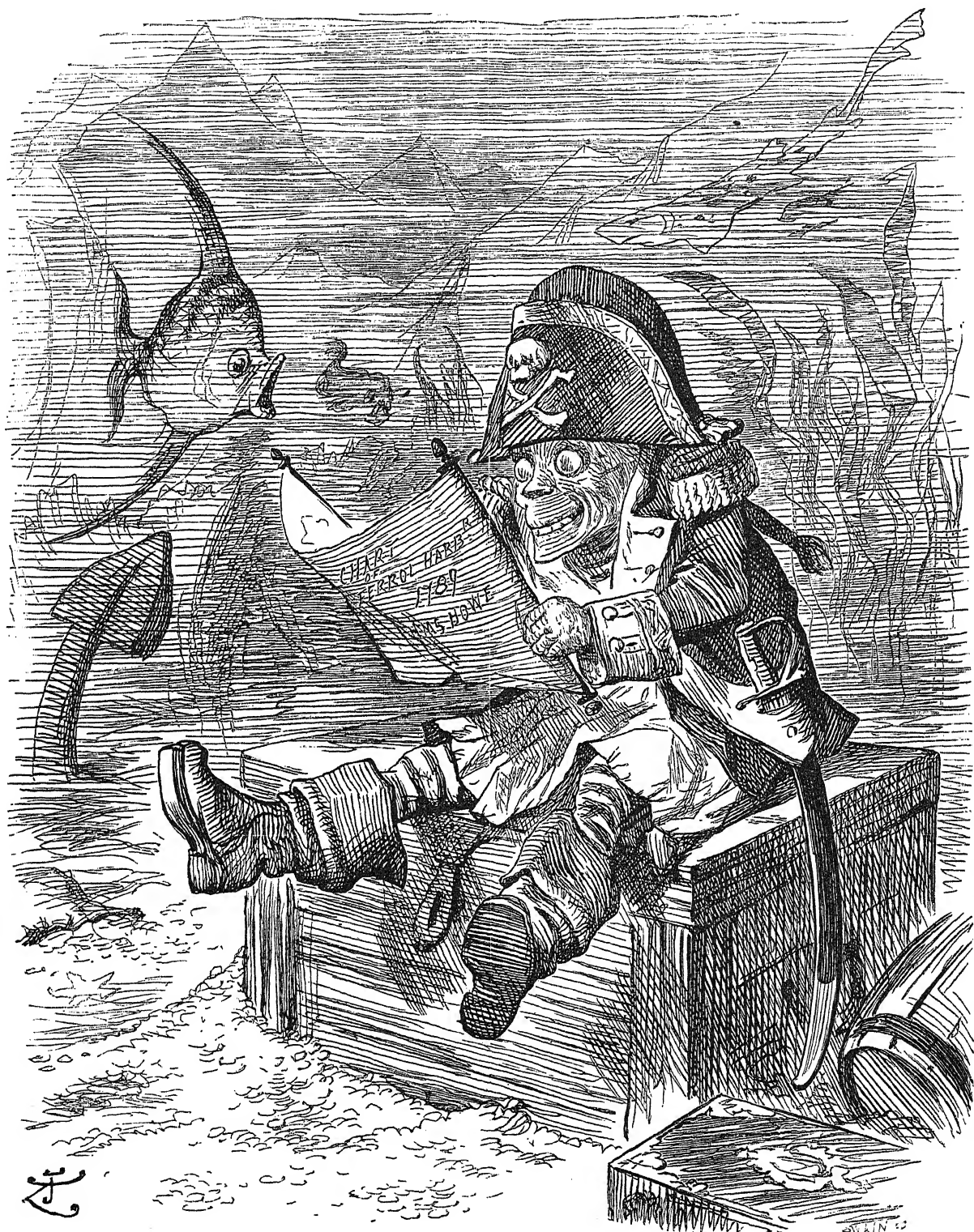
Were that sole Landlord duty, you'd fulfil it!

But land makes not a Land, nor soil a State. Loving your land, how sullenly you hate—The People—who've to till it!

Of the earth, earthy is that love of soil Which for wide-acred wealth will sap and spoil

The souls and sinews of the thralls of Toil. Churl! Bear a human heart, a liberal hand! Then thou may'st say that thou dost "love thy Land."

WHEN a Stag has once been uncarted, and has been given so many minutes law to get away, the Huntsman may correctly allude to him as "The Deer Departed."



“DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.”

DAVY JONES. “AHA! SO LONG AS THEY STICK TO THEM OLD CHARTS, NO FEAR O' MY LOCKER
BEIN' EMPTY!!”

RECONCILIATION.

(Scene from that new Screaming Farce "The Political Box and Cox.")

["Mr. GLADSTONE (says the *Daily Chronicle*) has effected a formal reconciliation with the Member for Northampton. He visited Mr. and Mrs. LABOUCHERE, took tea with them, and had a long and very cordial interview. So far, indeed, as Mr. LABOUCHERE ever had any personal feeling in reference to his exclusion from the Ministry, it may be regarded as dead."]



Box. Although we are not destined to occupy the same—ahem!—Cabinet Council Chamber—at present, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's political throat, Sir.

Cox. Not at all. It's an operation that I should decidedly object to.

Box. And, after all, I've no violent animosity against you, Sir.

Cox. Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, Sir.

Box. Besides, it was all—ahem!—Mrs.—ahem's fault, Sir!

Cox (embarrassed). Well—ahem!—my—er—loyalty—as a man of honour—to—er—that lady, Sir, forbids, Sir, my saying, or—er—permitting to be said—

[Gradually approaching chairs.

Box. Ah, exactly, I quite understand that. The truth is—

Cox (quickly). A most excellent thing, in its way. I always see it.

Box. Very well, Sir!

Cox. Very well, Sir!

Box. Take a little jam, Sir!

Cox. Thank you, Sir!

[Taking a spoonful. Pause.

Box. Do you sing, Sir?

Cox (modestly). I have, in days gone by, done a little Negro Minstrelsy.

Box. Then give us a breakdown. (Pause.) Well, well, perhaps the suggestion's a little inopportune. What is your opinion of smoking, Sir?

Cox (tartly). I think it is a pestilent practice, Sir!

Box (puffing). So do some other singular people, Sir. To be sure, they may not so much object to it if the pipes are not loaded.

Cox. No—I daresay that does make some difference.

Box. And yet, Sir, on the other hand, doesn't it strike you, as rather a waste of time, for people to keep puffing away at pipes (or Programmes) with nothing in 'em?

Cox (drily). No, Sir—not more than any other harmless recreation—such, for instance, as posing as a Party leader, without any Party.

Box (aside). Some of his own Party may be found a bit shaky. Next time I invite him, it may be to tea—and turn-out!

Cox (aside). Let him put that in his pipe (or cigarette) and smoke it!

Box (aloud). Well, well, now we so thoroughly understand each other, what—even Programmes—shall part us?

Cox. Who—even—ahem! a certain Party, shall tear us asunder?

Box. Cox!

Cox. Box!

[About to embrace. Box stops, seizes Cox's hand, and looks eagerly in his face.

Box. You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you'd never be such a suicidal idiot as to—seek another Chamber?

Cox (winking). Walker!

Box. Ah—tell me—in mercy tell me—have you such a thing as the "Strawberry Leaves" in your eye?

Cox. No!

Box. Then we are brothers!

[They rush into each other's arms.

Cox. Of course, we stop where we are?

Box. Of course!

Cox. For between you and me, I'm rather partial to the House.

Box. So am I—I feel quite at home in it.

Cox. Everything so clean and comfortable!

Box. And I'm sure its Mistress, Mrs.—ahem!—from what little I've seen of her, is very anxious to do her best.

Cox. So she is—and I vote, Box, that we stand by her!

Box. Agreed! (winks). There's my hand upon it—join but yours—agree that the House is big enough to hold us both, then Box—

Cox. And Cox—

Both. Are satisfied!

[Curtain.

FACT, OR FUNK?

SIR.—Will you permit me to protest against the shocking insecurity of life and property in London? What are the Police doing? Only yesterday I was walking, in the middle of the day, in a rather quiet road in this suburb, when a highway robber, disguised as an ordinary beggar, asked me for a copper! His look was most forbidding, and he put his hand under his coat in a way that convinced me he was about to draw a revolver! I at once gave him my purse, with half-a-crown in it, which seemed to pacify him, and I am convinced that I owe my life to my presence of mind. The shock, however, has quite prostrated me, and my medical adviser has already paid me three visits, on the strength of it, and says I need "careful watching for some time." He has very kindly put off a holiday, in order to watch me, which is sufficient to prove what a diabolical outrage I have been the victim of!

Yours, indignantly,

Coxynook, Sydenham. TABITHA GRUNDY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—We are coming to a really awful state of things in the Strand! A friend of mine (who does not wish his name mentioned) assures me that he was proceeding from the Gaiety Restaurant, where he had been lunching, towards Charing Cross, when he was "attacked by VERRIGO" in broad day-light! Comment is needless. If dangerous foreign bandits like this VERRIGO—who from his name must be an Italian—are permitted to plunder innocent pedestrians with impunity, the sooner we abolish our Police Force and save the expense, the better.

No ALARMIST.

DEAR ED'TOR,—I write you a line to say I've jus' been 'sulted—grossly 'sulted—on Thames 'Bankmen'. Walkin' 'long—quite shober—sud'ly 'costed by man dressed like 'pleeceman'. Said "lot bad krakters about"—took hold of my arm—wanted see me into cab. I saw through him at once. It was a plot! Wanted steal vabblewatch—forshately lef' watch home. Angry at not findin' watch—bundled me into cab anyhow—feel 'fects still. Whash Scotland Yard 'bout? Are spekkull citizens to be 'sulted by pleece—by me'dress-li'pleece, I mean? It's all true 'bout Lunn' bein' most unsafe. Norra word' of 'xagg'ration! Cre' 'xperto. Thash Latin!—Shows I'm spekkull. No more now! He'ache. Yours, RUM PUNCH.

Sir Gerald Portal.

OF Afric's districts C. and E.,

'Tis clear to any mortal,

We've but to keep our Afric key,

And enter by our PORTAL.

THE following mysterious advertisement is cut from the *Grantham Journal*:—

WANTED, to Purchase, a HALF-LEGGED Horse, five years old, suitable for Building work, about 16 hands.—Address, &c.

Is the horse to have two legs? Not on all fours with nature? And the sixteen hands? Compensation for want of legs? Give it up!

THE NEXT ELECTION PIC-NIC.

(By Our Own Prophetic Reporter.)

A FEW days since a "Grand Intellectual Fête" was given by the Flower League in advancement of the Patriotic Cause, in the grounds of the Duke of DITCHWATER. The Railway Companies afforded unusual facilities for securing a large gathering, and there was much enthusiasm amongst those who were present. To meet the requirements of decisions arrived at during the trial of recent Election Petitions, it was arranged that some one competent to undertake the task should introduce and explain the various distractions afforded for the entertainment of the very numerous company. Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR, Barrister, of London, kindly consented to act as lecturer, his professional engagements fortunately allowing him leisure to assume such a responsibility.

The Lecturer said that he was delighted to see so large a gathering. (Cheers.) They quite reminded him of the clients who thronged his passage on the first day of Term, waiting for his chamber-doors to open. (Laughter.) There was nothing in the remark he had just made to provoke merriment. He wished it to be clearly understood that he appealed to their reason. (Cheers.) It had been objected that some of the entertainments given at what had been called political pic-nics had nothing to do with the reasoning faculties of the spectators. This he emphatically denied. (Applause.) Without wasting further of their time—"No, no!" "Go on!"—he would come to his first illustration—the Bounding Brothers of Bohemia. (Great cheering.) It was advisable that the bodies as well as the minds of children educated by the School-Boards should receive attention. Their bodies should be brought to as near perfection as possible; every muscle should be brought into play. To explain his meaning, he called upon the Bounding Brothers of Bohemia to illustrate the poetry of motion.

Upon this, five gentlemen in tights (understood to be the athletic kindred to whom the Lecturer had referred) performed a series of feats of strength, which included standing on one another's heads, jumping through hoops, and turning quadruple somersaults.

After their performances were over Mr. BRIEFLESS resumed.

The Lecturer said: He next wished to appeal to their reason—to challenge, so to speak, their senses on the power of foreign opinion. It was asserted that an Englishman cared only for his native land and the Press appertaining thereto. Now he (the Lecturer) had the greatest respect for the English Press—(cheers)—still he found that some of our foreign contemporaries were nearly as good. ("Hear, hear!") He wished to introduce the Signora MANTILLA from Spain—(applause)—who had consented to sing a political song in Spanish, emphasizing her opinions by a dance after each verse. (Great cheering.) The Signora MANTILLA then gave a demonstration, which was much appreciated.

The Lecturer resumed. He said he had not insulted their intelli-

gence by asking them if they understood Spanish. Of course, they did. (Loud laughter.) He was quite sure that the Signora's third verse and accompanying dance must have convinced everyone of the advantages of Fair Trade. (Laughter.) He saw no reason for merriment. (Renewed laughter.) He had now come to that important subject Bi-metallism. (Cheers.) They had been told that whereas speech was silver, silence was golden. ("Hear, hear!") To show the advantage of silver (represented by speech), the Blue-eyed Nigger would give a native song accompanied on his own banjo. (Loud applause.)

The Blue-eyed Nigger then favoured the company with one of his characteristic ditties.



MILITARY EDUCATION.

General. "MR. DE BRIDDOON, WHAT IS THE GENERAL USE OF CAVALRY IN MODERN WARFARE?"

Mr. de Bridoon. "WELL, I SUPPOSE TO GIVE TONE TO WHAT WOULD OTHERWISE BE A MERE VULGAR BRAWL!"

force me to put on my hat—do not cause me to suspend the sitting.

First Mem. Surely a civil question deserves a civil answer?

Esquire Harcourt. Not in a nation that has bled on the field of battle. (Roars of applause.)

First Mem. (after a pause). And yet what I required to know was reasonable. I wished to know whether Esquire HARCOURT proposed to name a popular Budget?

Esquire Harcourt. He repeats the calumny!

First Mem. (after a pause). But is there no reply? I would ask Sir GLADSTONE—is there no reply?

Sir Gladstone (springing to his feet). It is for the honour of England! (Immense enthusiasm.) And now, Sir, you are answered!

[Roars of applause. Scene closes in upon Ministers receiving the hand-shakes of supporters and opponents.]

The Lecturer said he had now to thank his audience for their kind attention, and to inform them that the display of fireworks with set-pieces containing political sentiments appealing to their reason, would take place immediately.

Shortly afterwards the company separated, greatly pleased with the rational entertainment they had been invited to enjoy.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

(Being a Parisian Parliamentary Procedure as "She Might be Spoke in England.")

SCENE—The House of Commons at question-time. Ministers in attendance, excited Members regarding them with derision.

First Member. I claim the word, Mr. SPEAKER. I would ask Esquire HARCOURT, does he propose to make his Budget popular? ["Very well! very well!" from the Conservatives.]

Esquire Harcourt. I tell the Hon. Gentleman that by such a question he insults the world! (Cheers.) Nay, he insults England! [Loud applause, in which all join.]

First Mem. (after a pause). Still, you have not answered my question. Is your Budget to be popular?

[Murmurs.] Esquire Har. (with spirit). I consider such a question twice repeated an infamy!

[Enthusiastic cheering.] Second Mem. Then it is you who are infamous!

[Uproar.] The Speaker. Gentle-men, Ministers, do not



SPORT AS A MATTER OF COURSE-ING.



LADIES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

IT IS THE OPINION OF MR. PHUNKIE "THAT THE FAIR SEX IS ALL VERY WELL AT THE COVERT SIDE, AND HE HAS NO OBJECTION TO A LITTLE QUIET FLIRTATION THERE; BUT IF A MAN IS EXPECTED TO GO HANGING ROUND A GIRL WHEN HOUNDS ARE RUNNING, THE THING IS APT TO BECOME A DOOCE OF A NUISANCE!"

TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE.

["A deputation of Seamstresses stated at Westminster Police Court, that they make soldiers' clothing, receiving for each pair of trousers 8½d., and for each flannel-belt, rather less than one penny."—*Daily Paper*.]

O ENGLAND, you boast of your warrior sons,
Your history tells of them, fearless in strife,
How they faced the French horse, how they charged Russian
guns,
So thoughtful of duty, so careless of life!

You honour them rightly, but do not forget
That economy pleases the voters as well;
Each penny reduces the National Debt;
Old Ships, as you know, are the best things to sell.

You could not escape paying pounds to the men
Who fought, wearing soles of brown paper, supplied
In your wise, frugal way. Follow precedent then!
Remember pence saved, not your children who died!

Though the men must be paid, such expense need not vex
A skilful economist. This can be met.
You can always grind pence from the poor, weaker sex;
If the clothes are ill-made, think what bargains you get!

Then lavish your honours, your wealth, on the brave,
If you did not, perhaps, scarce a man would enlist;
But forget not the gain of each penny you save,
And starve these poor Women—they cannot resist.

PEARS' Christmas Number—what it ought to be:—A new edition of "*His Soap's Fables*."

THE REAL ENEMY TO "THE BIG LOAF" (ACCORDING TO JOHN BURNS).—The Big Loafer.

QUEER QUERIES.

NATIONAL ART-TREASURES.—I see that objections are being made to Millbank as a suitable site for the Picture Gallery which Mr. TATE has so generously offered to the nation. May I ask whether the advantages of the Isle of Dogs have ever been considered? The position being right out of the way of anybody who cares a rush for Art, and in the centre of the river-fog district, so as to ensure a maximum of injury to the pictures by damp, its offer to the generous donor would convincingly demonstrate our Government's appreciation of such patriotic munificence. Failing the Isle of Dogs, would there be any objection to Barking, in the neighbourhood of the Sewage Outfall? They are quite accustomed there to dealing with the precipitation of sludge. Perhaps some Art-lover would reply.

CITIZEN OF A RATHER MEAN CITY.

HOUSEHOLDER'S DIFFICULTIES.—Could some practical Correspondent advise us as to what would be the best course to pursue under the following awkward circumstances? I live in a house in a newly-constructed terrace, with very thin party-walls. The tenant on one side has just set up a private establishment for the reception of the most thoroughly incurable class of maniacs, while on the other side is a family who make their living by piano, violin, and cornet performances, at private houses. I have asked the landlord to abate the nuisance by adding another brick to the thickness of the walls on each side; but he writes to me, giving his address at the Bankruptcy Court, to explain that the houses are not so constructed as to bear the extra weight, which I think very probable. I would apply for an injunction against the Maniacs, were it not that their howlings are sometimes useful in drowning the sound of the constant practising on the piano. Would it be wise to retaliate by dropping bricks at midnight down my neighbours' chimneys? What is the least term of Penal Servitude that I could get if I hired some of the Unemployed to break into the musical house and smash up the instruments? If I went as a Deputation on the subject to Mr. ASQUITH, should I be likely to be cordially received?

TORTURED TENANT.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



THE WILD WILD EAST.

First Coster. "SAY, BILL, 'OW D'YER LIKE MY NEW KICKSEYS? GOOD FIT, EH?"

Second Coster. "FIT! THEY AIN'T NO FIT. THEY'RE A HAPER-PLICTICK STROKE!"

MIXED NOTIONS.

NO. I.—BI-METALLISM.

SCENE—A Railway-carriage in a suburban morning train to London. There are four Passengers, two of whom are well-informed men, while the third is an inquirer, and the fourth an average man. They travel up to London together every morning by the same train. The two Well-informed Men and the Average Man are City men; the Inquirer is a young Solicitor. They have just finished reading their morning papers, and are now ready to impart or receive knowledge.

Inquirer. They don't seem to be making much of this Monetary Conference in Brussels.

First Well-informed Man. Of course they're not. I knew how it would be from the start. I met HARCOURT some time ago, and told him what I thought about it. "You mark my words," I said, "the whole blessed thing will be a failure. You haven't sent out the right men, and they're certain to waste their time in useless academic discussions." He seemed surprised, but he hadn't got a word to say.

Inquirer (deeply impressed). Ah!

First W. I. M. The thing's really as simple as A B C. Here are we, a country with a gold standard, and we find that gold has appreciated. What's the consequence? Why, silver goes down everyday, and commerce is dislocated,—absolutely dislocated. All we have to do is to—

Second W. I. M. (breaking in). One moment! When you say gold has appreciated, you mean, of course, that the purchasing power of gold has increased—in other words, commodities are cheaper. Isn't that so?

First W. I. M. Yes. Well, what then?

Second W. I. M. What's your remedy? Do you think you can

make things better by fixing a ratio between gold and silver? In the first place, you can't do it; they've got nothing to do with one another.

First W. I. M. (triumphantly). Haven't they? What have you got to say, then, about the Indian rupee? That's where the whole of your beautiful system comes to grief. You can't deny that.

Second W. I. M. The Indian rupee has got nothing to do with it. My theory is, that it's all due to the American coinage of silver, and (vaguely), if we do the same as they, why, we shall only make things worse. No, no, my boy, you've got hold of the wrong end of the stick, there. Look at the Bland Bill. Do you want to have that kind of thing in England?

Inquirer. God forbid! By the way, what was the Bland Bill?

Second W. I. M. What! you don't know what the Bland Bill was? Don't you remember it? It provided that a certain amount of silver was to be coined every year, and the Treasury was to hold the surplus until it reached a certain value, and then,—but every schoolboy knows what happened.

Average Man. What did happen, as a matter of fact?

Second W. I. M. (scornfully). Why, the market was flooded.

First W. I. M. Yes, and that exactly proves my point. Make fifteen the ratio between gold and silver, and you'll never have the market flooded again.

Second W. I. M. (hotly). How do you make that out?

First W. I. M. It's as plain as a pikestaff. Make silver your legal tender for large amounts in this country, and you stop all these United States games at one blow.

Second W. I. M. Fiddlesticks! I suppose you'll want us to believe next that if we become bi-metallists, corn and everything else will go up in value?

First W. I. M. Of course it will. We've only got to get Germany and France, and the rest of them to come in, and the thing's as good as done. What I say is, adopt bi-metallism, and you relieve trade and agriculture, and everything else.

A. M. Do you mean we shall have to pay more for everything?

First W. I. M. No, of course not; I mean that the appreciation of gold is a calamity which we've got to get rid of.

A. M. I don't see it. If my sovereign buys more than it did years ago, that seems to be a bit of a catch for me, don't it?

First W. I. M. Ah, I daresay you think so, but you're wrong. If you fix a ratio, things may be dearer, but you'll have twice as much purchasing power.

Inquirer (anxiously). How do you fix a ratio?

Second W. I. M. Ah, that's the question!

First W. I. M. That's not my business. I say it ought to be fixed, and it's for the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Bank of England to do it.

Second W. I. M. (decisively). The Bank can't do it. Its Charter won't allow it.

Inquirer. How's that? I never quite understood the Charter.

Second W. I. M. By the Charter the Bank has to—

[But at this moment, the train having drawn up at a station, an intruder gets into the carriage. He is severely frowned upon, and the conversation, thus checked, is not resumed.]

Inquirer (getting out at terminus, to First W. I. M.). I think I've got a pretty clear notion of Bi-metallism now, thanks to you.

First W. I. M. (modestly). Oh, it's quite simple, if you only take the trouble to give your mind to it.

OUR "MISSING WORD COMPETITION."

Guaranteed exempt from any Treasury prosecution under 1st Jingo, B. IV. Cap (Fut) 1, sec (Pommetry) '74. (Heading, "Wish you may get it.")

MR. PUNCH

DESIRES TO CONVEY TO ALL, URBI ET ORBI, HIS VERY KINDEST AND BEST FOR THE COMING CHRISTMAS, 1892.

N B.—Coupons must be cut from the current number, and should be sent to SIR JOHN BRIDGE, Bow-Street, E. C., with shillings for the Poor Box to same address.

THE QUEEN AND THE SONGSTRESS.—In consequence of Her Gracious MAJESTY's marked approbation of Miss PALLISER's operatic performance at Windsor Castle, Sir DRURIO LANUS WINSORENSIS URBIQUITOSUS has serious thoughts of asking the young cantatrice to change her name to Miss ROYAL PALLIS-ER; or, if she has the honour of singing "By Command" in London, to Miss BUCKINGHAM PALLIS-ER.

"NEXT PLEASE!"—My Brother's [Out—new work by Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON, Authoress of *A Sister's Sin*.



A Little Mixed.



"THE WANDERING MINSTREL."

Jem Baggs ("The Wandering Minstrel"). "THEY MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE AGIN THE COUNTY COUNCIL; I SAYS THEY'RE JOLLY GOOD FELLERS."



MISPLACED QUOTATIONS.

Young Jones (who, five minutes before the announcement of Dinner, has been introduced to Miss Sprightly, and has been endeavouring to find a fitting remark wherewith to open the conversation). "THIS—ER—I BELIEVE IS CALLED THE—ER—'MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE'!"

"THE WANDERING MINSTREL."

(Modern Kensington Version.)

[The London County Council has declined to co-operate with the Kensington Vestry in a representation to the Home Secretary for more efficient control over itinerant musicians, street-cries, and similar nuisances, on the ground that though the Council has power to make bye-laws for this object, there are no means of enforcing them.]

SCENE—Highly respectable Terrace in Kensington. The exterior of Mr. TAMBOUR'S house. Enter JEM BAGGS (R.H.) playing the clarinet badly.

Jem B. (log.) Vell now! that's vot I calls wery tidy work! Bob and a tanner for seven doors ain't none so dusty, blow me! Summat better this 'ere than orkin' "All the new and poplar songs of the day for a penny!" Vot miserable vork that vos to be sure! I vos allays a cryin' about the streets, "Here y' are—one 'undered and fifty on 'em pootily bound in a Monster Song Book for a penny!—Here's 'Ran-ta-rar-roopy-ay!'—'Mary, they 'ave raised my Screw'—'Sling yer 'ook, yer 've got no oof, John.'—'Snide Sammy courted Sally Brown'—'On the Banks of the yaller Lea.'—'Chummies! Chummies!'—'Fanny Tooney'—'The Man who ran the Muglumberer's Building Society'—'Dandy Dan, the Whelk Man, and 'is Donah'—'He vos famed for gargling Fizz'—'His there a Lip vot never Lapped?'—'A Life on the Lotion-Lay'—'If I 'ad a Monkey on, wouldn't I go!'—'Down to the Derby with a Shallow and a Moke'—'Oh, say not Modern Art is Sold'—for the small charge of a penny!" I dessay I might ha' been at that there callin' to this werry day, if it hadn't been for BOSKY BILL. I shall never forget BOSKY BILL's a-sayin' to me—says he, "I say, JEM Bagges, vy don't yer take to the singin' line?" "Cos I sings vorser than 'The Big Bounce,'" says I. "Vorser!" says he, "Vhy so much the betterer!" "Voice ain't wanted," says he, "only leather and brass. Leather for yer lungs, and brass for yer face, and there yer are, in the 'Alls or out on 'em." "But 'ow about them Bye-Laws, BILLY?" says I. "Bye-Laws be bust!" says he, scornful. "Who's to henforce 'em? Westries and County Councils can't. Bobbies—bless 'em!—von't," says he. "So there yer are, JEM BAGGS!" In course I twigged. Vith my voice and a vistle, sez I, they'll

villingly give a tanner to git rid of me! And they do! Oh, I know the walley of peace and qvietness, and never moves hon hunder sixpence! (Looking up at the house.) But I know as there's a hartist covey lives 'ere. Notice-plate says, "Mister TAMBOUR is hout." Valker! I know vot that means. I thinks as how he'll run to a shilling. Anyhow, I'll kick him for a bob.

[He strikes up, taking care to make as much noise as possible.

'Tis hof a great Council in London doth dwell;
Jest vot they are arter 'tvoud floor me to tell.
They're qvite a young body—not seving years old—
But they've spent a large fortin in silver and go-o-old.
Singing, Ills ve vill cure all on the Soshelist lay.

As the Council vere a sitting in their Chamber von day,
The Westry come to them, and thus it did say:—
"Ve're off to the Home Sec., street shindies to stay,
So put on your toppers, and come vith hus, pray!"
Singing, &c.

"Nay, Westry," said the Council, "your vish is declined,
To co-operate (at present) ve can't make up our mind;
Our Bye-Laws the Bobbies von't enforce. 'Tis a bore!
But the Public must bear it just a year or two more!"
Singing, &c.

"Go to, County Council!" that Westry replied,
"You svagger no end, and put on lots of side;
But vhen plain reform 'tis our vish to begin,
By your aid ve don't benefit not von single pin!"
Singing, &c.

[His melodious flow is interrupted by a violent rapping at the window, and the sudden opening of the street-door.

Jem Baggs (log.) Aha! I knew they couldn't stand that werry long. Out comes the sarvint vith tuppence or thruppence, and a horder for me to "move on." Valker! There ain't no Bobby in sight, and I shan't shift under a shilling. Vell, they may say vot they likes agin the County Council; I says they're jolly good fellers, and I'll drink their bloomin' 'ealth out o' that hartist cove's bob, ven I gets it.
[Tunes up again.

AT A VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT.

SCENE—"The Nebuchadnezzar's Head" in the City. Time—The luncheon hour. The interior, which is bright, and tastefully arranged, is crowded with the graminivorous of both sexes. Clerks of a literary turn devour "The Fortnightly" and porridge alternately, or discuss the comparative merits of modern writers. Lady-clerks lunch sumptuously and economically on tea and baked ginger-pudding. Trim Waitresses move about with a sweet but slightly mystic benignity, as conscious of conducting a dietetic mission to the dyspeptic.

A Vegetarian Fiancé (who has met his betrothed by appointment, and is initiating her into the mysteries). I wish you'd take something more than a mustard-and-cress roll, though, LOUISE—it gives you such a poor idea of the thing. (With honest pride.) You just see me put away this plate of porridge. At the "Young Daniel," where I usually lunch, they give you twice the quantity of stuff they do here.

Louise (admiringly). I'm so glad I've seen you lunch. Now I shall be able to fancy every day exactly what you are having.

Her Fiancé (to assist her imagination). Mind you, I don't always have porridge. Sometimes it's mushroom croquettes, or turnip and onion rissoles, — whatever's going. Now yesterday, for instance, I had—

[He details exactly what he had, and she listens to these moving episodes with the rapt interest of a Desdemona.

First Literary Clerk. No; but look here, you don't take my point. I'm not running down SWINBURNE—all I'm arguing is, he couldn't have written some of the things BROWNING did.

Second L. C. Of course not — when BROWNING had written them — that's nothing against him.

First L. C. (warmly). I'm not saying it is. I'm telling you the difference between the two men—now BROWNING, he makes you think!

Second L. C. He never made me think, that's all I know.

Third L. C. Nor yet me. Now, 'ERBERT SPENCER, he does make you think, if you like!

First L. C. Now you're getting on to something else. The grand fault I find with SWINBURNE, is—

Second L. C. Hold hard a bit. Have you read him?

Third L. C. Yes, let's 'ave that first. 'Ave you read 'im?

First L. C. (with dignity). I've read as much of him as I care to.

Second L. C. (aggressively). What have you read of his? Name it.

First L. C. I've read his *Atlantis in Caledonia*, for one thing.

Second L. C. (disappointed). Well, you don't deny there's poetry in that, do you?

First L. C. I don't call it poetry in the sense I call WALT WHITMAN poetry—certainly not.

Second L. C. There you touch a wider question—there's no rhyme in WHITMAN, to begin with.

First L. C. No more there is in MILTON; but I suppose you'll admit he's a poet.

[And so on, until none of them is quite sure what he is arguing about exactly, though each feels he has got decidedly the best of it.

First Lady Clerk (at adjoining table, to Second L. C.). How excited those young men do get, to be sure. I do like to hear them taking up such intellectual subjects, though. Now, my brothers talk of nothing but horses, and music-halls, and football, and things like that.

Second L. C. (pensively). I expect it's the difference in food that accounts for it. I don't think I could care for a man that ate meat. Are you going to have another muffin, dear? I am.

An Elderly Lady, with short hair and spectacles (to Waitress). Can you bring me some eggs?

Waitress. Certainly, Madam. How would you like them done — à la cocotte?

The E. L. (with severity). Certainly not. You will serve them respectfully dressed, if you please!

Waitress (puzzled). We can give you "Convent eggs" if you prefer it.

The E. L. I never encourage superstition—poach them.

Enter a Vegetarian Enthusiast, with a Neophyte, to whom he is playing *Amphitryon*.

The Veg. Enth. (selecting a table with great care). Always like to be near the stove, and out of the draught. (The prettiest Waitress approaches, and greets him with a sacerdotal sweetness, as one of the Faith, while to the Neophyte—whom she detects, at a glance, as still without the pale—she is severely tolerant.) Now, what are you going to have?

The Neoph. (inspecting the document helplessly). Well, really, er—I think I'd better follow your lead.

The Veg. Enth. I generally begin with a plate of porridge myself—clears the palate, y'know.

The Neoph. (unpleasantly conscious that it wouldn't clear his). I'm afraid that, at this time of day—to tell you the truth (with desperate candour), I never was a porridge lover.

[The Waitress regards him sorrowfully.

The Veg. Enth. Pity! Wholesome thing you can take. More sustenance to the square inch in a pint of porridge than a leg of mutton. However (tolerantly), if you really won't. I can recommend the rice and prunes.

The Neoph. (feebly). I—I'd rather begin with something a little more—

Waitress (with a sad foreknowledge that she is casting pearls

"À la Cocotte?"

before a swine). We have "Flageolet Fritters and Cabbage," or "Parsnip Pie with grilled Potatoes"—both very nice.

The Neoph. (braving the unknown). I'll have some of this—er—"Cinghalese Stew."

[He awaits the result in trepidation. Customer (behind, dictating his bill). "What have I had?" Let me see. Braised turnip and bread sauce, fricassée of carrot and artichoke, tomato omelette, a jam roll, and a bottle of zoedone. [The Waitress makes out his voucher accordingly, and awards it to him, with a bright smile of approval and encouragement.

The Enth. V. (who has overheard). A most excellent selection! That's a man, Sir, who knows how to live! Ha! here's my porridge. Will you give me some brown sugar with it, please? And—(to the N.)—there's your stew—smells good, eh?

The Neoph. (tasting it, and finding it a cunning compound of curried bananas and chicory). I—I like the smell—excellent indeed! [He attacks the stew warily.

The Enth. Veg. (disposing of his porridge). There! Now I shall have some lentils and spinach with parsley sauce, and a Welsh rarebit to follow—and I think that will about do me. Will you—oh, you haven't finished your stew yet! By the way, what will you drink? I don't often indulge in champagne in the middle of the day; but it's my birthday—so I think we might venture on a bottle between us, eh?

The Neoph. (in whom the Cinghalese Stew has excited a lively thirst). By all means. I suppose you know the brands here?



The Veg. Enth. Only one brand—non-alcoholic, of course. Manufactured I believe, from—ah—oranges.

The Neoph. Exactly so. After all, I'd just as soon have bottled ale—if they keep it, that is.

The Veg. Enth. Any quantity of it. What shall it be? They've "Anti-Bass Beer," or "Spruce Stout," or perhaps you'd like to try their "Pennyroyal Porter?" I'm rather partial to it myself—capital tonic!

The Neoph. I—I've no doubt of it. On second thoughts, if you don't mind, I'd rather have water. (*To himself.*) It doesn't look Vegetarian!

The Veg. Enth. (*more heartily than ever.*) Just as you please, my boy. But you don't mean to say you've done!

The Neoph. (*earnestly.*) Indeed, I couldn't touch another morsel, really!

The Veg. Enth. I thought that stew looked satisfying; that's where it is, you see—a man can come here and get a thoroughly nutritious and filling meal for the trifling sum of fourpence—and yet you meet people who tell you Vegetarianism is a mere passing fad! It's a force that's making itself increasingly felt—you must be conscious of that yourself already?

The Neoph. (*politely.*) Y—yes—but it's not at all unpleasant at present—really!

Enter a couple of Red-faced Customers from the country, who seat themselves.

First Redf. C. Well, I dunno how you're feelin'—but I feel as if I could peck a bit.

Second Do. I can do wi' soom stokin' myself. Tidy soort of a place this. 'Ere, Missy!—(*to one of the Waitresses, who awaits his commands with angelic patience*) you may bring me and my friend a choomp chop a-piece, not too mooch doon, and a sorsedger, wi' two pots o' stout an' bitter—an' lo-ook sharp about it!

[*Sensation—the Waitress gives them, gently, but firmly, to understand that these coarse and carnivorous propensities must be indulged elsewhere; whereupon they depart, rebuked and abashed, as Scene closes.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron, on behalf of small Baronites, thanks Messrs. CASSELL & Co. for *Fairy Tales in Other Lands*, by JULIA GODDARD, as they are dear old friends with new faces.

One of the Assistants in the Baronial Office says, that *The Coming of Father Christmas* is most exquisitely heralded by E. F. MANNING, in the daintiest of books. 'Tis published by FREDERICK WARNE & Co. So if you warne't to make a nice present, you know where to go and get it.

If DEAN AND SON are "limited," their stock is unlimited; and, all things considered as far as possible, the Baron's Chief Retainer opines that the picture-books from the Deanery of DEAN AND SON are still the best, and, in kind, the most varied for children. "Which nobody can Dean-y!" *The Little One's Own Wonderland* is a delightful realm, wherein the very little ones can wander with interest through coloured pictures and easy fairy tales. Among the coloured picture series, the *Old Mother Hubbard* of 1793, with its contrast, *Old Mother Hubbard of To-day*, is very amusing.

J. S. FRY AND SONS send out through SELL'S Advertising Agency samples of their daintiest specialties in *bonbonnières*. Being issued by a SELL, one fears a take in; but as 'tis all good, the agency of SELL secures a Sale. The chocolates are sure to go down with everyone.

We all know what the sincerest form of flattery is, and certainly our dear old pet, *Alice in Wonderland*, whose infinite variety time cannot stale, will gracefully acknowledge the intenseness of the compliments conveyed in *Olga's Dream*, as written by NORLEY CHESTER, illustrated by Messrs. FURNISS and MONTAGU (the illustrations will carry the book), and published by Messrs. SKEFFINGTON. It would be a preternaturally wise child who could quite grasp some of the jokes and up-to-date allusions. However, the real original *Alice* (*in Wonderland*, and *Through the Looking-glass*) with the great Master's, JOHN TENNIEL's, illustrations, is still, as Mr. Sam Weller said of the Governor, "paramount."

Light and airy are the *Soap Bubble Stories* blown by FANNY BARRY through her pen-pipe. Wonder is that, in this advertising age, she didn't dedicate them to PEARLS.

The Baron's Assistant has a word to say about the Diaries for this next year. If you want a useful Diary, the B. A. would recommend the "Registered Back-loop Pocket Diary," got up, like a sportsman, in the best of leathers by JOHN WALKER & Co., or, "as Friend JOHNNIE observes," HENRY IRVING would say—"to put it briefly, 'WALKER—London.'"

The Baron has recently received two books, not strictly speaking "Christmas Books," though they are, *et cela va sans dire*, books published at Christmas-tide, the one practical and parliamentary, the other philosophical and phenomenal; the former dedicated to the Right Honourable ARTHUR BALFOUR by LUCY, and the latter

dedicated to Lord HALIFAX by LILLY. Two prettier names for authors, or rather, to judge of the writers' sex by the sound of the names, for authoresses, could not well be chosen. But authors masculine they are, the pair of them. Mr. W. S. LILLY is to be congratulated on his very taking title, *The Great Enigma*, and all classes of readers will be glad to be informed that it has nothing whatever to do with the Irish Question. If any reader expects to find the Great Enigma solved by the LILLY who toils and spins, then he must not be surprised if the author says to him in effect, "*Davus sum, non Œdipus.*"

From *A Diary of the Salisbury Parliament*, by Mr. H. LUCY, anyone can quaff or sip, just as his thirst for Parliamentary knowledge may be feverish or moderate, but healthy. It is thoroughly interesting, most amusing, and really valuable for reference withal. 'Tis written, too, in so impartial a spirit, that it would be difficult to gather from these pages to which political Party the Diarist belongs, but for his exuberant eulogy of the wonderful Grand Old Man. Mr. LUCY is the Parliamentary PEPYS. The sketches are by an Old Parliamentary Hand, yeelp HARRY FURNISS, and assist the reader unfamiliar with the House of Commons to form a pretty accurate idea of the men who are, and of the men who were, and what they wear, and how they wear.

The most interesting part of JAMES PAYN's latest novel, *A Stumble on the Threshold*, to Cambridge men or Camford men (for in this story the names are synonymous), will be the small-beer chronicle of small College life in their University some thirty years ago.

The slang phrases of that remote period are perhaps somewhat confused with those of a more modern time, just as an old Dutch Master will introduce his own native town and the costume of his fellow-countrymen into a picture representing some great Scriptural subject, thus bringing it, so to speak, up to date, and giving us an artistic realisation of what may be concisely termed "the historic present." In the second volume (this novel is complete in two volumes) the sketches of river-life, including a delightful one of the old look-keeper, are refreshingly breezy. The story, slight in itself, is skilfully worked out; and the only disappointing part of it—that is, at least to the Baron's thinking—is, that the villain of the earlier part of the tale does not turn up again as the real culprit, though the Baron is certain that every reader must expect him to do so, and must feel quite sure that, in spite of the author's reticence on the subject, it was *he* who really committed the murder, and escaped even the author's detection, unless, out of sheer soft-heartedness towards the puppets of his own creation, JAMES PAYN knowingly let him off at the last moment. The judicial portion of the novel, including the scene in the Coroner's court, is just what would have been expected from an impartial "J. P."

A DEGREE BETTER.—The Degree of Doctor of Music is to be revived at Cambridge. The duties will be to attend ailing Musicians and Composers. When appointed, the Doctor will go out to Monte Carlo, or thereabouts, to see how Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN is getting on. Sir ARTHUR will, of course, regulate his conduct at the tables by the prescriptions of his Medical Adviser.

MR. WAGGSTAFF AND HIS DOCTOR.—He was ordered by his Doctor to walk two miles a day. "Can't do it in London," was the patient's reply; "never walk more than one mile. But," he said, brightening up, "I'll go to Paris, as one mile there is equal to double the distance in England. How's that? I'll tell you. I do half a mile out, half a mile back: one mile; *et voilà deux!*"

"LITTLE TICH" AND "COLLINS."—The former, not the *Little Tich* of Drury Lane Pantomime, but Sir HENRY TICHBORNE, Bart., has, for absence of mind and body, thus not fulfilling his duties as High Sheriff, been fined by Mr. Justice COLLINS five hundred pounds—*quids pro quo*—unless he can show some just cause or impediment. "He wants TICH-ing up a bit," thought Mr. Justice, but he didn't say so.

REPORTS OF CRACKERS.—If among our old friend SPARAGNAPANE & Co.'s Crackers there are any that will "go off" better than others it will be those called *The True Lovers' Code Cosagues*. This is the latest addition to the School-Board Education Code for the Christmas Holidays.



A Reviewer.



"SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF!"

Mrs. Brown (a victim of secret social ambitions). "OH, AS FOR POOR *MRS. ROBINSON*, HER ONLY OBJECT IN LIFE IS TO DROP ALL HER OLD FRIENDS AND KNOW TITLED PEOPLE! ISN'T IT LOATHSOME AND SICKENING?"

Mrs. Jones (who is consumed unwardly by just the same desire). "YES, INDEED, IF IT'S TRUE! BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SHE WANTS ANYTHING SO UTTERLY DESPICABLE AND MEAN?"

Mrs. Brown (nervely). "BECAUSE SHE WAS SO PRECIOUS HARD ON *MRS. SMITH* FOR TRYING TO KNOW LORD AND LADY SNOOKS!"

"THE MISSING WORD." (?)

THIS is "The Maiden All Forlorn," bowed down with burdens scarce to be borne, Waiting a blast on Hope's clarion horn, loud as the "Cook that crew in the morn."

Bucolic, wheat-crowned, she - *Micauber* seems she, waiting for something to turn up—somehow.

Poor Agriculture! Care's merciless vulture has harried her vitals, and furrowed her brow.

All are her friends—so each talker pretends—from *CHAPLIN* the cheery, to *WINCHILSEA* wise,

And valorous *MUNTZ*, who the land-question shunts, and "goes the whole hog" for Protection and rise;

With rollicking *LOWTHER*, who's no Malagrowth, but larkly hints that the look-out is mournful;

And *NETHERSOLE*, rustic and most nubibustic, of law and of logic complacently scornful.

Poor latter-day Ceres! Quidnuncs and their queries will hardly restore her her loved long-lost daughter,

(Fair Profits) whom *Pluto* ("the Foreigner") stole. Vainly landlords and farmers breathe forth fire and slaughter

At Free Trade—that Circe on whom they've no mercy,—and howl down the speeches of those she's enchanted.

The one "Missing Word" may sound wholly absurd to cool sense, but to them 'tis the one thing that's wanted.

HOARE's wrath fiercely waxes. Reduction of Taxes? Low Rents? More improvements in modes of production?

Pooh! *SAUNDERS* and *RILEY* must be far more wily to get *him* to yield to their Red Rad seduction.

He stands midst his ruins (like *MARIUS*) making of faith in Protection an open confession.

'Tis Duties on Food will alone do us good, nought else can now cure "the prevailing depression."

The Missing Word! Maiden Forlorn, 'tis a poser you put to the country, the cliques, and the classes,

The Landlord, The Farmer, the Labourer! Say they agree, what response may you hope from "the Masses."

Those tiresome "Consumers"? Old myths and new rumours are like the East wind, Maiden, mighty unfiling;

Bucolic ideas and crude panaceas won't help you, though with them all Fad-dom is thrilling.

Yes, Fads make strange bedfellows, *WINCHILSEA* tells us, in this far more wise than he's wholly aware of.

But *CHAPLIN-cum-WALSH* cannot turn back time's tide. And *Punch*, who all interests has to take care of,

Must tell you in kindness, that only sheer blindness can say of Protection the true Missing Word it is, Though men, my poor Maiden, with worries o'erladen, will lend ear to Quackdom's most arrant absurdities!

Suggestions for New Musical Publications.

A COMPANION to *The Stars of Normandy*, to be entitled, *The North Pole-Star* (the words by *COLD-WETHERBY*), to be sung by *CHARLES VERY CHILLEY*. It sung at St. James's Hall, admission generally, one shilling. Freeze-seats, nothing.

"*The Carnival*" is announced, as "*MOLLOY*'s last hit" We hope not. We trust that it is only *Misther James MOLLOY*'s latest hit. "Never say die!"

As a companion to "*Come Dance the Romaika*," will be published, "*Come Read the Romaika*," set up and composed by the Press Cutting Agency.

RATHER STARTLING. — A Correspondent sends us a cutting from a paper:—

"*MR. MOODY*, the Evangelist, who was a passenger on the *Spree*, . . . preached an able discourse."

She says, "I can read no more to-day. *MR. MOODY*, as 'a passenger on the *Spree*, is too much for my feelings." As *Joe* said to *Pip*, "What larks!" Yours truly, SHOCKED!



“THE MISSING WORD.” (?)

[“The Agricultural Conference unhappily seems to have made up its mind to defy the recognised laws of economic science, instead of endeavouring to adapt their farming methods to them. The first of the two operative resolutions passed yesterday was an undisguised proposal for the re-adeption of Protection.”—*The Times*.]

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

IV.—THE MAN WHO WOULD BE A CRITIC.

ST. BARBE, as a literary man and critic, always professed a desire to live in a quiet neighbourhood. Therefore, as I approached his house, on the almost inaccessible slopes of Campden Hill, I was amazed to see a large and increasing crowd assembled in the vicinity. Pushing my way through, I saw that ST. BARBE'S windows were broken, glass was in a weak minority in the panes, and, what was more singular, the breakage seemed to be done *from within*! Objects were flying out into the garden, and those objects were books. I had the curiosity and agility to catch a few as they fell, and to pick others up. They were mostly volumes of Poetry, and, in every case, they bore ST. BARBE'S name on the fly-leaf, with a flattering manuscript inscription by the author. Some of the authors' names were unknown to me; in others I recognised ladies of title whom I had read about in the Society Journals. Urging my way through a hot fire of octavos, I rang the bell. The maid who opened the door said, "You're not an Interviewer, Sir?"

"Great Heavens, no!" I replied.

"It is lucky for you, Sir; he's got an air-gun, and winged two Interviewers to-day, and shot one in the hat."

"I am a friend of Mr. ST. BARBE'S," I explained, scarcely audible amidst the yells of that man of letters.

"He's awful bad to-day, Sir, assaulted a parcels-delivery man, who was too heavy for him."

So speaking, the maid led me to ST. BARBE'S study. He was now quiet, and only groaning softly as he reposed on the sofa; the fragments of furniture and the torn letters which covered the floor, proved, however, that the crisis had been severe, for a man who likes a quiet neighbourhood. I felt his pulse, injected morphine, and asked him how he did?

"Better," said ST. BARBE, feebly. "I've been clearing them out."

"Clearing what out?" I asked.

"Presentation copies of books, from the authors," he said; and added, "and the devils of publishers."

At this moment the postman knocked, and the maid brought in some letters with an air of anxiety.

ST. BARBE tore the envelopes open, "There, and there, and there!" he cried, thrusting them into my hands, while his features bore a satanic expression of hatred and contempt.

As he seemed to wish it, I read his correspondence, while he absently twirled the poker in his hands, and gnashed his teeth.

"What is the matter with you, old man?" I asked. "These notes seem to be very modestly and properly expressed:—"

"DEAR SIR,—You will be astonished at receiving a letter from a total stranger; but the sympathy of our tastes, which I detect in all you write, induces me to send you my little work on *The Folk Lore of Tavern Signs*."

Here ST. BARBE sat down on the hearth, and scattered ashes on his head, in a manner unbecoming an Englishman.

"I don't see what annoys you so," I remarked, "or in this:—"

"DEAR MR. ST. BARBE,—You will not remember me, but I met you once at Lady CAERULEA SMITHFIELD'S, and therefore I take the liberty of sending you my little book of verses."

Here he rolled on the floor, and gnawed the ear of a chair. I had heard of things like this in the time of the PLANTAGENETS, but I never expected to see nowadays such ferocity of demeanour.

"It is signed MARY MIDDLESEX," I said. "She's very pretty, and a Countess, or something of that sort. What's the matter with you?"

"Try the next," he said.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Being well aware of the interest you take in the fragments of DIONYSIUS SCYTOBRACHION, I have requested my publisher to send you my little work on his *Quelle*. BOUNDER, as you are aware"—Here he pitched his clock into the mirror, and groaned audibly. I tried another:—

"DEAR MR. ST. BARBE,—I know how busy you are, but you can always spare an hour or two for the work of a friend. My *Love well Lost*, in three volumes, is on its way to you. I wish you to review it in all the periodicals with which you are connected. Last time I wrote a novel, my nephew reviewed it, very perfunctorily, in the *Pandrosium*; this time I want only to be reviewed by my friends." He was kicking on the sofa, and apparently trying to commit suicide with the pillows.

"Command yourself, ST. BARBE," I said; "this behaviour is unworthy either of a Christian or a philosopher. These letters, which irritate you so much, are conceived in a spirit of respectful admiration. The books which you have been heaving through the window are, no doubt, of interest and value."

"Waste paper, every one of them," he moaned. Then he added, as he rumped his hair in a frantic manner, "I'd like to see you, old cock, if you had to live this life! It isn't living, it's answering humbugging letters, and opening brown-paper parcels, all day long, all the weary day. And my temper, which was angelic, and my manners, which were the mirror of courtesy, are irretrievably ruined. And my time is wasted, and my stationer's bill is mere perdition. It begins in the morning; I try to be calm; I sit down to write replies to all these pestilent idiots."

"Your admirers?" I said.

"They're not admirers; they only cadge for reviews. Time was, they say, when critics were bribed. Ha! ha! Now they all expect to be praised for nothing. And the parcels of books they send." Here I noticed a London Parcels Delivery van, laden with brown-paper packages of books. Quickly the maid rushed out, and induced the driver to remember that he was a family man, and he went on his way without calling.

"They come all day long," my poor friend went on, "and all of them are trash, rubbish that they shoot here; shoot, ha! ha!" and he took down a Winchester rifle, and crept stealthily to the window.

Luckily none of his enemies were in view.

"No waste-paper basket is big enough to hold them all," he said, ruefully, "and once a week I make a clearance. The neighbours are beginning to murmur," he added, "There is no sympathy, in England, for a man of letters." Letters, indeed! I write them all day to these impostors, these amateurs;" and he bit a large piece out of a glass, which was standing handy.

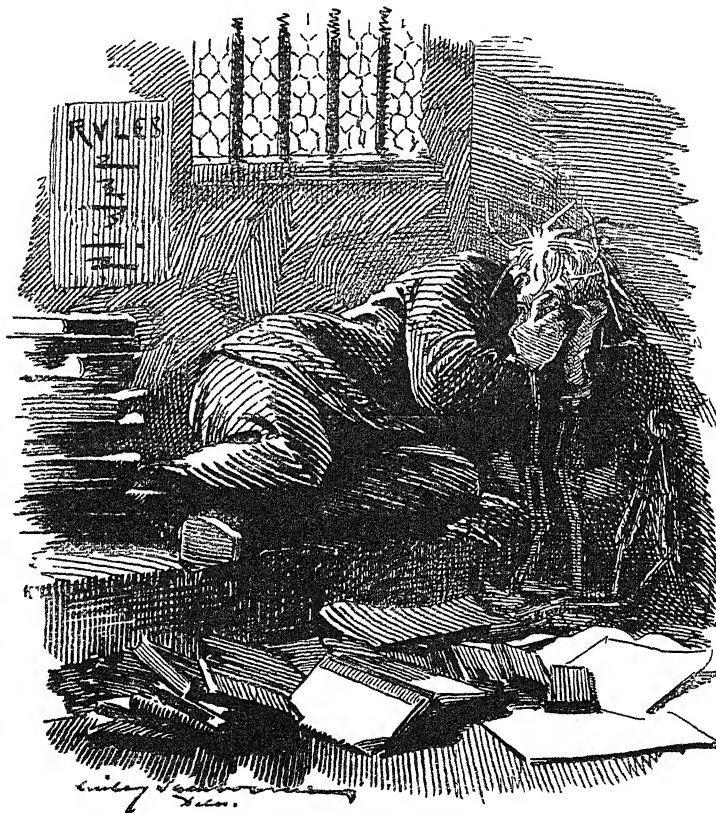
"Is there no way of escaping from this persecution?" I asked, with sympathy.

"None—none! I have written to the *Times*; I have applied to the Magistrates; I have penned letters which might melt the heart of a stone; I have even been unmannerly, I fear, now and then, for I cannot *always* dissemble! No!" he cried, "I am doomed,—"

'Presentation copies sore Long time he bore'—

write that on my sepulchre."

Here he broke down, and wept like a child. Poor fellow! he is now under restraint, and I expect soon to hear that we have lost ST. BARBE, at heart a kind, benevolent man, but sorely treated by authors. Such are the dangers of a critical career, and so wearing are the facilities of the Parcels Post. Others may perish like him, men deserving of a better fate. But to appeal to authors for mercy is vain, I know; far from sympathising with taste and culture in distress, they actually complain that they are harshly treated by critics. They little know what they themselves inflict.



"Poor fellow! he is now under restraint."

DIARY OF A STATESMAN.

("Made in France.")

Monday.—Immense enthusiasm. The Ministry never so strong. When asked my intentions, replied, "My intentions are the intentions of my country." They nearly shook my hand off in their delight. Grand official reception in the evening. Everyone there. All the Diplomatic body offered congratulations.

Tuesday.—Ministry suddenly threatened by an unseen danger. Everything going smoothly, when someone in the back benches interrogated us about an open window in the corridors. Considering the question frivolous, declined to answer. Enormous excitement, all the Members shaking their fists, and gesticulating. "Urgency" asked for. We protested; and, after a heated debate, secured the passing to the Order of the Day *pur et simple* by a majority of two! Too close to be pleasant.

Wednesday.—We have been defeated! The window incident was renewed. The Minister of Justice explained that it was the accidental carelessness of a Commissaire of Police. Although the man was brave, and crippled by a wound, the Chamber demanded his immediate dismissal. We protested. "Urgency" was voted by a majority of 343, and we immediately resigned. Bore to have to pack up!

Thursday.—Have refused to join no less than five combinations. Too dangerous. None of them seemed sufficiently stable. Six men have been tried, but at present without result. Well, if nothing is done by to-morrow morning, I shall go into the country for a little shooting. *Fido* is quite ready—he has his coat out, his moustache curled, and can carry a bag in his mouth. He is very good at tricks too. Altogether a thorough sporting dogue.

Friday.—Back again. Others being unable to form a Cabinet, have formed one myself. Think it will hold together, but one never knows. So far we have had an overwhelming vote of confidence. Put it to the Members whether we might do what we pleased with the windows. "Yes," and "Urgency" voted almost simultaneously. No doubt a veritable triumph!

Saturday.—Everything went smoothly until the afternoon, when a Deputy wished to know the correct time. Minister of Education gave it as a quarter to six. It was proved that he was wrong. He should have said ten minutes to the hour. Serious Ministerial crisis in consequence. Fearful excitement. A Bill brought in and passed legalising everything that four men and a boy might decide. Ministry forced to protest; turned out in consequence. Base ingratitude; but a time will come! Generally hop in and out of office twice in a fortnight. Quite accustomed to it. Good exercise.

Sunday.—Released from my Ministerial duties. Shall have a day's shooting with *Fido* in consequence. But I must be back again to-night, because I am sure to be expected to form a New Ministry to-morrow!

Query.—Why cannot Mr. GLADSTONE eat more than two-thirds of a rabbit, whether boiled or curried? *Answer.*—It does not matter what Mr. GLADSTONE or anybody else can do, as nobody can eat a rabbit (*à*) hole.

"SMALL BY DEGREES, AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the authorities at Monte Carlo very properly have refused permission to Doctors, their wives and families, to visit the tables of the Casino. I have not yet ascertained the reason for the prohibition, but no doubt it is because the "powers that be" consider Physicians too valuable to the community to run the risk of endangering their lives in the excitement of play. If we may accept this as a basis, we can see how the idea can be developed. If it is right to exclude Doctors, why then, as a kindred class, Lawyers should also be refused admission. Of course Clergymen of all denominations are, even now, conspicuous by their absence. If they are not, the decree of banishment should refer also to the wearers of the cloth.

We have now got rid of Doctors, Lawyers, and Parsons—three of the Professions. To be consistent, we must take the fourth. This will prevent Musicians from gambling. But if Musicians are tabooed, why not Actors? And if Actors, why not Artists? And if we except Artists, we must join Literature and Science, or there might be jealousy. And now we have excluded Doctors, Lawyers, Parsons, Musicians, Actors, Artists, Authors, Men of Science, and everyone more or less connected with them.

Now we must remember what is bad for the master must be equally bad for the man. So if a Doctor is excluded, a Chemist, an Undertaker, and a Grave-digger would also be kept away. A Lawyer would carry with him Judges, Magistrates, Clerks, and Law Stationers. The Clergy would represent everyone connected with a church, from an Archbishop to a Bell-ringer. Then, if we are to take away the Professions, Commerce must follow—wholesale and retail. In one blow we keep out of the rooms nearly the entire community.

Still there are the Army, the Navy, and the Civil Service. But these are all more or less branches of the original class. They, like the Doctors, work for the public good. Without an Army and Navy and a Civil Service, how would the State exist? So they must go. And now we have very little left. We have lost the Doctors, the Clergy, the Lawyers, the Contributors to Fine Arts, the Merchants, the Traders, and the Servants of the Crown. Naturally the lower orders would follow the lead of the upper classes, and then there would be only the Croupiers left. And as the Croupiers may not play

themselves, and would have the play of no one to superintend, they, too, might be excused, as their labour would be in vain.

And now having reduced the visitors of the tables to an unknown quantity, I may disappear myself. Yours retiringly,
Spanish Castle, Isle of Skye.

AN EX-X.

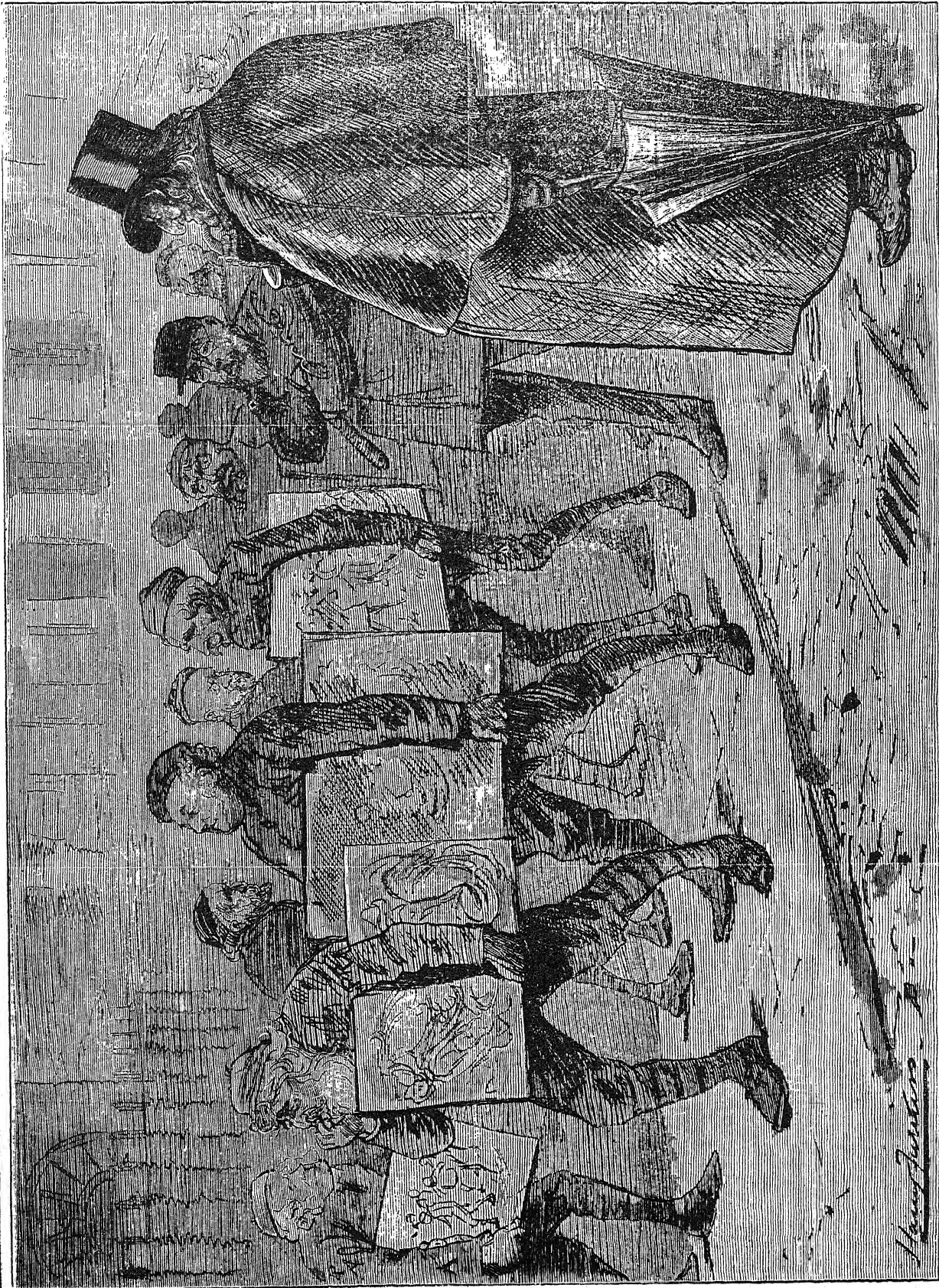
A RUSH OF ONE.—The *Times*, a few days ago, alluding to the unemployed loafer, said, "it is he who flocks" to Relief Committees, and so forth. How delightful to be able to flock all by yourself! It recalls the bould Irish soldier who "took six Frenchmen prisoners by surrounding them"?

THE GRAMMAR OF ART.—"Art," spell it with a big or little "a," can never come first in any well-educated person's ideas. "I am," must have the place of honour; then "Thou Art!" so apostrophised, comes next.



KINDLY MEANT.

"WHERE ARE YOU STAYING? I'LL CALL AND SEE YOU."
"DON'T! YOU'LL ONLY THINK THE WORSE OF ME WHEN YOU SEE MY SURROUNDINGS!"
"OH, MY DEAR FELLOW, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, YOU KNOW!"



ROYAL ACADEMICIANS AT MILLBANK.

[“We understand that Millbank Prison, the site offered by Sir WILLIAM HARGREAVES for the National Gallery of British Art, has been accepted by Mr. TATE.”—*Morning Papers.*]

FROM PENCIL TO PEN.

(A Story of the Merry Yule-Tide Season.)

Publisher's Sanctum. Publisher and Author discovered in conference.

Publisher. And so I thought that, perhaps, with your kind assistance, we might work off some of the blocks that have been left on our hands under the unfortunate circumstances I have just related.

Author. Certainly. Quite easy. You want to get a Christmas Number out of them. All right—give me the subjects, and I will just jot down how they shall be worked in. We will commence—hero and heroine—say, for the moment, *Edwin* and *Angelina*.



For Sail or Return.

Pub. (looking at pictures). I fancy this is intended for somewhere in the neighbourhood of the North Pole. Sailors surrounded by white bears on an iceberg.

Auth. Very good. *Edwin's* father was an Arctic explorer. Write under sketch, "The old man had many a startling adventure in the silent land of eternal snow." Go on.

Pub. Here is, seemingly, a quarrel to the death, in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND. Ball-room, with Cavaliers and their Ladies. Central group, a fight with swords. Can we do anything with it?

Auth. Why, certainly. *Edwin* excites the jealousy of *Angelina's* cousin *Reginald*. The latter calls out the former at a fancy-dress dance. Label it—"Captain de Courcy was too impatient to wait until the ball was over, but challenged his rival as the company were on the eve of going down to supper." Drive on!

Pub. This seems rather a puzzle,—a ship sinking in mid-ocean.

Auth. The very thing. *Edwin* having lost all his money on the Stock Exchange, goes to Australia for more gold. Label—"The storm was terrific, and the *Belgravia* had much difficulty in weathering this gale of almost unprecedented violence." Next, please!

Pub. Why here are some sketches of Venice, St. Petersburg, China, and North Wales.

Auth. I can take them *en bloc*. *Edwin* and *Angelina*, before they return home, go upon a honeymoon. Work them all in. Anything else?

Pub. A man being shot by a company of French soldiers. Is that of any use?

Auth. First-rate fate for the wicked *Reginald*. Goes to France during the Franco-German War as a Special Correspondent, and is shot as a Prussian spy. Couldn't be better. Anything else?

Pub. A village crowd looking at a representation of "Punch and Judy."

Auth. Obviously a recollection of *Edwin's* schooldays. Label it—"Sometimes he would join the crowd, watching an exhibition of perambulating puppets." Anything else?

Pub. A man being thrown from his horse into a brook.

Auth. All right! *Angelina* first falls in love with *Edwin* when nursing him after an

accident in the hunting-field. Label it—"His horse swerved, and *Edwin* was thrown with great violence into the water." Anything else?

Pub. A man with a dark lantern looking, I think, at a mile-stone.

Auth. *Reginald*, before his death in France, tries to enter burglariously the dwelling-house of his hated rival. Label—"The misguided wretch paused for a moment while he examined one of the mile-stones." Anything further?

Pub. Only two. Which shall we have, a happy or a wretched ending?

Auth. Either you please. One's as easy as the other. What are they?

Pub. First a man dying in the prairie is threatened by a vulture.

Auth. Evidently *Edwin*. You see, we have already disposed of the wicked cousin. What is the other?

Pub. Oh, the conventional thing—bridal party in a village church. I wish we could use both.

Auth. So we can. Cut down bridal block, and punch out enough of sky in prairie to make room for it. Then give the legend, "And *Edwin* died happily, for in his vision he saw his love once more as he had hoped to see her. With his last breath he blessed her as she stood beside him at the altar." That will do, and then I can finish off with, "Who knows they may not meet again?" THE END.

Pub. And now I want to ask your opinion about some trade advertisements. I want to know if we can work them in?

[Scene closes in upon arrangements of a business-like character.]

THE KISS.

(By a Jubilant Jurymen.)

[Kissing the Book is now to be dispensed with as part of a Jurymen's duties.]

LIP to lip is pleasant altogether, But there is no charm in lip to leather All the bards who've sung of osculation, Down from OVID to song's last sensation, Could not lend romance, or even sense, To the Court's poor labial pretence, Always meaningless, and most unpleasant. Here the past is bettered by the present. Kissing is the due of Love and Beauty, Dull and dismal when 'tis made mere duty. Mere lip-loyalty to Love means little— But to Truth? 'Tis not worth jot or tittle! When from lip to lip in cold formality Passed the grubby cover, in reality Binding kissing made no oath more binding Nor more easy Justice's clear finding. Therefore, thanks to common sense,—long missing—

That makes obsolete one form of kissing!

"THERE AND BACK."

FIRST night at Covent Garden of new Opera, *Irmengarda*, by Chevalier, not Chevalier Coster, but Chevalier EMIL BACH. In this plot the women of a besieged city are allowed to leave it, carrying whatever is most precious on their backs—but this one BACH can't carry *Irmengarda*, which is, however, not too, too precious, but is supportable. SIR DRURIOPLANUS OPERATICUS "gives a Back," and it's "Over!" First Act, while performing, is promising; second very much after, or behind the first. House full. Everybody good, specially VALDA and ABRAMOFF. MR. ARMBRUSTER conducted the MASCAGNI-cum-WAGNER-&-Co. music. Everybody happy, specially BACH himself, who was not backwards in coming forwards, and bowing his acknowledgments.

By the way, as in Act III. the King enters "a-riding a-riding," this Opera may be distinguished from any of BACH's future works by being called The Horse-BACH Opera. Not to exhaust the punning possibilities in the name of the composer, it may be incidentally noted that, original and fresh as every air in this Opera may be, yet this present work consists entirely of "BACH Numbers." No more on this subject at present.

Last week of Opera by night at Covent Garden, as the Garden is turned into a Race-course for *The Prodigal Daughter's* steeple-chase, and Drury Lane is wanted for the Pantomime, SIR DRURIOPLANUS has his hands full—likewise his pockets. "So mote it be!"

TO MY PARTNER.

"MISS RED SASH"—my programme can't even relate Your name, and I know nothing more Of your tastes. Do you talk of high Art—or the state

Of the floor?



Has Girton or Newnham endeavoured to clog With stiffest of science your brain; Or are you prepared to discourse of the fog And the rain?

Do politics please you? Uganda, perhaps, Or the Cabinet crisis in France? Or would you remark that a great many chaps Never dance?

Is IBSEN your idol, with plays that are noise, Some say nauseous; is he a sage?

Or are you contented to see a live horse On the stage?

You love PADEREWSKI, and would not be false To your faith in BRAHMS, GRIEG, WAGNER and [false, Co.; or you are awfully pleased with this And this Band?

I'll fan you, and hear if you then will repeat Facts on currents of air, or simoom; Or simpler, and smilingly speak of the heat Of the room.

A GOOD "SECOND".—A Dutch Oyster.



SNUBBING A DECADENT.

He. "A—DON'T YOU FIND EXISTENCE AN AWFUL BORE?"
 She. "A—WELL, SOME PEOPLE'S EXISTENCE—MOST DECIDEDLY!"

YULE-TIDE—OLD AND NEW.

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CENTURY.

AND they made merry in the good old fashion. The pictures on the walls were covered with holly and mistletoe. They had come from British woods. Then the tables groaned with Christmas cheer. The baron of beef was flanked with plum-pudding and mince-pies. There never was a more jovial crew. The compliments of the season were passed round, and the Christmas Waits, singing their Christmas carols, were entertained right royally. For was it not a time of peace and good will? Then there was a mighty laugh. A huge joke had been perpetrated. Grandfather had been asleep, and he was telling the youngsters, who had been playing a round game, the character of his dream.

"I give you my word it is true," said the old man. "Yes, I actually forgot it was Christmas!"

"But it was only in your dreams, Grandpapa," urged one of his descendants.

"Yes, but that was bad enough," cried the old man in a tone of self-reproach, "fancy forgetting Christmas—even in one's dreams! Everything seems changing nowadays!"

But the Grandfather was wrong—the Christmas bills were unchangeable. And ever will be!

AT THE END OF THE CENTURY.

And certainly it was dull enough in all conscience. Nowadays everything is dull. Although it was towards the end of December, the room was decorated with summer flowers. They had come from Algeria. Then the side-table was spread with a *recherché* repast, for they were all going to dine *à la Russe*. But the guests were sad and thoroughly bored. They had sent a policeman after the itinerant street-musicians, with the desired result. Inside and outside silence reigned triumphant. Was it not a time for "moving on" and threatening "six weeks without the option of a fine"?

Then there was a deep groan. A young man—somebody's Grandson—suggested a round game. At first the suggestion was received with derision.

"You can't get up a Missing Word Competition," said one. "No, my Grandson, you can't."

"Can't I?" said the youngster, who had been called "Grandson." "Can't I? Look here, I will write out a Word, and I will bet you none of you will guess it."

And "Grandson" wrote out a Word on a piece of paper, and sealed it in a packet. Then he called out the sentence, "The present season of the year is known as——"

Then they all tried to guess it. Some one said "unfavourable," another "pleasant," a third "dreary," and a fourth "troublesome."

But they all were wrong.

At last the sealed-up packet was produced, and opened. For the first time there was a smile when the Word was known.

"Who would have thought of it?" was the cry.

The word chosen was "Christmas."

"Fancy anyone remembering Christmas! Even for a Missing Word Competition! Everything seems changing nowadays!"

But the Grandson was wrong—his Christmas bills were unchangeable. And ever will be!

"ART COMPETITIONS."

"Since these competitions were started, the public had been educated in artistic matters, and their judgment was almost equal to that of the members of the Royal Academy."—*Mr. Poland's Speech in the "Missing Word" case.*

MR. POLAND said, at Bow Street,
 Choosing pictures thus imparts
 Judgment good as that of those treat-
 Ed as foremost in the arts.

Hitherto each paid his shilling
 At the House of Burlington,
 Gazed at pictures, feeble, thrilling,
 Bad or good, and wandered on—

Stared with awe-struck admiration
 At "the Picture of the Year,"
 Gained artistic education
 In a stuffy atmosphere.

Then all changed; he paid his shilling
 And he sent his coupon in
 To a weekly paper, willing
 To discriminate the tin;

And be wisely praised or blamed, yet
 He knew nothing of design,
 The BRIDGE of Bow Street claimed yet
 One more shilling as a fine.

Oh, rejoice, Academicians!
 Learned BRIDGE knew what to do;
 Artisans or mechanicians
 Might have grown as wise as you.

Which would sadden any just man,
 And might make an angel weep—
 DICKSEE distanced by a dustman,
 STOREY staggered by a sweep!

BOUGHTON beaten by a baker,
 Housemaids humbling helpless HOOK;
 STONE surpassed by sausage-maker,
 COOPER conquered by a cook!

CROWE or CROFTS crushed by a cow-boy,
 MILLAIS made by milkmen mad,
 PETTIE plucked by any ploughboy,
 LEIGHTON licked by butcher's lad!

It effected all you care for,
 But SIR JOHN has pulled you through;
 Bold Bow-Street's Beak is, therefore,
 No Bridge of Sighs for you

"A NOTE ON THE APPRECIATION OF GOLD."
 —Send a five-pound note (verified by the Bank of England) to our office, and we will undertake to get it changed *immediately*, and thereupon to hand over to the Bearer, in exchange for the note, *two golden sovereigns, and one golden half-sovereign, ready cash.* This will show what is *our* appreciation of gold.

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.



"I confess it does seem to me that certain decisions made by a competent tribunal have rendered it extremely doubtful whether there is a single one of the 670 gentlemen who now compose the House of Commons, who might not find himself, by some accident, unseated, if a full investigation were made into everything that had taken place in his constituency, say, during the ten years preceding his candidature"—*Mr. Balfour at Sheffield.*

M. P. (of any Party you please), loquatur —

PHW! It's all very fine, when you gather to dine,
And to blow off the steam, while you blow off your 'bacca,

(As the farmers of Aylesbury did, when their wine
Was sweetened with "news from the Straits of Malacca"),
But things are much changed since the voters of Bucks
Flushed red with loud fun at the phrases of Dizzy,
And M. P.'s are dreadfully down on their lucks,
Since BALFOUR's confounded "tribunals" got busy.

What precious stiff posers to loyal Primrosers
Are offered by Rochester, Walsall, and Hexham!



SUCH A HAPPY FAMILY PARTY—AT CHRISTMAS.

Uncle John (losing his money and his temper) "NOW, JANE, DO ME A FAVOUR FOR ONCE, AND DON'T SHOW YOUR HAND!"
 Aunt June (whose best Cards her Partner has invariably over-trumped). "I CAN'T HELP IF YOU SHOW FOUR HANDS, AND I'M SURE
 THEY'RE NO BRAUTIES!" [After this there's a prospect of a very pleasant evening]

Platform perorators, post-prandial closers,
 Must find many points to perplex 'em and vex 'em
 It bothers a spouter who freely would flourish
 Coat-tails and mixed tropes at political dinners,
 When doubts of his safety he's driven to nourish,
 Through publicans rash and (electoral) sinners.

Good lack, and good gracious! One may be veracious,
 And look with disgust upon bribes and forced bias,
 Yet owing to "Agents" more hot than sagacious,
 Appear as *Autolycus-cum-ANANIAS*
 One might just as soon be a Man-in-the-Moon,
 Or hark back at once to the style of Old Sarum.
 That Act (Corrupt Practices) may be a boon,
 But the way they apply it seems most harum-scarum

Should a would-be M P ask old ladies to tea,
 Or invite male supporters to crumpets or cricke',
 Should a snug Party Club prove a trifle too free,
 Or give an equivocal "treat," or hat-ticket,
 A "seven years' nursing of Slopville-on-Slime,
 A well-fought Election and Glorious Victory
 (Crowd o'er by proud Party prints at the time)
 May—lose you your Seat. It does seem contradictory.

Of course, my good friends, one would not say a word,
 Against England's glory—Electoral Purity!
 Suspect me of slighting that boon? Too absurd!
 But what good 's a Seat without some small security.
 To fight tooth and nail, land a win, and then fail
 Along of dishon—I mean o'er-zealous "Agents"—
 Well, well, I don't wish at our Judges to rail,
 But—putting it plainly—I fear it won't pay, gents

'Tis hard to attend a political feast,
 And strut like a peacock, and crow like a bantam,
 Yet feel at one's back, like a blast from the east,
 A be-robed and be-wigged and blood-curdling law phantom.

Stentorian cheers, and uproarious hear-hears,
 Though welcome, won't banish the sense of "wet-blanket"
 (That's INGOLDSBY'S rhyme), when Petition-bred fears
 Conjure up a grim Skeleton (Judge) at the Banquet!

THE SHORTEST DAY.

SHORT verse
 We need,
 Most terse
 Indeed,
 That it—
 This lay—
 May fit
 This day.
 Short sight
 Of sun,
 Long night,
 Begun
 At four,
 Sunshine
 Once more
 At nine.

A M
 Meets eyes
 Of them
 Who rise
 If no
 Fog hide—
 Then woe
 Betide;
 The day
 That ought
 To stay
 So short
 A space
 Can't show
 Its face
 Below.

But when
 It goes,
 Why then
 One knows
 New Year
 Will soon
 Be here—
 Then June,
 So bright!
 So sweet!
 So light!
 We'll greet
 The day
 That's long
 With gay,
 Glad song—

Excessively long-footed verse will undoubtedly characterise what
 we say,
 For LONGFELLOW'S longest lines skip along when we've long longed
 for the Longest Day.

(Signed)

TOUCHSTONE.

MILITARY MOTTO FOR THE NEW SOUTH LONDON OPHTHALMIC HOS-
 PITAL OPENED LAST FRIDAY BY THE DUKE OF YORK.—"Eyes right!"

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

To various opinions the quidnuncs give voice,
 But the best "choice of books" means—the books of your choice.

THE LAST WORD.

(A Domestic Drama of the Day before Yesterday.)

SCENE.—The Breakfast Room at Linoleum Lodge, the suburban residence of SAMUEL STODGEFORD, Esq. Mr. and Mrs. STODGEFORD, their son PARMENAS, and daughters POMPILIA and PRISCILLA, discovered at breakfast.

Mr. Stodgeford. We shall probably get it by the second post, and though the delay is—ah—to some extent, annoying, we must not allow ourselves to be unduly impatient. Personally, I regard these—ah—weekly competitions as chiefly valuable in providing an innocent form of domestic recreation, and an interesting example of the—ah—value of words.

Parmenas S. The value of one word, I should say, Father. Last week, as there were very few who guessed right, it amounted to a considerable sum.

Mr. S. That is a stimulant to ingenuity, no doubt, with some minds, but let us put that aside. We feel some natural curiosity to know whether we have selected the missing adjective, and I see no reason myself to doubt that our united efforts will this time be crowned with success.

Pompilia. It is almost impossible that it won't be one of the two hundred and fifty we sent in.

Parmenas. I drew up a list of synonyms which, I flatter myself, was practically exhaustive.

Priscilla. I dreamt I heard a voice saying quite clearly in my ear, "Nonsensical! nonsensical!"—like that—so I sent it in the first thing next morning.

Mr. S. These—ah—supernatural monitions are not vouchsafed to us without a purpose. It may be "nonsensical."

Mrs. S. The only two words I could think of were, "absurd" and "idiotic," and I'm afraid they haven't much chance.

Mr. S. I wouldn't say that, SOPHRONIA. It is not always the most appropriate epithet that—let me run over the paragraph again—where is last week's paper? Ah, I have it. (He procures it and reads with unction.)

"The lark, as has been frequently observed by the poets, is in the habit of ascending to high altitudes in the exercise of his vocal functions. Scientific meteorologists, it is true, do not consider that there is any immediate danger of a descent of the sky, but many bird-catchers of experience are of opinion that, should such a contingency happen, the number of these feathered songsters included in the catastrophe would, in all probability, be simply—" It might be "idiotic" of course, but I fancy "incalculable" or "appalling" would be nearer the mark.

Parmenas. Too obvious, I should say. If you had adopted a few more of the words I got from *Roget's Thesaurus*, we should have been safer. Sending in a word like "disgusting" was sheer waste of one-and-two-pence! "I sold my Chanst to the Butcher-boy!" And as for POMPILIA, with her synonyms to "sensational," and PRISCILLA, with her rubbishy superstition, depend upon it, they're no good!

Pompilia. You think you know so much, because you've been to London University—but we've been to a High School; so we're not absolute idiots, PARMENAS!

Priscilla. And I'm sure people have dreamt which horse was going to win a race over and over again!

Mr. S. Come, come, let us have none of these unseemly disputes! And, when you compare a literary competition with—ah—a mere gambling transaction, PRISCILLA, you do a grave injustice to us all. You forget that we have, all of us, worked hard for success; we have given our whole thoughts and time to the subject. I have stayed at home from the office day after day. Your mother has had no leisure for the cares of the household; your brother has suspended his studies for his approaching examination, and your elder sister her labours at the East End—on purpose to devote our combined intelligence to the subject. And are we to be told that we are no better than the brainless multitude who speculate on horse-racing! I am not angry, my child, I am only—(Enter ROBERT, the Page, with a paper in a postal wrapper.) *Tiddler's Miscellany*—ha, at last! Why didn't you bring it up before, Sir? You must have known it was important!

Robert. Please, Sir, it's on'y just come, Sir.

Mr. S. (snatching the paper from him, and tearing it open; the other members of the family crowd round excitedly). Now we shall see! Where's the place? Confound the thing! Why can't they print the result in a— (His face falls.) What are you waiting for, Sir? Leave the room!

(To ROBERT, who has lingered about the sideboard.)

Robert. Beg pardon, Sir, but would you mind reading out the Word—'cause I'm—

The Family. Read the Word, Papa, do!

Mr. S. (keeping the Journal). All in good time (Addressing ROBERT.) Am I to understand, Sir, that you have actually had the presumption to engage in this competition?—an uneducated young rascal like you!

Robert. I didn't mean no harm, Sir, I sent in nothink—it was on'y a lark, Sir!

The Family (dancing with suspense). Oh, never mind ROBERT now, Father—do read out the Word!

Mr. S. (ignoring their anxiety). If you sent in nothing, Sir, so much the better. But, in case you should be tempted to such a piece of infatuation in future, let me tell you this by way of—ah—warning. I and my family, have, with every advantage that superior education and abilities can bestow, sent in, after prolonged and careful deliberation, no less than two hundred and fifty separate solutions, and not a single one of these solutions, Sir, proves to be the correct one!

The Family (collapsing on the nearest chairs). Oh, it can't be true—one of them must be right!

Mr. S. Unfortunately, they are not. I will read you the sentence as completed. (Reads.) "Should such a contingency happen, the number of these feathered songsters

included in the catastrophe would, in all probability, be simply—ah—nought!" Now I venture to assert that nothing short of—ah—absolute genius could possibly— (To ROBERT.) What do you mean by interrupting me, Sir?

Robert. Please, Sir, I said nothink, Sir!

Pompilia. Oh, what does it matter? Give me the paper, Papa. (She snatches it.) Oh, listen to this:—"The number of solutions sent in was five hundred thousand, which means that twenty-five thousand pounds remain for division. The only competitor who gave the correct solution was Mr. ROBERT CONKLING, of Linoleum Lodge, Camberwell..." Oh! Why, that's you, ROBERT!

Robert. Yes, Miss, I told you I said "Nought," Miss. I'm sure if I'd thought—

Mr. S. (gasping). Twenty-five thousand pounds! Ah, ROBERT, I trust you will not forget that this piece of—ah—unmerited good fortune was acquired by you under this humble roof. Shake hands, my boy!

Pompilia. Wait, Papa—don't shake hands till I've done—(continuing)—"Mr. CONKLING, however, having elected to disregard our conditions, requiring the solution to be written out in full, and to express the word "Nought" by a cipher, we cannot consider him legally entitled to the prize—"

Mr. S. How dare you use my private address for your illiterate attempts, Sir?

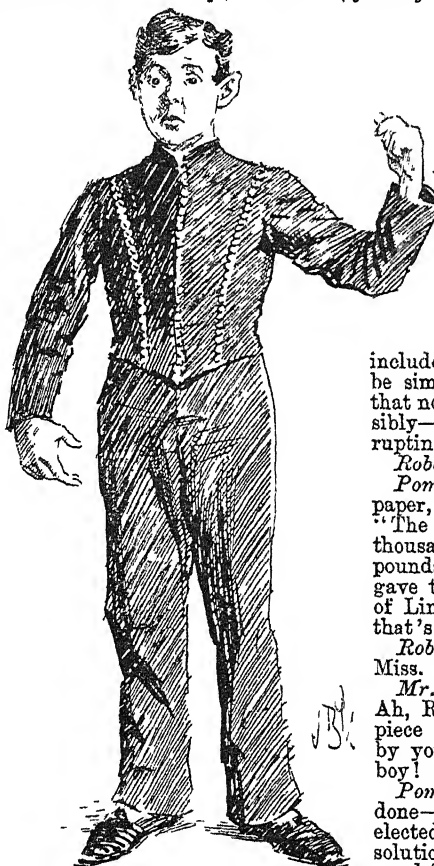
Prisc. (seizing the paper). Why don't you read it all?—"We are prepared, nevertheless, to waive this informality, and a cheque for the full amount of twenty-five thousand pounds, payable to his order, will be forwarded to Mr. CONKLING accordingly—"

Mr. S. Well, ROBERT, you deserve it, I must say—shake hands!—I—ah—mean it.

Robert. Thankee, Sir, I'm sure—it was Cook and JANE 'elped me, Sir, but—(dolefully)—I sold my chanst to the butcher-boy, for tuppence and a mouth-organ, Sir.

Mr. S. You unspeakable young idiot! But there, you will know better another time; and now go out at once, and order five hundred copies of *Tiddler*—a periodical which offers such intellectual and—ah—substantial advantages, deserves some encouragement. (Exit ROBERT.) Now Mother, PARMENAS, girls—all of you, let us set to work, and see—just for the—ah—fun of the thing—if we can't be more fortunate with the next competition. We'll have Cook and JANE, and—ah—ROBERT in to help; the housework can look after itself for once... what is it now, PRISCILLA?

Prisc. (faintly). I've just seen this. (Reads.) "In consequence of the recent decision at Bow Street, those who send solutions for this,



and any future competitions, will not be required to forward any remittance with their coupons —"

Mr. S. (approvingly). An admirable arrangement—puts a stop at once to any pernicious tendency to—ah—speculation!

Prisc. (continuing)—"and successful competitors must, we fear, be content with no other reward than that of honourable mention."

Mr. S. Here, send after ROBERT, somebody! It's scandalous that the precious title of a whole family should be frittered away in these unedifying and—ah—idiotic competitions. I will not allow another *Tiddler* to enter my house!

Robert (entering with his arms full of "Tiddlers"). Please, Sir, I brought a 'undred, Sir, and they'll send up the rest as soon as ever they— Oh Lor, Sir, I on'y done as I was told, Sir!

[*He is pounced upon, severely cuffed by a righteously indignant family, and sent flying in a whirlwind of tattered "Tiddlers," as the Scene closes.*]

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

THE MUFFIN MAN.

Am! welcome, through autumnal mist,
For each returning ruralist,
Waif metropolitan, to list

Thy tinkle unto.
No sound of seas or bees or trees
Can Londoners so truly please—
The cheapest epicure with ease

Thy dainties run to.



They need
not, like
the fruits
on sticks,
The fruits
Venetian
boyhood
licks,
A voice with
operatic
tricks
Their praise
to trumpet.
The simple
bell shall
fraught
with sense
Of teapot,
urn, and
hearth in-
tense,
Best herald
thee and
thy com-
mens-
-u r a b l e
crumpet.

Lives there a cit with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my crisp, my native-bred,
My British muffin!"?
Let picturesque Autolyci
Their cloying foreign dainties cry;
I don't see much to buy, not I,
Such messy stuff in!

Mysterious vagrant, dost prepare
Thyself that inexpensive fare;
Thyself, partake of it—and where?—
The boon thou sellest?
'Tis Home, where'er it be; thy load
Can cheer the pauper's dark abode,
And lack of it, with gloom corrode
The very swellest.

There are who deem it vulgar fun
For dressy bachelors to run
Themselves to stop thee; I'm not one
So nicely silly:

I'm not ashamed to track thy way,
And test the triumphs of thy tray,
And bring them back in paper, say,
To Piccadilly.

Yes, heedless of a gibing town,
To hand them PHYLIS, sit me down,
And wait, till they come up in brown
And glossy sections.

Then, brew my cup—the best Ceylon—
And, bidding care and chill begone,
Concentre heart and mouth upon
Thy warm perfections.

MONTECARLOTTERY.

[It remains true that for those who want a brief and exhilarating change, and are glad to reap for the nonce the harvest of a quiet eye, there are spots within the borders of England which, both in climate and in scenery, can vie with the proudest and most vaulted watering-places of the Sunny South.]—*Daily Paper.*

Damon on the Riviera, to Pythias at Torquay.—"Here I am, by the blue Mediterranean! At least, the attendant of the sleeping-car says the Mediterranean is somewhere about, only, as a violent rain-storm is going on, we can't see it. Very tired by journey. Feel that, after all, you were probably right in deciding to try the coast of Devonshire this winter, instead of Riviera."

Pythias at Torquay, to Damon at Nice.—"Coast of Devonshire delightful, so far. Pleasant run down from London by G. W. R.—only five hours. Thought of and pitied your crossing to Calais, and long night-and-day journey after. You should just see our geraniums and fuchsias, growing out-of-doors in winter! Mind and tell me in your next how the olives and orange-trees look."

Damon to Pythias.—"Olives all diseased—have not seen an orange-tree yet—there is my reply to the query in your last. Hitherto I have not had much opportunity of seeing anything, as the mistral has been blowing, and it has been rather colder than England in March. Wretched cold in my head. No decent fires—only pine-cones and logs to burn, instead of coal! Wish I were at Torquay with you!"

Pythias to Damon.—"Sorry to hear that Riviera is such a failure. More pleased than ever with Devonshire. Glorious warm sunshine to-day. Natives say they hardly ever have frost. Children digging on sand on Christmas Eve—too hot for great-coat. Rain comes down occasionally, but then it dries up in no time. Quite a little Earthly Paradise. Glad I found it out."

Later from Damon.—"Riviera better. Mistral gone. Sun warm, and have seen my first orange-tree. Have also found that there's a place called Monte Carlo near Nice. Have you ever heard of it? There's a Casino there, where they have free concerts. Off there now!"

Later from Pythias.—"After all, Devonshire is sometimes a little damp. Yes, I have heard of Monte Carlo Casino, and I wish there was anything of the sort at Torquay. Walks and drives pretty, but monotonous. Hills annoying. Still, evidently far superior to any part of Riviera."

Still later from Damon.—"Glorious place, Monte Carlo. Superb grounds! Scenery lovely, and Casinero still lovelier! And, between ourselves, I have already more than paid for expenses of my trip by my winnings at the Tables. No time for more just now. Must back the red!"

Reply to above from Pythias.—"Very sorry to hear you have been playing at the Tables. Sure to end in ruin. By the bye, what system do you use? The subject interests me merely as a mathematical problem, of course. Wish

I could pay expenses of my Devonshire hotel so easily. But then one ought to have some reward for visiting such a dreary place as the Riviera, with its Mistrals, and diseased olive-trees, and all that."

Latest from Damon.—"Since writing my last letter, my views of the Riviera have altered. The climate, I find, does not suit me. Sun doesn't shine as much as I expected—not at night, for instance. Then the existence of an olive disease anywhere near is naturally very *dégoûtant* (as they say here). And the Casino at Monte Carlo is simply an organised swindle. It ought to be put down! After staking ten times in succession on "Zero," and doubling my stake each time, I was absolutely cleared out! Only just enough money to take me home. Shall follow your example, and try Torquay for the rest of the winter."

Latest from Pythias.—"Just a hasty line to say—don't come to Torquay! I am leaving it. Since I last wrote, my views of Devonshire have also altered. Can't conceal from myself that the climate is a mistake. Damp, dull, and depressing. Your account of Monte Carlo—not the Casino, of course—so enchanting, that I've determined to try it. Just off to London to catch 'train de luxe!'"

THE MISSING WORD.

(By a much-badgered Barmaid.)

EACH boobyish bar-lounger calls me "dear,"

And "Misses" me in manner most absurd.
I should not miss him! But the boss, I fear,
Would miss his custom; so I still must hear
His odious "Miss-ing" word!

But oh! I'd sooner bear a monkey's kisses,
Than some of these cheap mashers' mincing
"Misses"! "two d"
And there is one young ape!—I'd stand
Could I hit him each time he "Misses" me!

QUEER QUERIES.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.—I should be glad to know whether it would be advisable for me to write a book of "Reminiscences," as I see is now the fashion. My life has been chiefly passed in a moorland-village in Yorkshire, so that it has not been very eventful, and I have never written anything before; still the public might like to hear my opinions on things in general, and I think I could make the anecdote of how our kitchen chimney once caught fire—which would be the most important incident chronicled—rather thrilling. Among interesting and eminent persons I have met, and of whom I could give some account in my forthcoming work, are Mr. GLADSTONE (who passed through our station in a train going at fifty miles an hour while I was on the platform), Lord SALISBURY whom I met (under similar circumstances, and the back of whose head I feel confident that I actually saw) and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England, who ordered an Usher to remove me from his Court at the Assizes as I was (incorrectly) alleged to be snoring. I should be glad to hear of any leading Publisher who would be likely to offer a good price for such a book.—RUSTICUS EXPECTANS.



Notes.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS. A REHEARSAL.

The Captain. "AT THIS STAGE OF THE PROCEEDINGS I'VE GOT TO KISS YOU, LADY GRACE. WILL YOUR HUSBAND MIND, DO YOU THINK?"
Lady Grace. "OH NO! IT'S FOR A CHARITY, YOU KNOW!"

"CHRISTMAS IS COMING!"

"CHRISTMAS is coming!" Pleasant truth
 To all—save the dyspeptic!
 To most in whom some smack of youth
 Hath influence antiseptic.
 Pessimists prate, and prigs be-rate
 The time of mirth and holly;
 But why should time-soured sages "slate"
 The juvenile and jolly?
 "Though some churls at our mirth repine"
 (As old GEORGE WITHER put it),
 We'll whiff our weed, and sip our wine,
 And watch the youngsters foot it.
 They did so in quaint WITHER's time,
 When wassail-bowls were humming,
 And still girls laugh, and church-bells
 chime,
 Because—"Christmas is coming!"

"Christmas is coming!" Let him bring
 Mirth to the toiling million.
 What is't he bears—a gracious thing—
 Behind him on the pillow?
 Her snowy garb, and smile benign,
 Make sunshine in dark places;
 The gentlest, rarest, most divine
 Of all the Christian graces.
 Her eyes are full of loving light,
 Her hands with gifts are laden;
 True Yule-tide Almoner, of right,
 This *Una*-pure sweet maiden!
 She smiles on all, full-feeding mirth,
 Young love, mad motley mummung;
 There is less dearth of joy on earth,
 Because—"Christmas is coming!"

A Merry Christmas? Round each room
 That's writ in leaf and berry;

But there be those, alas! to whom
 There's mockery in the "Merry."
 Merry?—when sorrow loads the heart,
 And nothing loads the larder?
 In the world's play the poor man's part
 At Yule-tide seems yet harder.
 Good cheer to him who hungry goes,
 And mirth to her who sorrows,
 Lend bitter chill to Christmas snows.
 Small joy care's bondsman borrows.
 From jollity he may not share,
 Despair is darkly drumming
 At his dull breast, whose hearth won't flare,
 Because—"Christmas is coming!"

Good Greybeard Sire, you would not tire
 Gay youth with tales of trouble;
 World-gladness is your heart's desire,
 And so you're—riding double!
 Pleasant to see dear Charity
 Close pillion-poised behind you,
 Eager to bid her gifts fly free,
 We're happy so to find you.
 Ride on, and scatter largesse wide!
 Sore need is still no rarity,
 For all our Progress, Power, and Pride,
 We can't dispense with Charity.
 Ride on, kind pair, and may the air
 With happiness be humming,
 And poverty shake off despair,
 Because—"Christmas is coming!"

RATHER TOO PREMATURE.—We see "*Christmas Leaves*" advertised everywhere in glaring colours. This announcement is too early. "*Christmas Comes*," it should be, and then, any time after the 25th, will be appropriate for the announcement of his departure.

THE PORTER'S SLAM.

[A meeting at Manchester has raised a protest against the nuisance caused by the needlessly loud "slamming" of railway carriage doors.]

THE porter has a patent "slam,"
 Which smites one like a blow,
 And everywhere that porter comes,
 That "slam" is sure to go.
 It strikes upon the tym-pa-num
 Like shock of dynamite;
 By day it nearly makes you dumb—
 It deafens you at night.
 When startled by that patent "slam"
 The pious pas-sen-jare,
 Says something else that ends in
 "am,"

(Or he has patience rare.)
 Not only does it cause a shock,
 But—Manchester remarks—
 "Depreciates the rolling stock."
 Well, that is rather larks!
 That's not the point. The porter's slam
 Conduces to insanity,
 And, though as mild as MARY's lamb,
 Drives men to loud profanity.
 If Manchester the "slam" can stay
 By raising of a stir,
 All railway-travellers will say,
 "Bully for Man-ches-ter!"

Kelly's Directory for 1893.—Invaluable, and considered as "portable property" (to quote *Pip's* friend), admirably suited for the pocket of any individual who should happen to be about twenty-five feet high. *How to use it?* Why—see inside—it is full of "Directions."



“CHRISTMAS IS COMING!”

MIXED NOTIONS.—No. II. UGANDA.

SCENE—As before, a Railway-carriage in a suburban morning train to London. Persons also as before—namely, two Well-informed Men, an Inquirer, and an Average Man.

First Well-informed Man (laying down his paper). So the Government's going to stick to Uganda, after all. I had a notion, from the beginning, they wouldn't be allowed to scuttle.

Average Man. Ah—I don't know that I'm particularly enthusiastic about Uganda.

Inquirer. Why not?

A. M. What are we going to get out of it?—that's the question. We go interfering all over the world, grabbing here, and grabbing there, merely in order to keep other people out; and then some nigger King, with a cold in his head, sneezes as he passes the Union Jack. That's an insult to the flag, of course; so off goes an expedition, and, before you know where you are, we've spent about ten millions, and added a few thousand acres of swamp to the Empire. Why can't we leave things alone? Haven't we got enough?

First W. I. M. That's all very well, I daresay; but you forget that the Berlin Conference made Uganda one of our spheres of influence.

Inquirer. When was that?

First W. I. M. Why, just after the Franco-Prussian War. They all met in Berlin to settle up everything—and we got Uganda.

Inquirer. I thought it was later than that, somehow.

First W. I. M. Well, anyhow, it was somewhere about that time. I don't pledge myself to a year or two. But what I say about Uganda is this. We're there—or rather the Company is—and we should simply disgrace ourselves before the whole world if we chucked up the sponge now. And, if we did, we should have France or Germany nipping in directly.

Second W. I. M. They can't.

First W. I. M. Why not?

Second W. I. M. Why not! Because it's our sphere of influence whatever happens.

Inquirer (timidly). I'm afraid you'll think me very ignorant, but I don't quite know what a "sphere of influence" is. I've read a lot about it lately, but I can't quite make it out.

Second W. I. M. (condescendingly). Yes, I know it's deuced difficult to keep up with these new notions, unless you're in the way of hearing all about them. Spheres of influence mean—well, don't you know, they mean some country that's not quite yours, but it's more yours than anybody else's, and if anybody else comes into it, you're allowed to make a protocol of it. Besides, it gives you a right to the Hinterland, you know.

Inquirer (dubiously). Ah, I see. What's the Hinterland?

Second W. I. M. (stumped). I fancy it's about the most fertile part of Africa. (To *First W. I. M.*) Isn't it?

First W. I. M. Yes, that's it. It's the German for Highlands.

Inquirer. Of course, so it is. I might have thought of that.

Average Man (to First W. I. M.). Seems to me you've none of you got hold of the right point. What I want to know is, does Uganda pay? LUGARD says it don't; the Company hasn't made

anything of it, and they've got to go whether they like it or not; though I daresay they're deuced glad to be out of the hole. But, if it don't pay, what on earth are we going to do with it?

Second W. I. M. (triumphantly reinforcing him). Yes, what on earth are we to do with it?

First W. I. M. (calmly, but contemptuously). Ah! I see you're both little-England men. From your point of view, I daresay you're right enough. But I'm one of those who believe that we must stick on wherever we've planted the flag. I agree with MOLTKE, that the nation that gives up is in a state of decay.

Second W. I. M. It wasn't MOLTKE who said that; it was VICTOR HUGO, or (after a pause) LORD PALMERSTON.

First W. I. M. Well, it doesn't matter who said it. The point is, it's true. Besides, what are you going to do about the slaves and the Missionaries?

Average Man. Oh, bother the Missionaries!

First W. I. M. It's all very well to say "bother the Missionaries!" but that won't get you any further. They're our fellow-creatures after all, and what's more, they're our fellow-countrymen, so we've got to look after them.

Average Man. I should let the whole lot of Missionaries fight it out together. They only keep quarrelling amongst themselves, and trying to bag one another's converts; and then France and England get involved.

Inquirer. By the way, where is Uganda, exactly?

First W. I. M. Just behind Zanzibar—or somewhere about there. You can get to it best from Mashonaland. Didn't you see that RHODES said he was going to make a telegraph-line through there? It used to belong to the SULTAN of ZANZIBAR. Don't you remember?

Inquirer. Of course; so it did.

[Train draws up at Terminus.]

"'Twas WHISPERED IN HEAVEN, 'Twas MUTTERED IN H—." A propos of the much-discussed article written by Dr. ST. GEORGE MIVART in *The Nineteenth Century*, on "Happiness in Hell,"

begging pardon for uttering a word "unmentionable to ears polite,"—our old friend 'ARRY writes thusly:—"Sir,—We 'ave all of us been familiar for years with the well-known 'Mivart's 'Otel.' If the clever Professor is correct, this name ought to be changed, as there ain't no such a place; and, in future, when alluded to, it ought to be called *Mivart's Cool'el*. Am I right?"

"Yours truly, THE 'ARRY OPAGITE."

In "Lucky Shoes," baskets, and in other dainty trifles, does RIMMEL arrange his beautiful bottles of scent. RIMMEL is not a Head Centre, but our Chief Scenter, "and," exclaims Mr. WAGSTAFF, the Unabashed, "what a great day will be his Scentenary!"

"THE SILENT BATTLE."—See this charming piece at the Criterion. Of course it is brought out by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM in illustration of the old proverb, "Acts, not words."



A SALVE FOR THE CONSCIENCE.

Vegetarian Professor. "No, MADAM, NOT EVEN FISH. I CANNOT SANCTION THE DESTRUCTION OF LIFE. THESE LITTLE ANIMALS, FOR INSTANCE, WERE BUT YESTERDAY SWIMMING HAPPILY IN THE SEA."

Mrs. O'Laughlan. "OH BUT, PROFESSOR, JUST THINK IT'S THE FIRST TIME THE POOR LITTLE THINGS HAVE EVER BEEN REALLY WARM IN THEIR LIVES!"



HAPPY AND NOVEL COMBINATION! THE HARMONIOUS CHRISTMAS "PARTY."

CHOOSING CHRISTMAS TOYS.

(A Sketch in the Lowther Arcade.)

Between the sloping banks of toys, and under a dense foliage of coloured rosettes, calico banners, and Japanese-lanterns, the congested Stream of Custom oozes slowly along, with an occasional overflow into the backwaters of the shops behind, while the Stall-keepers keep up a batrachian and almost automatic croak of invitation.

Fond Grandmother. So you've chosen a box of soldiers, have you, FRANKY? — very well. Now what shall we get for little ELsie and Baby?

Franky (promptly). Another box of soldiers would do nicely for ELsie, Grandmamma, and — I know, a fort for Baby!

Grandm. (doubtfully). But they're such little tots — they won't know how to play with them.

Franky. Oh, but I can teach them, you know, Grandmamma.

Grandm. That's right — I like to see a boy kind to his little sisters.

[She adopts Master FRANKY's disinterested suggestion.]

A Mother. Now, PERCY, it's all nonsense — you can't want any more toys — those you've got are as good as new. *(To her Friend.)* He's such a boy for taking care of his things — he'll hardly trust his toys out of their boxes, and won't allow anyone else to touch them!

The Friend. Dear little fellow — then I'm sure he deserves to be given a new toy for being so careful!

The Mother. Well, he'll give me no peace till I do give him something. I know — but mind this, PERCY, it's only to keep you quiet, and I'm not going to buy EDDIE anything. *(To Friend.)* He gives all his things away as it is!

[Master PERCY takes both these valuable moral lessons to heart.]

Mrs. Stilton (to her less prosperous Sister-in-law, Mrs. BLOOMOLD). Nonsense, VINNIE, I won't hear of it! REGGIE has more toys already than he knows what to do with!

Mrs. Bloom. (apologetically). Of course, my dear SOPHIA, I know your children are born to every — but still, I have no one but myself now, you know — and if I might — it would be such a pleasure!

Mrs. Stilton. I have already told you there is not the slightest occasion for your spending your money in any such foolish manner. I hope that is enough.

Mrs. Bloom. I'm sure he would like one of these little water-carts — now wouldn't you, REGGIE? *[REGGIE assents shyly.]*

Mrs. Stilton. Buy him one, by all means — he will probably take the colour out of my new carpets with it — but, of course, that's of no consequence to you!

Mrs. Bloom. Oh dear, I quite forgot your beautiful carpets. No, to be sure, that might — but one of those little butcher's shops, now! — they're really quite cheap!

Mrs. S. I always thought cheapness was a question of what a person could afford.

Mrs. Bloom. But I can afford it, dear SOPHIA — thanks to dear JOHN's bounty, and — and yours.

Mrs. S. You mustn't thank me. I had nothing to do with it. I warned JOHN at the time that it would only — and it seems I was right. And REGGIE has a butcher's shop — a really good one — already. In fact, I couldn't tell you what he hasn't got!

Reggie. I can, though, Aunt VINNIE. I haven't got a train, for one thing! *(To his Mother, as she drags him on.)* I should like a

little tin train, to go by clockwork on rails so. Do let Auntie — what's she staying behind for?

Mrs. Bloom. (catching them up, and thrusting a box into REGGIE's hands). There, dear boy, there's your train — with Aunt VINNIE's love! *(REGGIE opens the box, and discovers a wooden train.)* What's the matter, darling? Isn't it —?

Mrs. S. He had rather set his heart on a clockwork one with rails — which I was thinking of getting for him — but I am sure he's very much obliged to his Aunt all the same — aren't you, REGINALD?

Reggie (with a fortunate inspiration). Thank you ever so much, Auntie! And I like this train better than a tin one — because all the doors open really — it's exactly what I wanted!

Mrs. S. That's so like REGGIE — he never says anything to hurt people's feelings if he can possibly help it.

Mrs. B. (with meek ambiguity). Ah, dear SOPHIA, you set him such an example, you see!

[REGGIE wonders why she squeezes his hand so.]

A Vague Man (to Saleswoman). Er — I want a toy of some sort — for a child, don't you know. *(As if he might require it for an elderly person.)* At least, it's not exactly a child — it can talk, and all that.

Salesw. Will you step inside, Sir? We've a large assortment within to select from. Is it for a boy or a girl?

The Vague Man. It's a boy — that is, its name's EVELYN — of course, that's a girl's name too; but it had better be some thing that doesn't — I mean something it can't —

[He runs down.]

Salesw. I quite understand, Sir. One of these little 'orses and carts are a very nice present for a child — *(with languid commendation)* — the little 'orse takes out and all.

The V. M. Yes — yes — but I want something more — a different kind of thing altogether.

Salesw. We sell a great many of these rag-dolls; all the clothes take off and on.

The V. M. Isn't that rather — and then, for a boy, eh?

Salesw. P'raps a box of wooden soldiers would be a more suitable toy for a boy, certainly.



The V. M. Soldiers, eh?—yes—but you see, it might turn out to be a girl after all—and then—

Salesw. I see, you want something that would do equally well for either. *Here's a toy now.* (*She brings out a team of little tin swans on wheels.*) You fix a stick in the end—so—and wheel it in front of you, and all the little swans go up and down.

[*She wheels it up and down without enthusiasm.*]

The V. M. (*inspecting it feebly*). Oh—the swans go up and down, eh? It isn't quite—but very likely it won't—May as well have that as something else—Yes, you can send it to—let me see—is it Hampstead or Notting Hill they're living at now? (*To the Saleswoman, who naturally cannot assist him.*) No, of course, you wouldn't know. Never mind, I'll take it with me—don't trouble to wrap it up!

[*He carries it off—to forget it promptly in a hansom.*]

A Genial Uncle (*entering with Nephews and Nieces*). Plenty to choose from here, eh? Look about and see what you'd like best.

Jane (*the eldest, sixteen, and "quite a little woman"*). I'm sure they would much rather you chose for them, Uncle!

Uncle. Bless me, I don't know what boys and girls like nowadays—they must choose for themselves!

Salesw. (*wearily*). Perhaps one of the young gentlemen would like a dredging-machine? The handle turns, you see, and all the little buckets go round the chain and take up sand or mud—or there's a fire-engine, that's a nice toy, throws a stream of real water.

[*TOMMY, aged eleven, is charmed with the dredging-machine, while the fire-engine finds favour in the eyes of BOBBY, aged nine.*]

Jane (*thoughtfully*). I'm afraid the dredging-machine is rather a messy toy, Uncle, and the fire-engine wouldn't do at all, either—it would be sure to encourage them to play with fire. BOBBY, if you say "blow!" once more, I shall tell Mother. Uncle is the best judge of what's suitable for you!

Uncle. Well, there's something in what you say, JENNY. We must see if we can't find something better, that's all.

Salesw. I've a little Toy-stige, 'ere—with scenes and characters in "*Richard Cured o' Lyin'*" complete and ready for acting—how would that do?

[*TOMMY and BOBBY cheer up visibly at this suggestion.*]

Jane. I don't think Mother would like them to have that, Uncle—it might give them a taste for theatres, you know!

Uncle. Ha—so it might—very thoughtful of you, JANE—Mustn't get in your Mother's bad books; never do! What's in these boxes? soldiers? How about these, eh, boys? [*The boys are again consoled.*]

Jane (*gently*). They're getting rather too big for such babyish things as soldiers, Uncle! I tell you what I think—if you got a nice puzzle-map for TOMMY—he's so backward in his Geography—and a drawing slate for BOBBY, who's getting on so nicely with his drawing, and a little work-box—not an expensive one, of course—for WINNIE, that would be quite—

[*These sisterly counsels are rewarded by ungrateful and rebellious roars.*]

Uncle. TOMMY, did I hear you address your sister as a "beast"? Come—come! And what are you all turning on the waterworks for, eh? Strikes me, JANE, you haven't quite hit off their tastes!

Jane (*virtuously*). I have only told you what I know Mother would wish them to have, Uncle; and, even if I am to have my ankles kicked for it, I'm sure I'm right!

Uncle. Always a consolation, my dear JENNY. I'm sure no nephew of mine would kick his sister, except by the merest accident—so let's say no more of that. But it's no use getting 'em what they don't like; so suppose we stick to the fire-engine, and the other concern—theatre is it, JOHNNY?—Very well—and don't you get me into trouble over 'em, that's all. And WINNIE would like a doll, eh?—that's all right. Now everybody's provided for—except JANE!

Jane (*frostily*). Thank you, Uncle—but you seem to forget I'm not exactly a child! [*She walks out of the shop with dignity.*]

Uncle. Hullo! Put my foot in it again! But we can't leave JENNY out of it—can we? Must get her a present of some sort over the way... Here, TOMMY, my boy, you can tell me something she'd like.

Bobby (*later—to TOMMY*). What did you tell Uncle to get for JANE?

Tommy (*with an unholy chuckle*). Why, a box with one of those puff-things in it. Don't you know how we caught her powdering her nose with Mother's? And Uncle got her one too! Won't she be shirty just!

[*They walk out in an ecstasy of anticipation, as Scene closes.*]

MR. PUNCH's Paragraphist says, "he was never good at dates," not even when served in dishes, for they're dry at the best; but, of the very newest and best kind of Date Cards, MARCUS WARD & Co. have a capital selection. Among them the *Grandfather's Clock* makes a pretty screen, and, being a clock, is, of course, always up to the time of day.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

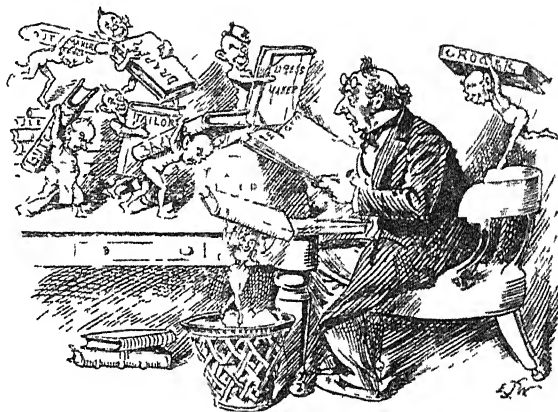
THE Baron's Diarist and Date Examiner makes the following exhaustive notes—first that Mr. C. LETTS describes some of his *Pocket Diaries* as "The Improved." There is nothing so good, but what it could be better. Let's admit this, and be satisfied with the latest edition of Letts' *Annuals*, which are prizes, though, until Jan. 1, blanks.

The Paradise of the North, by DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE. When a gentleman chooses the North Pole as a Paradise, he must be allowed any amount of Latitude and Longitude. This explorer leaves his CHAMBERS (the Publishers of that ilk) in order to get out of the world by the coldest route.

A note on INNES & Co. "Innes" has several Outs this season. Cheery name for a Christmas Publisher, "Innes." We take our ease at our Innes, and we read with pleasure their dainty books called, *Bartlemy's Child*, by FRANCIS COMPTON, a very pretty story. L. B. WALFORD (the authoress of *Mr. Smith*) condescends to write *For Grown-Up Children*, a number of delightful tales.

Messrs. OSGOOD as good as ever. Why not follow up their *Bret Harte Birthday Book* (most Harte-tistically got up) with a *Sweet-Heart Birthday Book*? Madame VAN DE VELDE has compiled this. Our sparklyest Baronite exclaims, "Velde done!"

Thanks to MARCUS WARD & Co. for *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, by ROBBIE BURNS. "Oh, wad some friend the giftie gie us!"—as anyone who would like this for a Christmas present may say, adapting the poet to his purpose.



The Baron and his Christmas Books.

"A most sweet story! A most charming story!!" gurgled the Baron, as, with sobs in his inner voice, talking to himself, he finished the penultimate chapter of *Dolly*. "Now, Mrs. BURNETT, if you dare to kill your heroine, I swear I'll never forgive you, and never read another of your fatally-fascinating books." The Baron trembled as he commenced the last chapter of the simplest, most natural, most touching, and most exquisitely-told story he has read for many a day. How would it end? A few lines sufficed. "Bless you, Mrs. BURNETT!" snivelled the Baron, not ashamed of dabbling his eyes with his kerchief. "Bless you, Ma'am! You have let 'em live! May your new book go to countless editions! May it be another *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and may you reap a golden reward for this, your masterpiece of simple work, your latest story—*Dolly*!" The Baron is bound ("bound in morocco" as the slaves were, poor wretches!) to add that he wishes it had not been illustrated, for, as good wine needs no bush, so a perfect story, such as is this, needs no illustration; nay, is rather injured by it than not. There is only one small item of common-place in it, and that is making the would-be seducer a married man. Of course, to prove him so was the easiest and shortest way of saving his vain and feather-headed little victim. Perhaps an alternative would have involved complication, and might have marred the natural simplicity of the story. So critically the Baron states his one very small objection, and reverts with the utmost pleasure to the hours he spent over the tale, absorbed in every page, in every line of it; and herewith doth he, not only most strongly, but most earnestly recommend everyone to procure this book (published by E. WARNE & Co.), for it is one that can be and must be given a place of honour by the side of DICKENS and THACKERAY, to be read again and again, here a bit and there a bit, when other works of fiction now enjoying a greater literary reputation (though 'twould be difficult to name them), shall be relegated to the lowest shelves of books that have had their day. "*Diav! Scripsi!*" quoth THE LEARNED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

(A Characteristic Welcome to the Coming Year.)

It was on the 31st of December that they met. It had been arranged that at the final hour of the last day of the expiring year they should compare notes, and not one of them had failed to keep the appointment. It would be scarcely right to say they were cheerful, but merriment was not included in the programme.

"There is not the slightest chance of my bettering myself," said the Military Man. "Now that the Regiment has come home from India, I can't afford to live at home, and I can't exchange because of my liver."

Promotion was never slower than in 'Ours,' and my look-out is about the most ghastly there ever yet was seen."

"You are wrong there," observed the Briefless Barrister of mature years. "I think mine is a shade worse. I give you my word that during the last twelve



The Briefless Barrister.

months I have not earned enough fees to pay the rent of my Chambers and the salary of my Clerk. And things are getting worse and worse. One of the Solicitors who used to give me an occasional turn has been struck off the

Rolls, and the other,



The Doctor.

has transferred his business to Australia. I feel inclined to follow, but I can't raise the passage-money. What luck, now, could be worse than mine?"

"Why mine," answered the Author. "An entirely new set of men have come to the front since I was popular, and my works are a drug in the market. I haven't been able to get rid of more than a dozen pages during the twelve months, and

they appeared in a Magazine that stopped before the appearance of the next number! The future never looked blacker and more hopeless. I believe I am the most unfortunate man on earth."

"I fancy you are wrong," put in the Doctor. "I think my look-out worse than yours. Sold my practice seven years ago to flutter on the Stock Exchange. Lost my money in seven minutes, and have never had a patient since. I went to West Slocum (my old home) the other day, and found the place occupied by three Doctors, and the local Undertaker told me there was not room enough for one! Talk about luck, I am the unluckiest dog in the world!"

"I am not so sure of that," said the Actor, "here have I been 'resting' for the last twelve months, and it seems just as likely as not that I shall continue the operation until '94. I have tried everything in Town and the Provinces, and there isn't an opening

anywhere. My fate is about the worst of the lot."

"Not so bad as mine," grumbled the Artist. "Haven't sold a single picture since the Jubilee year, and can't afford to pay the frame-maker. My studio is full of paintings, and the dealers say that there isn't a single canvas amongst the lot but what would be refused admission to an Exhibition of Sign-boards! Don't know how I should have kept body and soul toge-



The Actor who has his Head turned with Applause.

ther if it hadn't been for an opportune loan from one who in happier times was, in my employment as a model. Talk about prospects! Look at mine!"

"Well, come, you are better off than I



The Artist.

am," said the City Man. "If I hadn't now and again to appear before the Registrar in the Bankruptcy Court, I don't know what I should do with my time! I am stone broke. That's about it—stone broke! Knocked out of the 'House,' and without a scrap of credit: I am done for!"



DRAWN BLANK.

Huntsman. "HOW IS IT YOU NEVER HAVE ANY FOXES HERE NOW?"
Keeper (who has orders to shoot them). "PHEASANTS HAVE EAT 'EM ALL!"



The latest Kangaroo Development.

And it was agreed that none of them had any prospects. Then they separated, or rather, were on the eve of separating.

"By the way—fancy forgetting to do it!" said one of them. Bulls and Bears. City Men. And then they rectified the omission, and wished one another, "A Happy New Year!"



THE FEAST OF REASON UP TO DATE.

THE old Alchemist smiled as he watched the crucible on the glowing coals. The fumes rose, and he inhaled them with delight.

It was a triumph. Yes, he was able to go forth a conqueror. It mattered not where he wandered, for all flew from before him. He seemed to possess some subtle power that no one understood, but which was all-conquering. After a lengthened absence he returned to England.

At his Club he met one of his friends—a doctor. "I will tell you my adventures," said the old Alchemist, lighting a strong cigar. "You must know—"

"I know everything," said the Physician, sternly. "I know why you have scared the Arabs, and why disease cannot touch you. The secret is revealed by a recent *Lancet*. You can brave disease and death, because you are fond of eating onions!"

Seeing that his secret was known, the old Alchemist heaved a heavy sigh, and disappeared, perchance for ever!



A PRIME CUT.

Mrs. Fidget (who has been fingering all the joints for some time). "CAN YOU GUARANTEE THIS TO BE WELSH MUTTON?"

Butcher's Assistant. "CERTAINLY WE CAN, MUM; BUT IF YOU GO 'ANDLING IT MUCH LONGER, IT 'LL BE IRISH STOO DIRECTLY!"

THE PLEA OF THE POSTMAN.

ALL work and no play
Makes a dull boy; so they say,
Proverb-mongers, pretty bards.
"All play," may be, worse I'll bet 'em!
If they doubt my word, then let 'em
Try my hand at (Christmas) Cards!

Punch in reply.

True for you! You growl with reason.
Hearts are trumps, and at this season,
Pray remember, Goldylocks,
When your cards arrive in flocks,
Postman earns his Christmas Box!

"REDE ME ARIGHT!"—Sir EDWARD REED, M.P., is anything but a "bruised reed." On the contrary. More correct would it be to describe him as A Bruiser Reed, for his plucky encounter with his adversaries, over whom he triumphed by "A Vast Majority."



"Tinned Dinners."

A propos of an interesting article in the *Daily Telegraph* last Thursday on this subject, the problem that most naturally suggests itself is, "How about the dinner, if you haven't any tin?" "No Song, No Supper" is pleasantly alliterative, but is not of universal application. "No tin, no dinner," may pass into a proverb, but, anyhow, it's a fact.

"Ah!" exclaimed our dear old Mrs. R., "I'm fond of high-class music. For many years I've heard my musical friends talking about 'SHOOLBRED's Unfinished Symphony.' Why doesn't he get it finished? When was it ordered? But there—I know geniuses are always unpunctual."

THE INEVITABLE.

(As Illustrated by recent Political, Social, and other Public "Functions.")

SAY you'd get up an "Inaugural Meeting,"
Anything "forming," or Anyone "greeting,"
If you'd have guests in their tankards their
nose bury,
Ruddy with mirth, you must put up Lord
ROSEBERRY.
If facts and statistics your minds you will
task with,
He must be followed—of course—by young
ASQUITH.
Q.C. and canny Earl, Earl and 'cute Q.C.,
gents!
There you've your "Popular Programme"
in nuce, gents!

TO MY RIVAL.

How I loved her, blindly, madly!
Sighing sadly,
Feeling hurt
If I did not see her daily.
Oh, how gaily
She could flirt!
Flirt with me, or flirt with others,
With my brothers
Just as well,
How I could be such a duffer
So to suffer,
I can't tell.
Then you came, played tennis finely,
Danced divinely,
Sang as well;
Half Adonis, half Apollo,
Beat me hollow.
Such a swell!
How I hated you, so clever!
You were never
Thought a bore!
When I saw you so romantic
I was frantic;
How I swore!
I've recovered. Is she not a
Child that's got a
Newer toy?
From the first she thought she'd booked you;
Now she's hooked you.
Wish you joy!



I'll forgive you altogether,—
She'll see whether
I shall care,—
Shake your hand and gaily greet you,
When I meet you
Anywhere.

A GRAND OLD DIARY FOR 1893.

(Published in Advance.)

January.—As I am in Biarritz, may just as well see how they manage things in Spain. Looked up the Ministry at Madrid, and drafted them a treaty with Portugal. They thanked me with the courtesy of hidalgos, but refused with the paltry jealousy of a petty-fogging second-rate Power! What nasty pride! Sent home to one of my Magazines, "How I took part in a Bull-fight."

February.—Opened Parliament and set things going, and then thought I might take a trip to Russia to fill up the odd time. Had a chat with the CZAR, and knocked off a plan for the introduction of "Home Rule." CZAR polite, but didn't see it. Well of course every one has a right to his own opinions, still I think it would do. CZAR didn't. Sent home to one of my Magazines, "How I lived for three days in the Mines of Siberia."

March.—Back to town for a few days, and then off again. CLARK says travelling the best thing in the world for superfluous energy. Did China thoroughly. Drew up a plan for altering the language, manners, religions, politics, and customs of the Chinese. Brought it before a Special Committee of Mandarins; but they prevaricated, and practically shelved it. Sent home to one of my Magazines an article, "How I had a Boxing-match with the Emperor of CHINA, and knocked his Majesty out of time."

April.—Things going on decently well at Westminster, so started for Turkey. Arranged Turkish Finance for the Grand Vizier. But that official distinctly an—well, not a wise man—said he would knock out a better budget himself. Sent home to one of my Magazines, "My Fortnight's Manœuvres with the Bashî Bazouks."

May.—Dropped in at St. Stephen's, and put a few finishing touches to one or two measures, then away to Egypt. Sketched out a Republican form of Government for the Khedive. However, his Highness did not seem to see it. The Egyptians are very Conservative in their notions. Sent home to one of my Magazines, "A Fortnight in the MAHDI's Camp, by an Acquaintance of OSMAN DIGNA."

June.—Attended a couple of Cabinet Meetings, and then to America for a jaunt. Gave the President a carefully worked-out scheme for converting the Government of the United States into a Monarchy of limited liability. The President greatly pleased, but not quite sure it would work. The Americans are sadly behind the age. Sent home to one of my Magazines, "How to see the World's Fair at Chicago in Twenty Minutes, by One who has done it."

July.—Session nearly out. Took part in a debate or two and then off to the North Pole in a balloon. Managed to see a good deal of snow and ice, and fancy we caught a sight of the Pole itself. Sent home (by parachute) to one of my Magazines, "How I got within Measurable Distance of the Moon."

August.—Just back to Westminster for a couple of days to wind up the Session, then away to India. Went on my own responsibility to see the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN. Drew up a treaty in draft to be signed by the Ameer and the Emperor of RUSSIA, CZAR was immensely pleased and wanted to make me Prince of CRIM TARTARY. Sent to one of my Magazines, "How I shot my first Wild Elephant."

September.—Returned to Hawarden for the inside of a week and then paid my hurried visit to Australia. Submitted to the Colonies

a scheme for "A Federal Association for the encouragement of the Naturalisation of the Rabbit in Australasia." The proposal fell rather flat. Find the rabbit is already known in these places. Sent home to one of my Magazines an article entitled, "My Prize-fight with the Kangaroo, and how I won it."

October.—In London for a few days, then to Mexico. Saw the President, and suggested the revival of the Empire. President very rude; told me to mind my own business. Sent home to one of my Magazines, "A Week on the Prairies Buffalo lassoing."

November.—Popped in at Midlothian, and made a speech or two, and then hurried away to Norway and Sweden. Tried to induce them to give up *their* form of Home Rule, which, as all the world knows, has been a failure. Wanted them to take our Irish edition. They asked me "if it had been a success?" Stumped! Sent to one of my Magazines, "How to take a Photograph by Midnight Sunlight, by One who has done it."

December.—Obliged to stay at home, because I think we are going to change our Town-house. Downing Street most convenient, but question whether I shall be able to get a renewal of the lease next year. Sketched out the *scenarrio* of the Drury Lane Pantomime; but Sir AUGUSTUS preters his own. Well, well, youth will have its way. Sent in my special article for Christmas and the New Year, "The History of the World, from the Earliest Times to the close of the Nineteenth Century, by One who has employed his leisure moments in its compilation." And here I may conclude, by wishing everybody "A Happy New Year."

TRIFLES.

(From Our Special Autolycus.)

MR. OSCAR BROWNING has republished, with other Historical Essays, his account of the Flight to Varennes, in which he demonstrates that CARLYLE was hopelessly wrong in the narrative which glows through the most famous and fascinating chapter in *The French Revolution*. There seems no doubt about it; but AUTOLYCUS says, he knows a man who would rather be wrong with CARLYLE than right with O. B.

Met the Duke of SOTTO-VOCE to-day. Evidently in most doleful dumps. "No, it's not the weather, AUTOLYCUS," he said. "Fact is that, although supposed to be a rich man, I am reduced to extremities. Lunched yesterday at the Carlton off dish of braised ox-tail, and supped at night at Beefsteak on cow-heel à la cordonnier."

AUTOLYCUS hears that, early in the New Year, Mr. ARMITSTEAD, Mr. GLADSTONE's host in the South of France, will be raised to the Peerage, under the title of Baron BIARRITZ OF BARMOUTH. "Pau! Pau!" said Mr. STUART-RENDELL, when the rumour reached him. "What are Barmouth and Biarritz? I took Mr. G. on to the Pyrenees, and Cannes. If a fresh Barony is to be created for ARMITSTEAD, what shall I have?" "Why, a Canne'd one," said ALGY WEST, who is always so ready. (Signed) AUTOLYCUS.

"THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY."—To liberate, means, "make free." If the present charges are proven, the title will be rather appropriate, considering how very free it seems to have made with a considerable amount of property.



GETTING OUT OF IT.

Fair Authoress. "BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU READ ANY OF MY BOOKS?"

Q.C. "No; I'M KEEPING THEM FOR MY OLD AGE!"

F. A. "OH, DON'T TALK OF OLD AGE!—IT'S SO HORRID!"

Q.C. "NOT WITH YOUR BOOKS!"

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

V.—THE MAN WHO WOULD BRING AN ACTION FOR LIBEL.

THE following incident in the career of BROWZER was recalled to memory by an article in a literary journal. An author was airing his grievances; among them this,—that writers of repute occasionally lend their names and pens to obscure or unsuccessful papers for a consideration, without asking how the usual staff of the paper is paid. These, indeed, are delicate inquiries. Part of the plaint was expressed in the following sentence:—

"When a journal makes a call upon a good author, and in the pages of which he can gain neither honour nor renown, from which, as a matter of taste, he would shrink, under ordinary circumstances, from contributing to, that journal ought to be subjected to careful scrutiny."

Now what can this possibly be supposed to mean?—

"When a journal makes a call upon a good author, and in the pages of which he can gain neither honour nor renown," (why "and"? "from which" (namely, "honour and renown") "he would shrink" (why should he shrink from renown and honour? "from contributing to," (and how can he contribute to honour and renown?) "that journal ought to be subjected to careful scrutiny." "From which he would shrink from contributing to," what have we here? Surely it is the grammar that needs careful scrutiny, and surely, in no circumstances, could a lofty "rate of pay" be conferred on a style of this description.

It is natural to reflect that a writer in this unconventional manner has mainly to thank himself for any want of success which he, and we, may regret; and that reflection, again, suggests the case of BROWZER, the Man who would bring an Action for Libel.

BROWZER had a small patrimony, any amount of leisure, and a good deal of ambition. He liked the society of literary gentlemen, he envied their buoyant successes, such as being "interviewed," and sorrowed with their sorrows, such as being reviewed. He listened to their artless gossip, and fancied himself extremely knowing. In these circumstances of temptation, BROWZER fell, as many better men have done, and wrote a Novel. He drew on the recollections of his suburban youth; he revived the sorrows of his sole flirtation; he sketched his aunts with a satirical hand, and he produced a packet of manuscript weighing about 7½ lbs. This manuscript he sent, first, to a literary man, whose name he had seen in the papers, with a long and fulsome letter, asking for an opinion. The parcel came back next day, accompanied by a lithographed form of excuse. BROWZER denounced the envy and arrogance of mankind, and sent his parcel to a publisher. He carefully set little traps, with pieces of adhesive paper, every here and there, to detect carelessness on the side of the reader. The parcel came back in a week, with a note of regret that the novel was not suitable. Only one of BROWZER's pieces of adhesive paper had been removed, but the others were carefully initialled. A modest author would have concluded that his opening chapters condemned him, but BROWZER's wrath against mankind only burned the more fiercely. He removed his traps, however, and sent *Wilton's Wooing* the round of the Row. It always came back, "returning like the peewit," at uncertain intervals. It was really a remarkable manuscript, for it was written in black ink, blue ink, red ink, pencil, and stylograph; moreover, most of it was inscribed on the margins, the original copy having been erased, in favour of improved versions. Finally BROWZER discovered a publisher who would take *Wilton's Wooing*, on conditions that the author should pay £150 for preliminary expenses (exclusive of advertising, for which a special charge was to be made), would guarantee the sale of 300 copies, and would accept half profits on the net results of the transaction.

The work saw the light, and, externally, it certainly did look very like a novel. The reviews, which BROWZER read with frenzied excitement, also looked very like reviews of novels. They were usually about two inches in length, and generally ended by saying that "Mr. BROWZER has still much to learn." Some of them condensed BROWZER's plot into about eight lines, in this manner:—

"He was a yearning psychologist—she was a suburban flirt. He sighed, and analysed; she listened, and yawned. Finally, she went on the stage, and he compiled this record of the stirring transaction."

But at last there came a longer criticism of *Wilton's Wooing* in the *Erechtheum*. Somebody took BROWZER to pieces, averring that "Mr. BROWZER has neither grammar" (here followed a string of examples of BROWZER's idioms) "nor humour," (here came instances of his wit and fancy), "nor taste" (again reinforced by specimens), "nor even knowledge of the French language, which he habitually massacres." (Here followed *à l'outrance, bête noir, soubriquet*, all our old friends.) Finally, Mr. BROWZER was informed that many fields of honourable distinction might be open to him, but that a novelist he could never be.

The wrath of BROWZER was magnificent. He went about among his friends, who told him that the critique was clearly by that brute Sr. CLAIR; they knew his hand, they said; a confounded, conceited pendant, and a stuck-up puppy. The review was calculated to damage the sale of any book; it was a dastardly attack on BROWZER's reputation as a man of wit and humour, a linguist, and a grammarian. They thought (as BROWZER wished to know) that an action would lie against the reviewer, or the review. BROWZER went to a Solicitor, who espoused his cause, but without enthusiasm. The name of the reviewer was demanded. Now Sr. CLAIR was not the reviewer; the critic was a man just from College, hence his fresh indignation. Whether for the sake of diversion, or for the advertisement, the critic wished himself to bear the brunt of BROWZER's

anger, and the *Erechtheum* handed him over to justice; his name was SMITH. This damped BROWZER's eagerness; no laurels were to be won from the obscure SMITH. The advocate of that culprit made out a case highly satisfactory to the learned Judge, who had been a reviewer himself upon a time. He showed that malice was out of the question; SMITH had never heard BROWZER's name, nor BROWZER, SMITH's (in this instance) before the book was published. He called several professors of the French tongue, to prove that BROWZER's French was that usual in fiction, but not the language of MOLIERE, or of the Academy. He left no doubt on the question of grammar. As to the wit and pathos, he made much mirth out of them. He cross-examined BROWZER: had other reviews praised him? Had publishers leaped eagerly at his work? On what terms was it published? BROWZER's answer appeared to show that *Wilton's Wooing* was not regarded as a masterpiece by the Trade.

BROWZER's advocate put it that BROWZER was being crushed by unfair ridicule on his first entry into a noble profession, or art, that of SCOTT and FIELDING. He spoke of mighty poets in their misery dead. He drew a picture of BROWZER's agonies of mind. He showed that masterpieces had, ere now, been rejected by the publishers. He denounced the licence of the Press. Who was an unheard-of SMITH, who had written nothing, to come forward and shout at BROWZER from behind

the hedge of the anonymous? The novelist was a creature of delicate organisation; he suffered as others did not suffer; his only aim was to lighten care, and instruct ignorance. Why was he to be selected for cruel sarcasm and insult?

The learned Judge summed-up dead against BROWZER. BROWZER had published a book, had invited criticism, and then, when he only got what his work merited, he came and asked for damages.

The question of malice he left to the Jury, who must see that the Critic and Author had each been ignorant of the other's existence.

The Jury did not deliberate long. They brought in a verdict for BROWZER, damages £500, and costs.

The advertisement, the publicity, caused *Wilton's Wooing* to be eagerly asked for. BROWZER's book went into ten editions, and a large issue, at six shillings. Next year BROWZER's publishers proved that he owed them £37 14s. 6d. This was disappointing, and even inexplicable, but BROWZER's fortune was made, and now he is much lauded by all the reviewers.

The Foreman of the Jury is my grocer, and I ventured, in the confidence of private life, to question the justice of the verdict. "Well," he said, "you see it comes to *this*: where is this to stop? Mr. BROWZER, he sells novels; I sell groceries."

"Excellent of their kind!" I interrupted.

"Well, I try to give satisfaction; and so does Mr. BROWZER. If that young Mr. SMITH writes to the papers that my sugars are not original, that I plagiarise them from a sand-bunker, or that my teas are not good Chinese,—like Mr. BROWZER's French, which is what is



The Foreman of the Jury.

usual in the Trade,—why, then, he interferes with my business. I bring my action, and hope to win it; and so, as a tradesman, I feel that Mr. BROWZER was wronged." There was no reply to these arguments, but I pity the Reviewers.



TO MAUD.—A BIRTHDAY ROUNDEL.

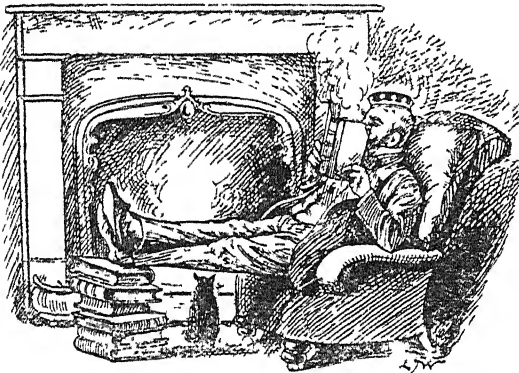
An empty purse! It's true we often say
This weary world of ours knows nothing
worse,
And yet I send you, on this festive day,
An empty purse.

Do not consign to an untimely hearse
The friend who treats you in this heartless
way.

Don't let your pretty lips invoke a curse,
But let me wish you happiness, and may
You guess the reason from this little verse
Why at your feet to-day I humbly lay
An empty purse.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE worst thing about Mrs. HENNIKER's new Novel, published by HURST and BLACKETT, is its title. There is a *London-Journalish*, penny-plain-twopence-coloured smack about *Foiled* which is misleading. My Baronite says he misses the re-iterated interjection which should accompany the verb. "Ha! Ha! Foiled!" would seem to be more the thing—but it isn't. The story is a simple one,



wound about an old theme. It is well constructed, and admirably told. All the characters are what are called Society people; but Mrs. HENNIKER has studied them in the drawing-room, not from the area-railings, and reproduces

them on her page with vivid strokes. Some of her acquaintances will probably feel uneasy when they read about *Lord Huddersfield*; whilst others will be quite sure that (among their sisters) they recognise *Mrs. Anthony Gore*. Those not in Society of to-day will find reminiscences of *Becky Sharp* in *Mrs. Gore*; whilst big-boned, good-natured, simple-hearted *Anthony*, pleasantly recalls *Major Dobbin*. The book is full of shrewd observation, and fine touches of character-drawing, with refreshing oases of flower-garden and moor in Yorkshire and Scotland.

Those who like a good "gashly" book should, my Baronite says, forthwith send for *Lord Wastwater* (BLACKWOOD). The plot is so eerie, and its conclusion so incredulous, that the practised novel-reader, seeing whither he is being led, almost up to the last page expects the threatened blow will be averted by some more or less probable agency. But Mr. (or Miss) SYDNEY BOLTON is inexorable. *Lord Wastwater* is dead now, and there can be no harm in saying that the House of Lords is well rid of his impending company. He would have made a sad Duke.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, in celebration of the seventieth birthday of HENRIETTE RONNER, there was published a volume containing reproductions in photogravure of some of the works of that charming painter. Madame RONNER knows the harmless, necessary cat as intimately as ROSA BONHEUR knows the horse or the ox. She has painted it with loving hand, in all circumstances of its strangely-varied life. No one knows, my Baronite says, how pretty and graceful a thing a cat is, till they study it with the assistance of Madame RONNER. CASSELLS afford opportunity of making this study by presentation of a new and cheaper edition of the volume, with cats in all attitudes purring round an interesting essay on themselves, and their Portraiture, contributed by Mr. H. M. SPIELMANN.

Wishing all of you, Constant Ritters and Constant Readers, a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I am, yours ever,
THE BLITHESOME BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

(By a Comfort-loving Old Curmudgeon.)

YES, the boys home from school are all playing the fool
With the house and its fittings from garret to basement.
The girls, too, are back, and continual clack
Goes on all day long, to home comfort's effacement.

The pudding's as sticky, the holly as prickly,
The smell of sour oranges awful as ever;

Stuffed hamper-unpackers, and pullers of crackers,
At making of litter and noise just as clever.

The stairs are all rustle, the hall's full of bustle,
Cold draughts and the banging of doors are incessant.

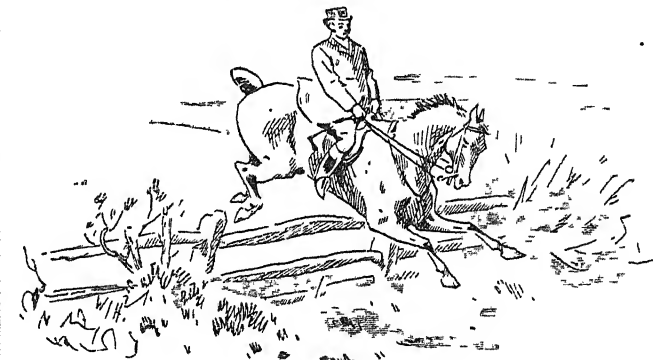
They're nailing up greenery, putting up "scenery,"
Ready for plays; 'tis a process unpleasant!
A strong smell of size, dabs of paint in one's eyes,
And "rehearsals" don't add to the charm of one's drawing-room.

My pet easy-chairs are all bundled down-stairs,
To leave the young idiots stage-space and more jawing-room
For "Private Theatricals." Wax on my hat trickles
From "Christmas Candles," that spot all the passages.
Heart-cheering youthfulness? Common-sense truthfulness
Tell us, at Christmas, youth's crassest of crass ages.
From kitchen to attic plates polychromatic,
From some "Christmas Number," make lumber. Good Heavens!

Ye young Yule-tide stuffers, we know, we old buffers,
The true "Christmas Numbers" are—Sixes and Sevens!



SPORTING NOTES.



Old Year.—"Over!"



New Year.—"Don't quite see my Way!"

THE FRIENDLIES IN "MARS."—We are beginning to know more and more about the planet *Mars* every day. There are newspapers in *Mars*. Their journalists are going to communicate (by electric flash-light signals) news to Earth. Look out for "Pars from *Mars*." The Pa's probably intend having a good time of it when they get away for a Christmas holiday.



"DE MORTUIS."

Chatty Passenger. "DEAD IS HE? POOR CHAP! HE USED TO DRIVE A CITY ATLAS, AND MANY'S THE TIME HE'S DRIVEN ME! HE WAS A GOOD FELLOW, BUT NOT MUCH OF A *WHIP*, EH?"

Driver. "AH, WELL! WHAT D'Y EXPECT? WHY, HE WAS A *GEN'L MAN'S* COACHMAN AFORE HE TOOK TO THE ROAD!"

THE YOUNG GUARD.

"*Old Sentry.* For this relief, much thanks; 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart."—*Hamlet.*

FIRST SENTRY—go! Night, stars and snow!
The air bites shrewdly, nipping, eager,
As in old Denmark long ago.

A long, long watch through storm and leaguer

That dim, departing Sentinel
Has held. He hails the Young Guard's entry—

"Who goes there?" "Friend!" "Pass, friend!" "All's well!"
Tired age retreats—fresh youth's on sentry.

All's Well? Why that's a formal hail
From Guard to Guard. "Not a mouse stirring."

Francisco cried, chill, sleepy, pale.
No bat through night-wastes wheeling,
whirring;

No trumpet's shrill, no rocket's roar.
And here all seems as calm and quiet
As on the heights of Elsinore,—
Save for far sounds of wassail riot.

Some "wake to-night and take their rouse"
In England as in Denmark, doubtless,
But here calm broods on midnight's brows;
The flag clings to the flag-staff, floutless;
And if ghosts walk—well, youngling Year,
With hints of spectres why alarm you?
Take your first watch, boy, void of fear,
With hope, that inward fire, to warm you!

The Old Guards know that youthful glow
Is not the only thing that's needed
For a long spell of Sentry-go;
But when were veteran croakings heeded?
And if they were, would carking care,
Not wrinkle boy-brow prematurely?
All's well—to-night. May your watch fare
Serenely, steadfastly, securely.

Angels and ministers of grace
Defend you from all spooks alarming!
There's something in your younker face
That even ghosts should find disarming.
They come in questionable shapes,
Those phantoms of the Social Crisis.
Are their cries menaces—or japes?
These be *our* Mysteries of Isis!

The Citadel you have to ward
Is old, and forces new are mustering.
Vigilant valour will afford
More help, my boy, than fear or flustering.
Young HARRY with his beaver up
Should be your model, my young "nipper!"
Punch, lifting high a brimming cup,
Tips the Young Guard a friendly flipper!

DISTINGUISHED INVALID.—The latest bulletin states that "Mr. C. A. PEARSON still continues weekly. Whether circulation is much impaired will be ascertained within a short time." Dr. STEPHENSON, his Medical Adviser, thinks the system must have sustained a severe shock, but hopes that entire rest, coupled with a liberal diet, may eventually be successful in combating the malady.

TO SOME EXPECTANT BARDS.

God rest you, merry gentlemen!
You twittering, chirping poetasters.
What though you ply for praise the pen,
'Tis a mad world, you know, my masters.

And therefore in our land of fools,
Where genius starves in many a gutter,
And all the lore of all the schools
Scarce finds a man in bread-and-butter;

Where rhymes abound, though small and few

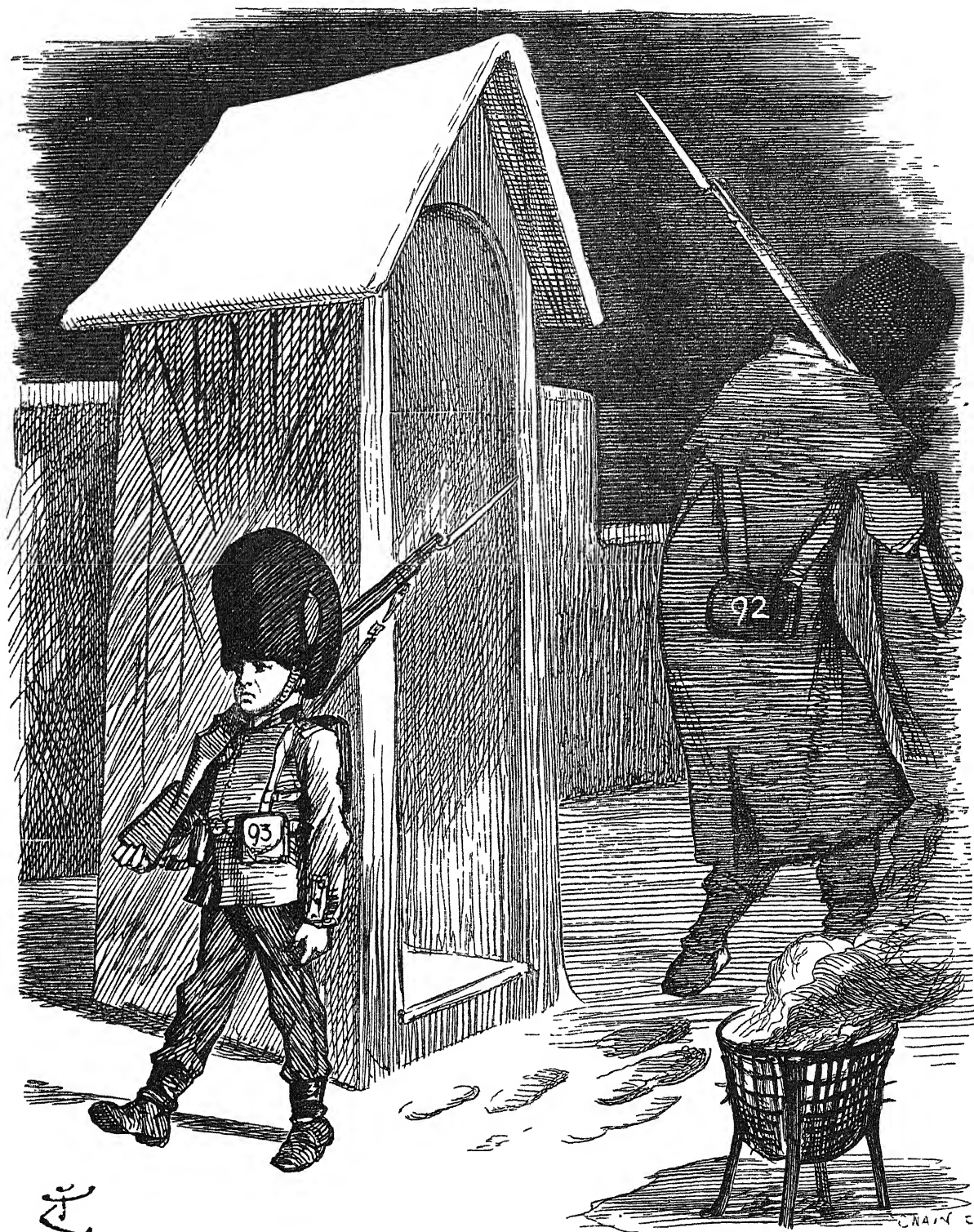
The prizes are that any bard won,
Your lot, O facile rhyming crew
Of would-be laureates, is a hard one.

Go on and versify. God wot,
With bards and rhymes I would not quarrel.

You have my sympathies, but not
(And may it so remain) the laurel.

EXTRAORDINARY FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—A Gentleman, whose name is well known in scientific circles, vouches for the following fact. He was, he says, passing a poulterer's shop, when he actually saw a *hare buy a rabbit*!! He subsequently added, that much depended on the way of spelling "buy."

MRS. R., whose nephew broke his leg at football the other day, told a friend that it was a confounded fraction, but she hoped the bones would ignite in the end.



THE YOUNG GUARD.

PHANTASMA-GORE-IA!

Picturing the Various Modes of Melodramatic Murder. (By Our "Off-his"-Head Poet.)

No. III.—THE REVOLVER MURDER.

FROM Bow comes the fur that's on his coat,
From Germany comes his watch;
His trousers the "London make" denote,
His accent is Franco-Scotch;
His liquor is Special Scotch;
He "guesses" much, and he says "You bet";
His manner is slow and sly;
His smoke is a Turkish cigarette,
For he is a Russian Spy—
A blood-seeking Russian Spy!

Oh! how will the woes of Virtue end?

'Tis late in the Five-Act play;

And Fortune still is dark Vice's friend,

And villany holds its sway,
Its truly wonderful way!

'Twould scarce be the thing for Vice to crow,

And Virtue to sink and die;

The end must arrive some time, we know—

So bring on your Russian Spy,—
Come, out with your Russian Spy!

It cannot be long! The time is here

For Virtue to pardon Vice,

Providing he does not live too near,

Or call more than once or twice—

Look in more than once or twice.

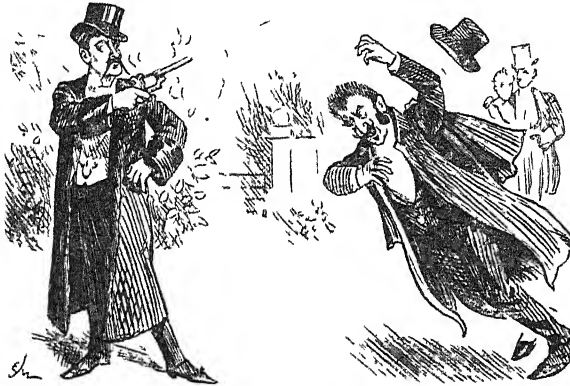
But wrongs are not brooked by Russian gents—

They're awfully angry fry!

The hero may pardon past events,

But not so the Russian Spy,—

'Tis death from the Russian Spy!



So as humbled Vice up stage retires,

Forgiven by him, he'd slay

(A noble revenge the House admires,

By utterly giving way—

By sniffingly giving way)—

The Spy, with revolver, comes down C.,

And aims at the evening sky,

And down tumbles Vice, as dead as three,

From lead from the Russian Spy!—

Oh! accurate Russian Spy!

SOMETHING LIKE A COUNTY-COUNCILLOR.

(Being Evidence taken in the Palace of Truth.)

Question. And so you object to Theatres and Music-Halls?

Answer. Certainly; and know as much about one as the other.



Q. Do you approve of SHAKSPEARE?

A. Certainly not; nor of any other playwright.

Q. Have you ever read a dramatic composition?

A. Never; it is against my principles to peruse such (so-called) literature.

Q. Then why do you object to the Author's work?

A. Because I know if I were SHAKSPEARE or any of his colleagues, my writings would be entirely unfit for representation.

Q. Have you ever entered a Theatre?

A. Certainly not; and never shall.

Q. Have you visited a Music-Hall?

A. Emphatically no, and don't want to.

Q. Then why do you complain of them?

A. Because my imagination pictures them as indescribably horrible.

Q. How comes it that knowing so little, you have been sent to adjudicate upon so much?

A. Because I was elected by the know-nothings of the district I have the honour to represent.

Q. And what became of the rest of the constituency?

A. You mean the majority—oh, they didn't take the trouble to register their votes.

Q. Then you are the mouthpiece of ignorance and incompetence?

A. Certainly—but that is not a pretty way of putting it!

On the Speculative Builder.

He's the readiest customer living,
While you're lending, or spending, or giving;
But when you'd make profit, or get back your own,
He's the awkwardest customer ever you've known.



SONG AT CHRISTMAS.

—“Then Yule Remember Me!”

“Hodman Hout!”

“ANECDOTAGE.”

Companion Volume to other Works of the same kind.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON never could persuade GEORGE THE FOURTH that he was not present at Waterloo. One day his MAJESTY, talking over the table, said to his Grace, “I perfectly well remember your crying to the Grenadiers, ‘Up, Guards, and at them!’” “Yes, Sir,” replied the Duke, “so I have been told before.” The King smiled at the jest, but never forgave the carefully-concealed sarcasm.

REFUGE FOR EGOTISTS.—“The Eye Hospital.” The Specialist who attends should be Member for Eye.

ODE TO SAPONACEA.

Who claims my strongest missing noun,
When sheets as soft and white as down,
Return in colour yellowy-brown?

My Laundress!

Who by her science can convert

My best and most expensive shirt

Into a miracle of dirt?

My Laundress!

Who, when my collars come back frayed,

Receives my protests undismayed,

And merely wishes to be paid?

My Laundress!

Who spite of warnings that one gives,
Turns cambric kerchiefs into sieves,

Or ragged trellis-work—and lives!

My Laundress!

Who at the wash-tub, truth to tell,
Is partly fraud and partly sell,

Yet does her “mangling” very well?

My Laundress!



THE POET'S LOVE.

My Lady's name I cannot state,

At different times I greet her

As CHLOE, AMARYLLIS, KATE,

According to the metre;

I've called her

MABEL many

a time,—

A name which

leads itself to

rhyme.

My Lady's

hair is some-

times black

To match her

sabledresses,

At others falls

about her

back

In glorious

a u b u r n

tresses,

Yet do not take

me to imply

She's given

to the use of

dye.

I like her when

she's sweet

and small,

The daintiest

of flowers,

I love her when, divinely tall,

Above the rest she towers;

And yet, as second thoughts suggest,

Perhaps a golden mean were best.

Sometimes, a simple rustic maid,

She strays through meadows green,

Sometimes her beauty is displayed

In glittering ball-room scene;

More recently I've thought upon

Creating her a lady-Don.

This peerless girl of whom I speak

I ever worship blindly

And sing her praises once a week,

If editors are kindly;

Alas, this paragon, I own,

Exists within my verse alone!

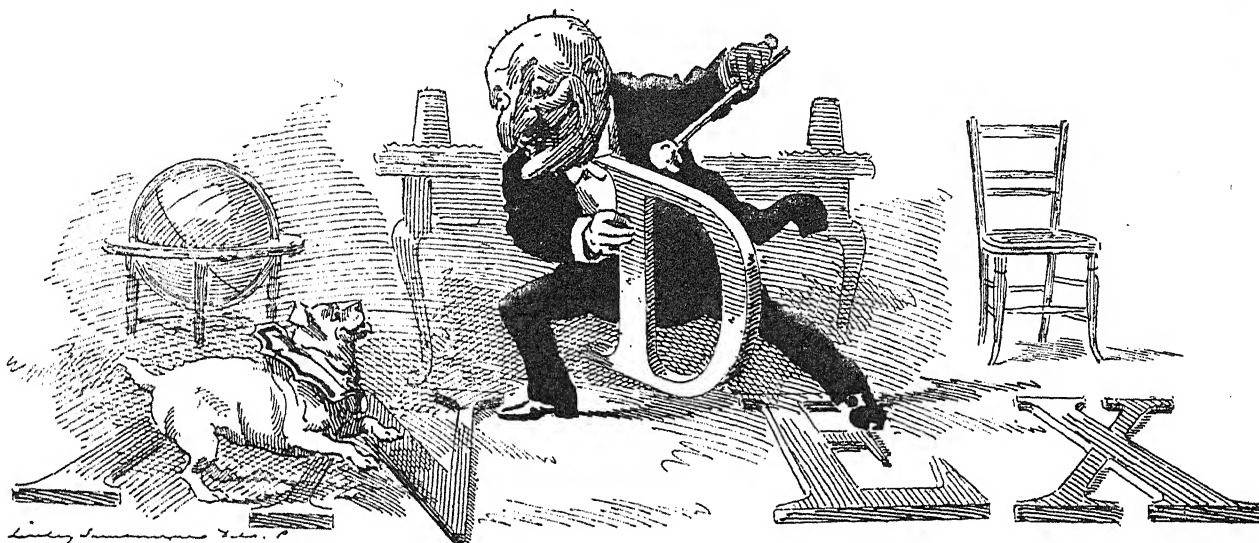


A'CHILLING WINTER “DRAFT.”—That of The Home-Rule Bill.



1892 GOING OUT IN A BLIZZARD.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



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